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GROVER CLEVELAND

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell

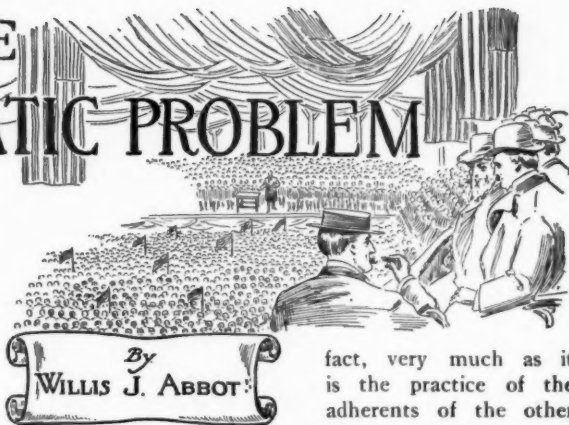


# THE DEMOCRATIC PROBLEM

In all the history of American politics a political party has seldom been confronted with a situation so puzzling as that in which the Democratic party finds itself today. Dissensions, personal enmities, and honest differences of opinion separate

its members into hostile camps almost as far apart as in the days that immediately preceded the Civil War. In each camp are men of force and ability. In each are leaders who believe that if their policies are approved by the national convention there will be a fair promise of victory in 1904. But to the candid observer, not blinded by ambition, and acquainted with the determination of the men on both sides of the political chasm, it would appear that the Democratic problem is rather to prepare for a creditable—though hopeless—contest than to seek an improbable victory by the abandonment of progressive and even radical convictions.

It must be remembered that the present inharmonious situation within the Democratic ranks is not wholly the result of the last two unsuccessful campaigns waged under the leadership of Mr. Bryan. Two years before the advent of Mr. Bryan as a commanding national figure the antagonism to President Cleveland within the party ranks was so pronounced that in the Congressional elections of 1894 the country rolled up against the Democratic nominees a majority vastly greater than that by which Mr. Bryan was beaten in his first presidential contest. It is customary for the opponents of Bryanism to forget this



fact, very much as it is the practice of the adherents of the other faction to ignore con-

veniently certain current phenomena that show the wave of radicalism—which culminated at Chicago in 1896—to be most emphatically on the ebb. The politician is quite as apt at overlooking things that tell against him as in laying stress on those that he thinks work to his good.

In 1896 the Democrats polled the biggest vote recorded in the history of the party. Though President Cleveland, and practically all of his prominent associates in the administration, worked against Mr. Bryan, that candidate polled nearly a million more votes than had sufficed to carry Mr. Cleveland into office in 1892. But this prodigious popular support was due to conditions which not even the most sanguine radical Democrat can look for again within the few months that elapse before the next presidential election. The long evasion of the silver question—the Republicans even more than the Democrats having for years leaned strongly toward the double standard—had resulted in interesting immense numbers of voters, allied with every party, in the money problem, and made it in fact the paramount issue of the campaign. Today, while the money question is vital—as it must always remain until there is some more intelligent device for securing a satisfactory currency system than merely



turning it over to the bankers who can find profit in keeping it unsatisfactory—there is not the slightest probability of its coming up again in the form of the demand for the free coinage of silver. This was indeed apparent in the campaign of 1900. The platform demand for free silver was then insisted upon rather as a test of the loyalty of delegates to the radical program than with any expectation that the issue itself would be prominent in the campaign. Those Western millionaires who in 1896 figured so largely in Republican newspapers as constituting the "Silver-mining Trust" were quick to discern this fact, and transferred their political allegiance with that agility always displayed by the man to whom politics is only a branch of his business. At least two millionaires, who four years earlier had been among the heaviest contributors to the Democratic campaign fund, sat as delegates at large in the last Republican national convention; while a distinguished Silver Republican senator from a mining State returned to his old-time party allegiance, and was rewarded by seeing himself no longer cartooned as an over-bearded and over-garrulous shouter for "repudiation and national dishonor," but rather referred to with proper respect as a true patriot and intelligent authority on questions relating to the national finances. Indeed the distinctively silver forces in the Democratic and allied parties had already begun to melt away in 1900, and are today practically a negligible quantity.

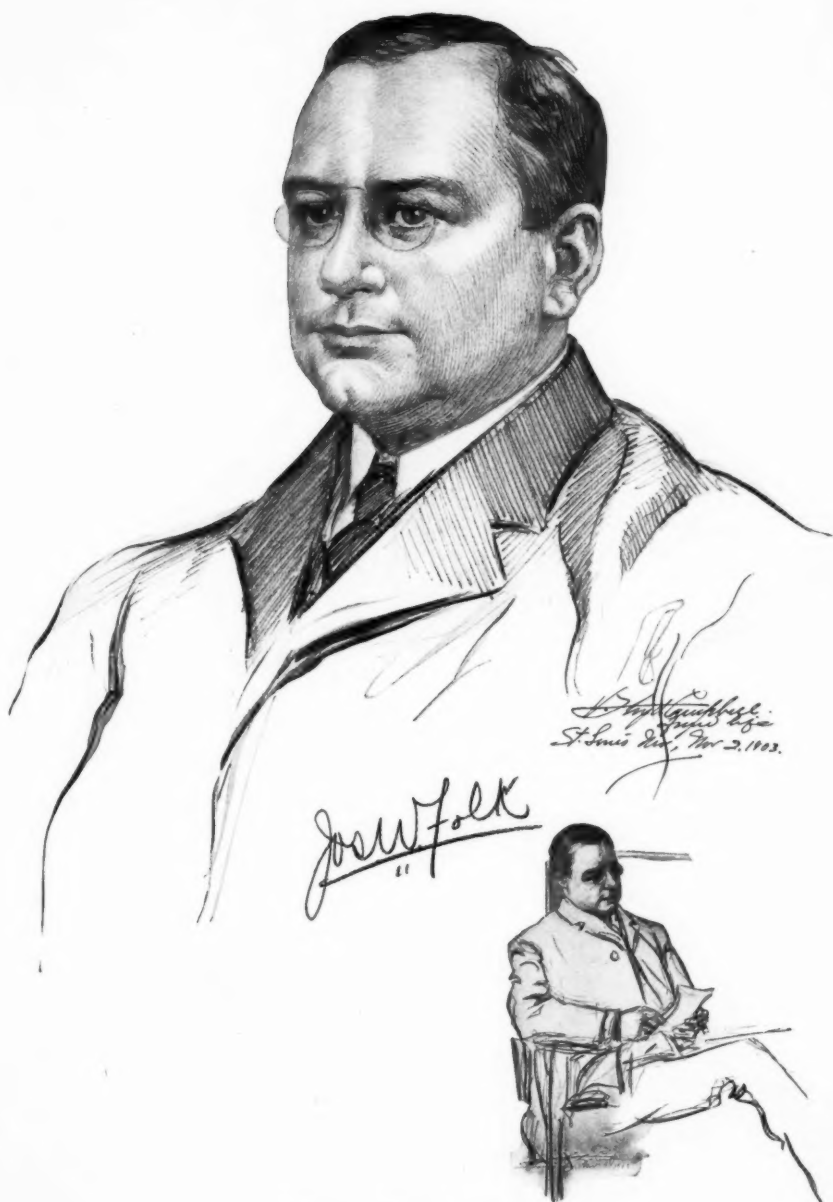
In 1900, also, the Populistic support, which four years earlier had been of such vital force, showed signs of ebbing in the face of better agricultural conditions. The Populist convention at Sioux Falls, at which Mr. Bryan and Mr. Charles A. Towne were nominated, was purely perfunctory, and in the succeeding election practically every State in which success depended upon Populist support—if I except Colorado—was carried by the Republicans. The Mid-Road Populists showed little more vitality, casting in the whole country fewer votes than one wing of the Socialist

party. Vast numbers of the Populists have indeed entered the Democratic party, and have tintured with their progressive doctrines its platforms in every State; but it is a matter of belief with many shrewd observers of Western conditions that President Roosevelt, with his radicalism of utterance if not of performance, can hold today a larger share of the original Populist vote than could any Democratic candidate, however radical.

So, in reading the history of the last eight years, we find Mr. Bryan supported at first by three allied parties—Democratic, Silver Republican, and Populist—then parties in fact as well as in name. In 1900 two of them were mere shells, parties in name only; in 1904 they will be virtually non-existent.

The Democratic problem, then, is what to do to fill the places of the missing allies. To this there are many answers, none of which seems to satisfy more than a very small faction of a party now divided into a great number of factions. A very powerful journalistic and financial interest in and about New York cries loudly: "Renominate Mr. Cleveland; oppose the populistic ideas of President Roosevelt; make the campaign on the good old Democratic issues of tariff reform, the gold standard, economy in government, anti-imperialism." Further to the South a distinguished Democratic senator, who has just carried his own State, would make the fact that the President invited Booker T. Washington to dinner a "paramount issue." Out in the West Mr. Bryan and his friends are standing stoutly for the Kansas City platform, though it is not believed that even they would insist on the literal enforcement of the silver plank. In New York again another element, reinforced by some Southern sentiment, is asking the nomination of a distinguished judge whose merit is that, being on the bench, he has said nothing that could give anybody an idea of his position on bitterly controverted questions of economics or politics. So the debate rages in the press, no nearer determination than it was a year ago. It is





JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell





TOM LOFTIN JOHNSON

*Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell*



to be expected that during the present Congress something will be done toward the crystallization of a party policy, though it is to be remembered that representatives in Congress are always more timid than the mass of the party voters, preferring, like all professional politicians, non-committal to frank expression of political beliefs.

For many years the question of candidates was vastly more interesting than that of a party creed. Platforms were "made to get in on," and each party tried to get its own as much like that of the other as possible. A study of money planks of the two great parties, prior to the revolution of 1896, will convince one of the truth of that assertion. Bryanism changed all this for a time, and its influence will not have vanished wholly this year. But should there be a recurrence to the old custom of non-committal platforms, filled with "weasel words," the identity of the Democratic nominee will still be a matter of great interest; since, despite the not promising outlook for the Democracy, there are men of high national standing ready to lead its forces. It is no purpose of mine to attempt the rôle of either a prophet or a champion, but merely to set down some considerations of each of the possible leaders, based in some cases upon personal acquaintance, and in all instances upon certain special facilities for gathering political sentiment.

Most in the public eye, perhaps, is Mr. Bryan, whose activities have given a certain section of the press, which his followers delight to term "plutocratic," uninterrupted opportunities to ridicule and denounce him. Perhaps no American politician has been more widely misunderstood. Essentially conservative on all questions save that of silver, he is nevertheless constantly described as a firebrand. It is probable today that he is in danger of losing more friends and active supporters by his refusal to lead, or even keep step with, the growing "socialist" sentiment in the party than he is by his most heinous crime of "sticking to silver." In no case a can-

didate for renomination, Mr. Bryan will be in a position to influence greatly the action of the convention. Perhaps no Democrat could be elected in any event, but certainly none could be elected should Mr. Bryan and his friends oppose him at the polls as frankly as Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, and the other administration leaders opposed the ticket of 1896. Is it prudent to expect that the heartburnings of that year, suffered by followers as well as defeated leaders, are entirely assuaged? It is this consideration, even more than the general sentiment against the third term, which justifies doubt of the wisdom of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. Mr. Bryan's public utterances leave no doubt of his determined hostility. Mr. Cleveland's spokesmen are putting him forward for reasons that would unite the old forces of Bryanism and make even Populism a power again. They say in effect: "Who could get such support from the financial community as he? Who does so much to correct the errors of that rash young man in the White House who brought the merger suit, forced the coal strike arbitration, unsettled Wall Street, and encouraged organized labor?" Unlike his State in an earlier campaign, Mr. Cleveland is unfortunate in his friends, and his nomination would cause Mr. Roosevelt to be loved for the enemies he has made.

The politicians will say that New York must be carried to win; and that is true for the Democratic party. The Republicans might lose it and win; and indeed, with the hostility of Wall Street and the new power of Tammany, Mr. Roosevelt might be beaten there where his political strength was never great. But to be beaten in New York by one believed to be the beneficiary of the practitioners of the *haute finance* would assure him enough States of the Middle West to accomplish his election.

Are there, then, other candidates in New York possibly more available? There is a political superstition that to carry a doubtful State in a presidential election you should nominate one of its citizens. New York politicians, therefore, are watching



with interest the progress of the political ambitions of three men very much in the public eye—Hon. David B. Hill, Hon. Alton B. Parker, and Hon. William R. Hearst. Mr. Hill is the veteran, a past master in politics and a man of national popularity—and national hatreds. Judge Parker is, perhaps, the more dignified figure. Mr. Hearst, a newcomer in politics, excites interest rather than confidence, but has a record for pertinacity and success that would make it folly to ignore him. Judge Parker holds a highly honorable and not unprofitable position as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. He is yet young, as public men go, and has still in this position some six years to serve, a term that will carry him past the election of 1908. His strength in the State was shown by the fact that though Roosevelt, fresh from the victories of Santiago, carried New York by only 17,000 votes, Parker within a year swept it by over 60,000. For himself he has spoken no word to indicate his willingness to enter the national contest this year, his championship having originated in the South. He is urged, as I have before said, because of his "availability"—a word which in the mouth of the practical politician means the lack of any record of any kind. Even in the last two presidential contests he has been "regular," having voted for Bryan and announced the fact publicly. But where he stands on any issue of those campaigns, or on direct legislation, the income tax, government by injunction, or even imperialism, no one can tell. To a certain class of politicians this would seem to be a source of strength. It is in fact a fatal weakness; for the politics of the last decade has educated the Democratic voters to a belief in platforms that say things and in men who stand for them. Though Mr. Bryan has refrained from antagonizing Judge Parker in any way, it is hardly likely he could hold his full following in line for him. Meantime, close friends of Judge Parker say that he would not think of giving up his present place on the bench without a united party behind him.

The case of former Senator Hill is more problematical. He is a man with a multitude of friends, and with quite enough enemies to satisfy anybody. He has attained the period of life when even an unsuccessful nomination for the presidency would be a desirable honor. That he would still further alienate the Populist allies of the Democracy goes without saying, for he has bitterly denounced them and all their favorite dogmas. Yet among the reorganizing element in the Democratic party he has powerful friends, and there has long been an effort to remodel the national committee in his behalf. Could he secure the nomination he would prove a formidable candidate, as the South would stand by its old party allegiance; while his reputation for political astuteness would help him in the States of Illinois and Indiana, where politics is perhaps more of a continual game than anywhere outside of New York. But he has always been singularly unfortunate in getting the delegation from his own State. The one occasion on which he controlled it was also the one occasion on which the man who did not have it—Grover Cleveland—was nominated and elected. Today the vastly enhanced power of Tammany makes Mr. Hill's chances of securing his home delegation slight. Moreover, no one, unless it might be Mr. Cleveland himself, would be so fiercely fought in the convention by those delegations from Western States which, though unlikely to contribute any electoral votes, go far toward controlling nominations.

There remains in New York, at the present moment, only one avowed candidate, Hon. William R. Hearst, the owner of widely circulated newspapers in that metropolis, Chicago, and San Francisco, who has recently been elected to a seat in the House of Representatives. Mr. Hearst is young, rich, and audacious. His newspapers in New York and Chicago have a practically unbroken record of Democratic regularity. In 1896 and 1900 he was of inestimable service to the Democratic cause, both by giving it journalistic sup-





CARTER HENRY HARRISON

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell

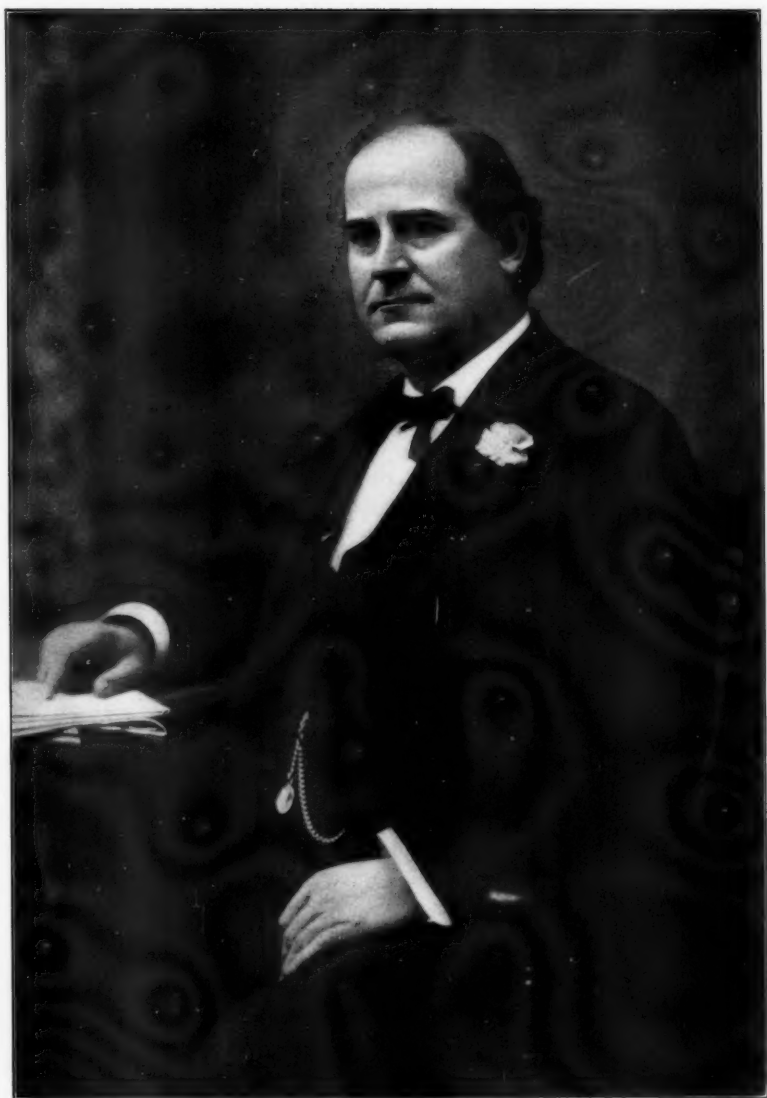




*Photograph by Clinedinst*

ARTHUR PUE GORMAN





*Photograph by Townsend*

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN





WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

*Sketched from life by F. Floyd Campbell*



port and by aiding in the collection of funds. His newspapers, if we allow for a certain tendency to a drum-and-trumpet imperialism, preach the most advanced type of democracy, and are today doing more than any other agency to keep alive that radicalism which in a score of years will be recognized as the truest conservatism, because it seeks to conserve for all the people those rights and privileges which now are seized by the few. Today I am convinced that among the masses of the people Mr. Hearst is a prime favorite for the nomination.

But that fact alone does not make plain and smooth his pathway to the nomination. Long before it ever occurred to Mr. Hearst that he might like to be a great politician—or statesman, if you will—he was a great journalist. He has supported Democratic candidates well and loyally, but he has found journalistic satisfaction in denouncing them bitterly and cruelly, even before the returns that announced their defeats had ceased coming over the wire. He has supported others that succeeded, but many of them have found that the price of that support was the extending to his agents of journalistic favors which they could not grant, and that their refusal turned friendship into enmity. This is perhaps good policy for a journalist, but it builds up antagonisms among the men who choose delegations and select nominees. Indeed, a study of political history shows that no newspaper editor was ever chosen to the Presidency, and few to any high office. Mr. Hearst has the special advantage of a practical residence in two states—California and New York. The delegation from either would give him standing in the convention. In California, however, he has been embarrassed by the action of his newspaper in refusing to support the last Democratic nominee for governor, Hon. Frank Lane, a man of wide popularity not only in that State but among radical Democrats in many sections.

Within a few days of the writing of this article yet another New Yorker has come forward—Hon. George B. McClellan,

the Mayor of Greater New York. Mr. McClellan is young, ambitious, and abundantly supplied with powerful friends. He is not without public experience, having served long and creditably in Congress. He will, however, have but a few months in the mayor's office to prove, before the convention, whether he is a man of independence or a second Van Wyck. There has been discussion of the eligibility of Colonel McClellan, based on the fact that he was born in Dresden while his parents were on a foreign trip. No constitutional lawyer would for a moment entertain any doubt of this sort. The parents being both Americans, and their absence from this country merely temporary, it is unquestionable that the son possesses all their rights as an American citizen.

So much for New York. Massachusetts has one commanding figure in Hon. Richard Olney, who, though in the Cleveland cabinet in 1896, managed to escape the bitter hostility that attached to the other members of that administration. Weakest perhaps on the trust issue—having declared the federal anti-trust law unconstitutional at one time—he won wide popularity as Secretary of State at the time of the Venezuela imbroglio. He has already behind him his State organization, and he is not believed to be especially inimical to Mr. Bryan. Yet it is seldom that a candidate is chosen from a State hopelessly in control of the opposition party. Should he be nominated, the party would have to abandon certain of its planks on the use of federal troops and government by injunction, as it was Mr. Olney who applied these drastic remedies at the time of the National Railway Union strike in Chicago in 1903.

Within a comparatively few days one of the most widely known Southern journalists told me that beyond any doubt the nominee of the next Democratic convention would be Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland. "Gorman has a regular organization," said he, "and his agents are working in all the Southern States. He is



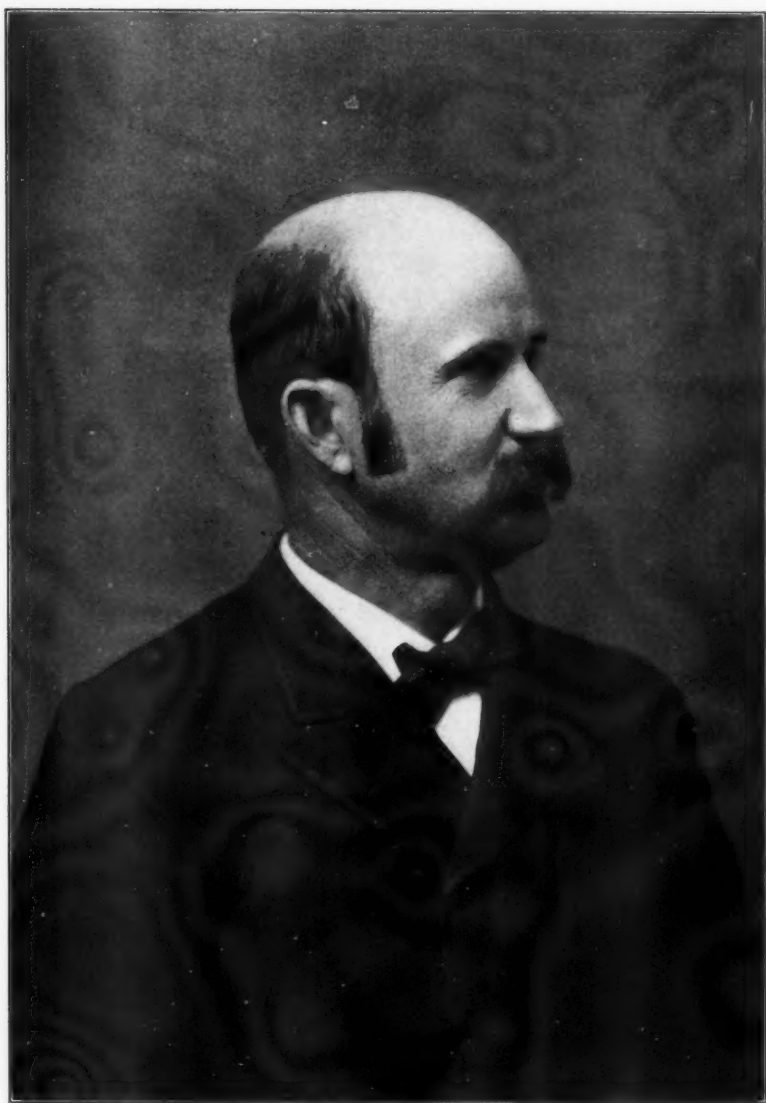
a consummate politician, was regular in the last two elections, is the leader of the Senate, and enjoys the confidence of the financial interests of the country." This list of qualifications seems an imposing one; and yet it appears that Mr. Gorman's nomination would involve almost as great a revolution in Democratic sentiment as took place in 1896. Regular though he may have been, he has made no secret of his disapproval of the issues of the last two campaigns. But more: to the Cleveland and Olney wing of the party he must be as obnoxious because of his protectionist views as he is to the other wing because of his contempt for radical and anti-monopoly principles. The South may perhaps be held in the convention, and afterwards, on the race question alone, but it seems probable that the Senator from Maryland, astute though he admittedly is, will need to devote his time in the present session of the Senate to perfecting a record upon which he can appeal more strongly to the North and Middle West.

Looking to the West it is evident that the elections of last November played havoc with the political prospects of the distinctively radical wing of the Democratic party. Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, was never a believer in silver, but he did stand by the anti-monopoly program of the party. He was close to Mr. Bryan, and was regarded by many as his residuary legatee, though himself denying any present ambitions beyond serving the city of Cleveland. His victory in Ohio was never hoped for by the most sanguine of his followers, but it was thought that success in reducing the last Republican majority there would indicate the continuing and increasing strength of radical Democracy among the voters. Whatever the cause, whether by treachery in his own party or the lavish use of money by the opposition, Mr. Johnson was beaten by so decisive a majority as to discourage his most ardent supporters. A man of large means, of great pertinacity of purpose and mental resiliency, he will no doubt continue his struggle and figure largely in the national

convention. Between now and the time for selecting delegates in Ohio there will be no opportunity to dislodge him from his control of the State organization, but as an actual candidate his chance is probably gone.

Associated with Mayor Johnson in his campaign was one of the most picturesque and lovable figures in American politics today—Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo. Mayor Jones is, not merely by his own insistence but in fact, "a man without a party." He declares—I think wrongly—that party organizations invariably and necessarily lead to corruption, extortion, and political chicanery. No man who has known him questions his absolute sincerity in this belief. No man who has observed the history of Toledo in the last eight years—since it has been under his control as mayor—will doubt that if Jones, with his ability, honesty, and courage, had been a party man and had been supported by a party organization, he could have done much good for the city. As it is, fighting his good fight single-handed and alone, he has been beaten on essential points though victorious in some purely sentimental ones. When he encountered merely the derelicts of society in the police court as presiding judge, he showed a sense of justice tempered strongly with mercy, and helped to remedy some of the cruel wrongs of the law as now administered. But when he had to antagonize "vested rights," the powers of the privileged classes proved too much for him and he was almost helpless. Nobody who knows the two men would deny to Mayor Jones a higher ethical ideal than that, for example, of Mayor Harrison of Chicago. Yet I doubt whether the former, being an idealist and "a man without a party," has done so much to protect his city against corporate aggressions as the latter, who is frankly a partisan and a Democratic boss. Mayor Jones is hardly a factor in the Democratic problem today. He has usually of late years cooperated with radical Democrats, and will probably follow them should they leave the party





*Photograph by Albany Art Union*

DAVID BENNETT HILL





RICHARD OLNEY



ALTON BROOKS PARKER

which they now control. Perhaps for this reason his name merits mention in this connection.

The Democrats of Chicago have made the issue of municipal ownership their own, and on this issue Mayor Carter H. Harrison has been repeatedly elected. Today the people of the city, irrespective of party, are engaged in an effort to rescue their streets from the control of perhaps the most offensive and incompetent traction monopoly in the country. While a municipal rather than a national issue, this question of public ownership is one that accords thoroughly with the dominant sentiment in the Democratic party; and should the mayor of Chicago press it to a successful conclusion he would become a national figure to be reckoned with. Unfortunately his political influence thus far has always been strictly confined to the limits of his city, the State organization having always been controlled by his political enemies, so that the possibility of his getting a delegation must be regarded as

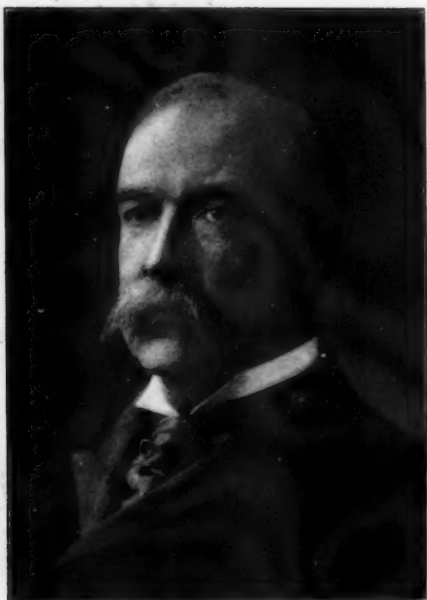
s' h. He and his faction in Illinois represent the radical wing of the party, the opposition to him being led by the principal movers in the Palmer and Buckner campaign of 1896.

Such are, then, the men most prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination. Others occasionally come under discussion, as for example Judge George Gray, a member of the recent anthracite coal arbitration board and of the Paris peace commission; Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Michigan and New York, the famous orator in the cause of silver; Hon. Joseph W. Folk, the fighting district attorney who made such successful war on "graft" in St. Louis; Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and a few of less general note. That some utterly obscure man should win the prize is not impossible, in the present disordered state of the party. Of those chiefly under discussion by the public at the present moment it may be doubted whether there is one who could hold both wings of the party together.





GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN



GEORGE GRAY

The Democratic problem then, presents itself to me, is whether the party shall present itself to the people with a platform of platitudes and with candidates chosen from among those who in the recent elections clearly had the advantage; or with a platform in the spirit of those of the last two national campaigns, but greatly modified as to the letter—"16 to 1" being wholly eliminated—and with candidates selected from the leaders who have acquired the habit of speaking freely to the people and expressing their opinions and purposes. Undoubtedly the advocates of the former plan are at present the more influential even if they are not the more numerous.

The "practical" politician desires victory at any price that he may enjoy its fruits. He is the man who makes up delegations to nominating conventions. He is encouraged today by the reflection that Tammany in New York and Gorman in Maryland—types of his class—have been successful; while Johnson in Ohio, who fought for a

principle and attacked corruptionists in his own party quite as savagely as he did those in the other, has been badly defeated. The inarticulate mass of Democratic voters may still feel that there is need in the land for a party that shall truly and frankly represent the principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, but they have no means of organization, no general leadership, and practically no press to serve them, as against those to whom victory is the one thing to be sought at whatever cost of means and men.

To the triumphant progress of the "re-organizers" but three obstacles are now apparent:

1. The strength of the radical element in the Democratic national committee.
2. The two-thirds rule that obtains in the Democratic national convention.
3. The danger of such concerted action in the election, on the part of those defeated in the convention, as was taken in 1896 by the minority faction.





SAMUEL MILTON JONES  
Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell



The first obstacle is of comparatively little importance. No one would claim today that the national committee is dominated by the radical Democracy, though the efforts being made by the other faction to dislodge Senator Jones from his position of vantage as chairman show clearly that they appreciate the value of control of the committee. But in 1896 the committee was absolutely in the hands of the Gold Democrats. Nevertheless, the convention overturned its every arrangement, rejected its every recommendation, and managed affairs to suit the delegates alone. It is evident that only in the event of a closely divided convention this year will the national committee have any considerable influence in the controversy.

In Democratic conventions it has long been the rule that a vote of two-thirds of the delegates is necessary to a choice of a candidate. There will be in the next convention 942 delegates, unless for sentimental reasons delegates are admitted from some of our new possessions. The support of 314 of these delegates will enable the opponents of the dominant faction to block its action on candidates, though not on the platform. Part of the Democratic problem is whether this control can be secured by the radicals, but it is only logical to assert that, if the avowed purpose of the reorganizers should be to nominate a man peculiarly offensive to the West and Southwest, this control can very readily be gained.

The third obstacle I have noted should be the most serious one, and is no doubt continually in the minds of the men who are planning the change in Democratic policy. But it must be borne in mind that political tactics are not for the moment only. Mr. Gorman, for example, with his commanding position today, has been a receptive and at times an active candidate for the presidency for nearly twenty years. Mr. Hill has occupied a like position almost as long. Patient planning for the future is a fundamental of political success. So it may be that a triumphant majority in the convention may say to the

minority: "Do your worst! We will control the organization for the next four years. The chances are that we will be beaten this year even with your aid. Bolt, if you want to! But, if you bolt, you will be out of the party and we will be in complete control."

So stands the situation in which the Democratic party finds itself. Can it be clarified? The question is rather one of principles than candidates. Mr. Bryan has said that there is no common ground on which the so-called Gold Democrats and Silver Democrats can meet, and to a limited degree that is true; for with many of the former hostility was bred less by the money plank in the platform than by the general tone of anti-monopoly that strongly pervaded it.

We surely cannot expect railroad senators, or sugar-trust senators, or politicians who draw their campaign funds from trusts, to act cheerfully with a party that declares all monopoly in private hands to be wrong. Yet it does seem possible that, with the money issue abandoned or newly stated, substantial harmony might be obtained on a platform attacking monopoly; demanding direct legislation; approving the principle of public ownership, both municipal and State; opposing militarism; and demanding the reform of the tariff with particular reference to the protection now given to the numerous articles which are controlled by the trusts.

If State delegations might be sent to the national convention instructed to work for the incorporation of these principles in the platform, and for the nomination of any man known beyond doubt to favor their enforcement, there might be a peaceful way out of a political quarrel, which now only promises four years more of the war which has lasted during the past eight years.

Can it be done? That is the Democratic problem.

*William F. Abbott*





THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

*Photograph by Draycott*



# JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

## THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN

"Are the Lords to dictate to us, the people of England? Your ancestors resisted kings and abated the pride of monarchs, and it is inconceivable that you should be so careless of your heritage as to submit your liberties to this miserable minority of individuals, who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident. I have no spite against the House of Lords. I have no desire to see dull uniformity in social life, and I am rather thankful than otherwise to gentlemen who will take the trouble of wearing robes and coronets, and who will keep up a certain state of splendor which is very pleasant to look upon. They are ancient monuments, and I, for one, should be very sorry to deface them; but, gentlemen, I do not admit that we can build upon these interesting ruins the foundations of our government; I cannot allow that these antiquities should control the destinies of a free empire.

"I hold, and very few intelligent men do not now hold, that the best form of government for a free and enlightened people is that of a republic, and that is a form of government to which the nations of Europe are surely, and not very slowly, tending. The idea to my mind that underlies republicanism is that in all cases merit should have a fair chance—that it should not be handicapped in the race by any accident of birth, and that all men should have equal rights before the law—equal chances of serving their country.

"I am inclined to think that Jack Cade was an ill-used and much misunderstood gentleman, who happened to have sympathized with the poor and the oppressed, and who therefore was made the mark for the malignant hatred of the aristocratic and land-owning classes, who combined to burlesque his opinions and put him out of the way."

It is difficult to identify the famous English imperialist of today in the utterances above quoted. Yet it is barely twenty years since Mr. Chamberlain poured the vials of his wrath upon the House of Lords, frankly preached a theoretical republicanism, and warmly eulogized Jack Cade, the English peasant rebel of the fourteenth century.

But it would seem as though no English statesman of the first rank can round off his career without eating the words of his

youth. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons was a defense of slavery, and for sixty years thereafter his mind broadened and his sympathies widened until even the Liberal party refused to follow him in his reckless enthusiasm. Disraeli, on the other hand, reversed the radicalism of his early days, whatever it may have been worth, to reign with true oriental despotism over the Tory squires and bishops of England. Peel was quicker in his transformation, and reversed almost in a night the traditions of his party. And so we might follow the trail back and back. It is only men below the first rank who will remain consistent at all costs.

Mr. Chamberlain's inconsistency does not appear to trouble him, nor does it seem to impair his influence or popularity. For his own part, he is said by some of his more malicious critics to wear blinkers, so that like a properly harnessed horse he is able only to look forward and not backward. Mr. Chamberlain would probably retort that he not only looks forward but moves forward; and it is worth noting that few, even of his most strenuous opponents, would urge that he has ever ceased to be progressive, though he has now consorted with the Tory party of England for nearly twenty years. It may indeed be argued that a democratic faith, or even a thorough-going republicanism, is not inconsistent with the spirit that welcomes extending empire; and the examples of France and the United States might be quoted to give effect to the argument. But there is no escape for Mr. Chamberlain in this direction. It must be freely confessed that twenty years ago he was an out-and-



out "Little Englander." He said at that time: "I look with greater satisfaction to our annexation of gas and water to our scientific frontier, in the improvement area, than I do to the result of that imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal."

Looking at the early lives respectively of the two statesmen, it is Gladstone, not Chamberlain, who should logically have become a great imperialist. Gladstone was not indeed of aristocratic birth, but his father was a man of vast wealth, and at Eton and Oxford young Gladstone fell immediately into an atmosphere which fitted him to enter public life, by becoming the Tory representative of the pocket borough of an English duke. The medievalism and militarism of the baser sort of imperialism could hardly have found more likely soil than the mind of the young Oxford Tory, who proudly avowed himself "the Duke's man," and eloquently defended the practice of slavery in the West Indies.

As to young Chamberlain, there was no Eton or Oxford for him. A couple of years between the ages of fourteen and sixteen at one of the most democratic among the secondary schools of London—University College school—completed his education so far as it was to be obtained at schools. His father was a wholesale maker of boots and shoes in London, and at sixteen young Chamberlain went into the business. For the next two years he was doing counting-house work in London, and picking up what additional education he could during the evenings by attending lectures at the Polytechnic Institute and other places. It was not a youthful experience from which one would have predicted the blossoming of that full-blown flower of imperialism whose splendors have captivated the imagination of the people of Britain in the twentieth century. Nor did Chamberlain's surroundings become more inspiring when, at eighteen, he exchanged boot-making for screw-making, and removed to Birmingham as the business representative of his father, who had become

extensively interested in the Nettlefold firm there. In his new scene of labor Chamberlain applied himself with eagerness to his work, and he speedily became an important factor in the firm. His personal interests must have been considerable, for he was in a position to marry at the age of twenty-five; and at thirty-one we find him able to give a donation of one thousand pounds sterling for the furtherance of some political object. Nor is it to be inferred that his devotion to business was so engrossing as to hinder the further development and cultivation of his mind. Not on the lines of academic culture, indeed, did the development proceed, but it was none the less thorough and effective. He read widely in French and English, though chiefly along lines of material value. He threw himself with ardor into the various debating and mutual improvement societies of the town; gave lectures to working men at a club established in connection with his own firm, and became a Sunday-school teacher at the Unitarian Church.

It may be well to pause for a moment to state that the members of the Chamberlain family have been Unitarians for generations; and while Unitarianism in England is certainly a portion of what may be comprehensively termed "Nonconformity," yet there is little in common between the adherents of that faith and the average Baptist and Wesleyan. Many of the most advanced thinkers and most cultivated minds in England during the first half of the nineteenth century were to be found in the ranks of Unitarianism. Nevertheless, a common opposition to the established church had brought all shades of nonconformity together, especially in the large manufacturing centres; and all through Mr. Chamberlain's early manhood he was identified with the bitter controversy continually prevailing between churchmen and dissenters. It is impossible for those living in a country that has not a state church to realize the bitterness which sectarian bigotry can attain under such conditions. "Between church and chapel,"

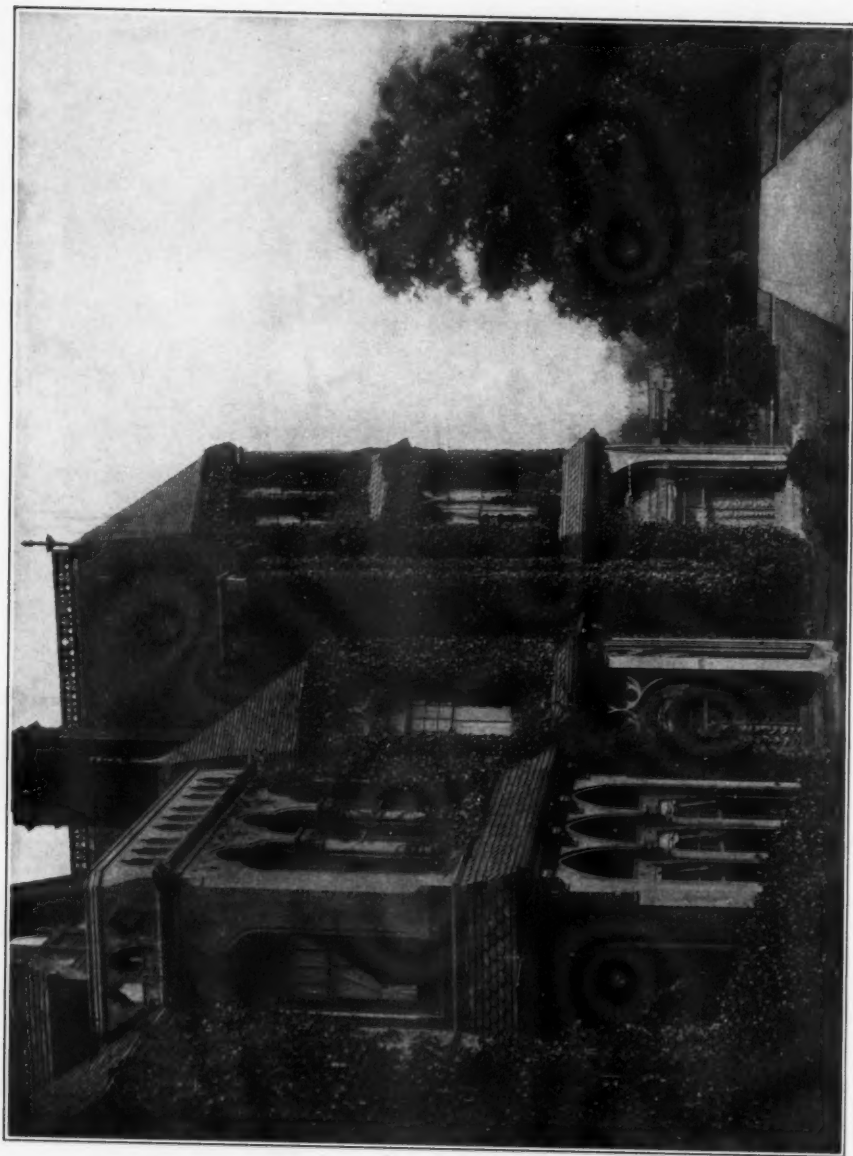




*Photograph by Dufus Bros., Cape Town*

**MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN**





MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIDENCE AT BIRMINGHAM



says a recent writer, referring to the condition of affairs in Birmingham at that time, "a sharp line was drawn, social as well as political. The two factions maintained in almost every town a standing controversy, practically unmitigated by personal friendships, or even by business relations. The church people patronized the orthodox butcher and grocer; nor would the dissenters buy their butter and sugar except from the nonconformist brother."

Local politics soon began to attract young Chamberlain, and he threw himself into them with his usual vigor. His affiliations were wholly with the radicals and nonconformists; and the Liberal leaders of those days—days when Gladstone was supreme—were all too slow for the young Birmingham radical. Parliamentary life was undoubtedly the goal of the successful young manufacturer some years before he reached it, and he probably realized that the speediest way of attaining his object was to proceed by the municipal route. He was already prominent in the affairs of Birmingham, and a successful municipal career would almost guarantee his election for the city. Birmingham in those days was the Mecca of all good radicals, and John Bright, the famous Quaker orator and statesman, was high priest of the party. Into municipal life therefore Mr. Chamberlain plunged, while still in the early thirties, and with such signal success that he was three times mayor of Birmingham before he had reached forty. His energy was as amazing then as it has been ever since. He was described as "the mayor and council rolled into one." He was an ardent advocate of municipal ownership, and during his first term in the mayor's office induced the Corporation to buy out the gas and water franchises for the city, at a cost of two million pounds sterling, though an attempt at municipal ownership on so large a scale had never before been made. The experiment proved an unqualified success, and was copied extensively among the municipalities of England and Scotland. In many other ways Mr. Chamberlain made his term as

mayor a red-letter period in the history of Birmingham, and when he left the chair the city had become one of the best governed municipalities in the world. From the mayor's chair he went in 1876 straight to Parliament. He was forty years old at the time, and had prospered so well that he was able to free himself from further business cares, and to devote his time exclusively to public affairs.

The Conservatives under Disraeli had triumphed at the polls, and Gladstone—who was then sixty-seven years old, the very age of Chamberlain at the present time—was "sulking in his tent," leaving the leadership of the Liberal party to Lord Hartington, the present Duke of Devonshire. To the young radical mayor a terrible reputation had been given, and there seemed to be a general expectation that he would signalize his appearance in the House by some striking demonstration of hostility to the conventions of society, if not by some breach of decorum. There was general surprise, however, and probably some disappointment, when the new arrival proved to be no more than a tall, slim, dapper gentleman, with the regulation silk hat and frock coat, a glass in his eye, and an orchid in his buttonhole—for Mr. Chamberlain had already begun the cultivation of the beautiful bulb that has been so long associated with his name. "He wears his eye-glass like a gentleman," was Disraeli's only comment on Mr. Chamberlain when the latter soon afterward delivered his maiden speech in the House.

The time was opportune for displaying the aggressive qualities, strength of character, and forcefulness in debate which belonged to Mr. Chamberlain. Disraeli had embarked on an ostentatious foreign policy, crowning the Queen with oriental splendor as Empress of India, fostering expansion in South Africa and Afghanistan, and attempting at the Congress of Berlin to assume the dictatorship of Eastern Europe. With this devotion to foreign matters went neglect of home interests and piling up of bills for the unlucky taxpayer.





*Photograph by Dreyer*

WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN GROWS HIS ORCHIDS



To prick the bubble of Dizzy's showy imperialism, to score his neglect of the Empire's heart, was a task of joyful ease to the Chamberlain of those days. He spoke with such effect that, when the Liberal party returned to power in 1880, his admission to the Government as representative of the advanced liberals was no more than had been expected. There is no need, here, to dwell at length upon Mr. Chamberlain's parliamentary career. From Mr. Morley's recent publication, *The Life of Gladstone*, we learn what an uncomfortable time that statesman had in endeavoring to make the burning radicalism of the Birmingham representative amalgamate with the sluggish whiggism of Lord Hartington. The pace of liberalism was all too slow for Mr. Chamberlain. His intense radicalism, however, startled, if it did not offend, the country; and upon the appeal to the nation in 1885 it was Mr. Chamberlain's extreme views—according to Mr. Gladstone and the *Times* newspaper—that turned many of the great radical centres for the first time into Tory hives, threatening to again seat the Conservatives in power. But the rural constituencies came to the rescue of Mr. Gladstone and gave him a slight majority.

Now came the great Irish Home Rule crisis, at which we can only glance in passing. All but the youngest English-speaking world will remember that when Mr. Gladstone announced his conversion to the Irish cause, Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, with about seventy followers who took the name of Liberal Unionists, broke abruptly from their leader. A great upheaval followed, which ended in Gladstone's being driven from power—the Liberal party being reduced to a state of chaos from which it is only now beginning to emerge. With a brief intermission of shadowy Gladstonism from 1892 to 1895, the Conservatives and their allies—the anti-Gladstone Liberals—have ruled Great Britain from 1886 until the present time. Mr. Chamberlain became the *bête noire* of the Liberal party, and was called "Judas" by Irish members in the House.

Yet the Conservative governments, that have been so long kept in power mainly by the strength of Mr. Chamberlain's followers, were sensibly affected by the democracy of their new allies, and the coalition governments showed their progressiveness by establishing a system of free schools throughout England and Wales, and by elaborating and setting into operation a fairly successful scheme of county councils, which has notably relieved the congestion of business in the House of Commons.

It was not until 1895 that Mr. Chamberlain himself, on the formation of Lord Salisbury's second government, took office with the Conservatives, and under his old opponent. His career as the exponent of the imperial idea may be said to date from that year, though his decisive action on Irish Home Rule had undoubtedly started him in this direction. From 1895 until last September he occupied the position of Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was a post which seldom, or never, had been given previously to a statesman of the first rank. Sometimes it had been filled by men who had to hunt up the colonies on the map after taking office. Within a year Mr. Chamberlain had made it the leading position in the cabinet, and his influence steadily grew. "Wherever the Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table," was the emphatic dictum of the Scottish laird as he scorned the formal seat of honor, and so it may almost be said of Mr. Chamberlain. Whatever position in the cabinet he had occupied would still have evoked the same dominant personality, and have made him easily *primus inter pares* with his colleagues. Just as during his mayoralty he was described as "mayor and council rolled in one," so at the colonial office and in the councils of the government he dwarfed those around him; and whether Salisbury or Balfour was titular leader, the eyes of the country, and frequently of the world, were turned on Chamberlain. Gradually he became the spokesman of the new-found imperial sentiment that grew up within the Empire. His opponents laid upon his shoulders the





Photograph by Draycott

RECEPTION HALL AT "HIGHBURY"



responsibility of the Boer war; and it is at least true that his diplomacy could not avert it. The fierce radicals shouted almost joyfully, when news came of Britain's bitter and humiliating defeats in South Africa, that Chamberlain was ruined at last. But when the war closed Chamberlain was more than ever the man of the hour. Rightly or wrongly he was regarded as the one man holding office who was not rendered inefficient by weakness of character or by red-tapeism. He made a triumphal tour of the country so lately devastated by war, yet showed in doing so such genuine gifts of statesmanship that his stoutest political opponents were constrained, for perhaps the first time, to do homage to his large patriotism and wise counsels. When he returned last spring from what the newspapers termed the "illimitable veldt," it was to find his colleagues in the government weighed down by the contempt of the nation, because of their hideous mismanagement of the war, which was now beginning to be realized, and by their blunders in connection with the education bill, which had goaded into fury the whole nonconformist population of England. But the public wrath seemed always to glance off from the coat of mail which Chamberlain wore. He was clad, in the popular mind at least, in the armor of efficiency, and efficiency was the one thing above all others that the nation needed.

Then, suddenly, as though realizing into what a parlous condition his colleagues had fallen, and that it devolved upon him to turn attention from them, he propounded a new doctrine—a doctrine new, at least, from the lips of statesmen in a country which for fifty years had devoutly followed another faith. It was in truth nothing newer than the doctrine of protection; but there was linked with it the rough outline of a plan of extraordinary daring and magnitude, whereby the various great sections of the Empire were, said Mr. Chamberlain, to be bound together by a system of preferential trade. In an instant the political discussions of the day had been transformed. The mismanagement of the war,

and the miniature revolution caused by the education act, faded, at least temporarily, into the background. A new line of cleavage appeared between the parties, not greatly to the advantage of the Conservative party, since for the first time in nearly twenty years the Liberals began to show signs of united action inspired by a common battle-cry.

But Chamberlain, with his usual masterly tactics, had converted the Liberal party into the party of inactivity, a party wedded to what he denounced as the old-fogyism of Cobdenism; whilst the Conservatives, or those of them who followed him, became the advocates of a new policy which was to cement the Empire, and to win back for England the industrial supremacy which, in the opinion of many, was passing from her. Almost the bitterest opposition that Chamberlain encountered was within the cabinet itself; but within three months he had driven every Cobdenite from the government, and had converted the prime minister to the more difficult half of the new policy. The government was protectionized, and Peel's work of 1846 was undone. Then, with a final bold stroke, the ex-manufacturer from Birmingham cuts clear from the government he had transformed, frees himself from all official responsibility, and, like a modern Peter the Hermit, starts out on a crusade for the salvation of the Empire by a scheme of preferential trade.

Protection is well, he tells us, but not enough; it may be used to break down tariff walls, but the Empire itself can be preserved from ultimate dissolution only by preferential tariffs. It is a policy full of intricate problems, of hidden danger, and possible advantage. The whole commercial world is interested in the struggle, and will be appreciably affected by the outcome. It is idle to attempt to forecast the result, as so many are doing, and will doubtless continue to do, in flat contradiction of each other. Opinion on the subject is still unformed and wavering. Mr. Chamberlain is now nearly sixty-eight years of age, and is greatly troubled with gout.



This is not precisely the proper kind of disease, perhaps, for a democratic statesman; but, according to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain models himself on the elder Pitt, the great imperialist of the eighteenth century, and that alleged prototype was a martyr to the same troublesome affection. A further interesting coincidence between the elder Pitt and Chamberlain is seen, by the way, in the elevation of the son of each statesman to the chancellorship of the exchequer at a remarkably early age. If Chamberlain modeled himself on Chatham, he must be credited with considerable success in his effort.

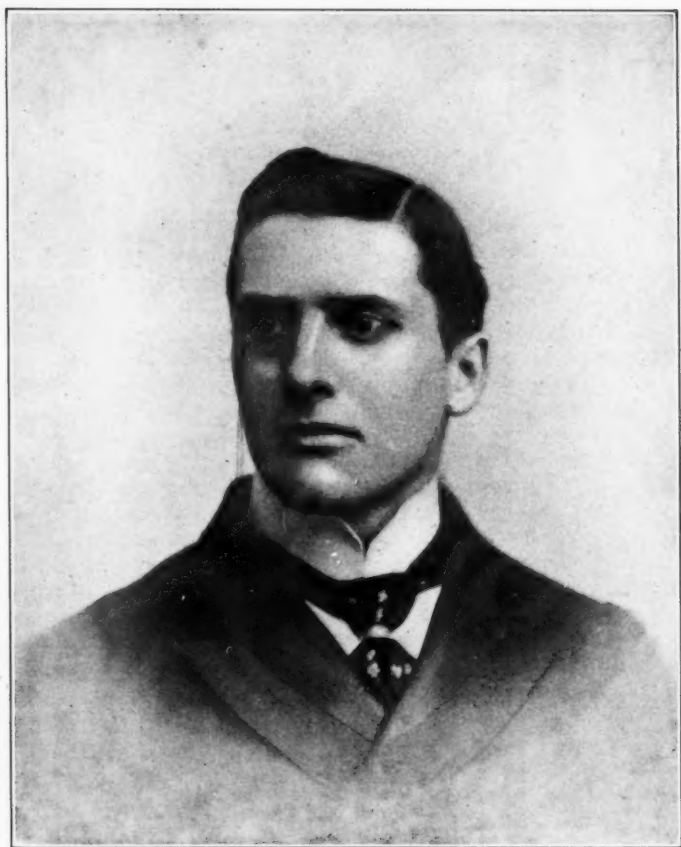
Mr. Chamberlain has undertaken a task that, for a man of sixty-eight, is more than herculean, being nothing less than the education of his countrymen up to protection—or down to protection, as the free-trader will prefer to say. Yet his years sit lightly on his shoulders, and he could easily pass for his middle-aged son, between whom and himself there is a strong facial resemblance. He is full of a marvelous energy, and is brimming over with the optimism that comes from a successful career. He is not a cultured orator, but always a most lucid and incisive speaker, with a power of repartee that lashes and wounds the most thick-skinned of would-be hecklers. Strenuous and exciting as his life has been, Mr. Chamberlain has yet allowed himself one charming though costly recreation—the cultivation of orchids; and in his beautiful home at Birmingham he has the most wonderful collection to be found in England. His famous Birmingham house, named "Highbury" after the division of London in which he was born, is surrounded by handsome gardens, newly laid out last summer under Mr. Chamberlain's personal direction, during the scanty leisure he allowed himself from political turmoil. Fortunate in so many things, Mr. Chamberlain is happiest of all in the possession of a charming American wife, the daughter of the late Mr. W. C. Endicott, war secretary in Mr. Cleveland's first administration. Mrs. Chamberlain

follows her husband's career with the closest interest, and has herself become no mean authority on English politics.

Apart from his occasional attention to gardening, Mr. Chamberlain is probably as busy when at Highbury as during his heaviest official work. His correspondence and public duties have rather increased than otherwise with his relinquishment of official life. Two hundred letters, on an average, are received by him each day; all are read and answered personally, with the aid of a private secretary and competent shorthand writers. This correspondence has to be dealt with most carefully; for artful opponents are forever laying cunning traps for the Birmingham statesman, and too faithful friends are but little less troublesome with their suggestions and conundrums. The house is beset with newspaper correspondents, with whom Mr. Chamberlain is always popular. He talks freely with them and fully appreciates the power and influence of the press; yet no correspondent has ever extracted a secret from him. He works far into the night, parliamentary life having accustomed him to late hours. Three in the morning often finds him still at his desk. His speeches—all the important ones, at least—are carefully prepared, and are privately declaimed to his private secretary the day before delivery, the statesman meanwhile smoking a brier pipe or a fat black cigar.

Austen Chamberlain, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has in the past greatly aided his father in his onerous work of private correspondence; but it may be assumed that his own official cares will now occupy the whole time of Chamberlain *filis*. It may be added that the younger Chamberlain is unmarried, aged forty, wears an eyeglass, like his father, and is said to inherit his father's aptitude for politics, and his judgment. It is significant that, although the father has withdrawn from office, his influence persists through the son, to whom has been given one of the most important offices in the cabinet—touching in its ramifications the minutest details of national



*London Stereoscopic Co.*

J. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

government. He is in all things in fullest sympathy with his father's policy.

"And the turn of a screw was the beginning of the whole thing," said an old mechanic who had talked of Chamberlain with me, and who was still tinctured with Cobdenism.

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, when Chamberlain went to Birmingham from London to represent his father in the Nettlefold screw business, a new screw was put on the market by that firm, which made the fortunes of all concerned, except the inventor. The new

screw tapered towards its point instead of remaining an even width from top to bottom, and the tapering point allowed you to start driving it home with a few blows of the hammer, thus saving the time of the workmen."

"A wonderful invention, was it not," he added sarcastically, "to make two cabinet ministers and disturb the whole Empire? And it was an American invention at that!"

*F. A. Ireland*



# PICTURES *and* ART TALK



Meissonier's subjects always play their parts beyond mistaking. His *Connoisseur* knows, his *Reveller* is really hilarious, his *Musketeer* is a musketeer every inch. This truth to life he owed in great part to his keen insight, but even more it was due to his genius for taking pains, to his untiring efforts to surround himself with the appropriate atmosphere. The stories told of his unquenchable enthusiasm in this direction are legion: of how he bought a field of rye and prevailed on a colonel of cuirassiers to charge through it with his regiment to produce a desired battle effect; of how, when at work on the Napoleon series, he borrowed Napoleon's coat from the Museum, had it copied crease for crease, donned it, and, mounting a wooden horse, posed for hours before his mirror studying every effect; of how he bought horses of the same color and breed as those Napoleon rode, and picketed them in rain and snow for weeks for local color's sake. Yet this attention to detail, fantastic as it seemed, did not absorb him to the neglect of the picture's unity or proportion. The picture is not a copy; it is a creation which, if cold and arid in sentiment, is yet full of the poetry of the artistic. For imagination and depth and verve we have in compensation measured harmony, dash, and brilliancy, and matchless delicacy of finish.

The two portraits by Andrea da Solaro in the National Gallery stand out from the other works of the Lombard School in largeness of conception and breadth of treatment. There is more of Flanders than of Italy in his *Venetian Senator*. Tradition confirms the connection. Andrea himself never came in contact

with Flemish art. Born near Milan in 1458, of a family of artists, he passed his life in Venice studying under Leonardo da Vinci, in France on commissions, and in Naples along with Andrea del Sarto. But in Venice, in 1490, when this portrait was probably painted, there lived Antonello da Messina, who had brought back from the Low Countries the secrets of oil painting newly discovered by the Van Eyck brothers. Through Antonello the influence of the North was conveyed to the painters of Italy, and to none more than Andrea.

The result of these converging influences is interestingly shown in the *Venetian Senator*. Both in style of presentment and in technique, in pose and broad emphasis, Flemish origins are apparent. The landscape accessories are of Lombardy, while the rich, clear coloring are common to Venice and the Netherlands alike; chiefly in the subtle bodying forth of the man's inmost soul Andrea shows his kinship to the creator of *Mona Lisa*. It is a striking portrait of one of the strong, proud spirits that made Venice for a few brief years queen of the seas.

A Van Dyck in your ancestral gallery is a virtual patent of nobility. Nearly all the great families of England are represented in the work of the prolific "painter to the court" when Charles I was king. All Van Dyck's sitters seem members of one large family, gifted with the same stately charm and cultured grace, the same calm assurance of place and power held by right divine. It may be due to their sense of solidarity and the influence of life and interests and costumes in common, but even more it is due to the fusing and shaping power of the artist's tempera-





THE MUSKETEER

FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER





A VENETIAN SENATOR

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDREA DA SOLARIO



ment. Van Dyck shows us all his patrons through the medium of his own distinction and courtly charm. Even national traits are submerged in the process. There is nothing essentially of the Low Countries in the portrait, here reproduced, of Richardot, a high official of the Netherlands government of the day, and his son. There is much essentially of Van Dyck—the stately pose and glowing color, and chiefly the refinement of outline and superb modeling of the head.

A precocious and favored pupil in the studio of Rubens, Van Dyck found his master's robust strength and versatility beyond him, but in compensation developed a refinement and brilliancy all his own. Both his powers and his limitations pointed to portraiture. In England he found a fresh field, with sitters and costumes made to his hand. Though he painted quickly and, as he frankly averred, "for the kitchen, not the future," he never slighted his work. In the long list of Van Dyck's brilliant canvases there is scarcely one but confirms his title to the highest rank among the world's portrait painters.

Good Americans when they die go to Paris, but American artists prefer to go before. Few in the large colony of new world painters who have found inspiration and a home in France have been so successfully acclimated as Walter Gay. Born in Boston about forty-five years ago, he went to Paris at twenty, and studied under Bonnat. The years since have brought him many honors at the Salon, his *Mass in Brittany* winning special attention.

Mr. Gay has found his favorite subjects in the peasants of western France, studying their primitive manners with an insight that makes the common picturesque. His *Bénédicte*, which hangs on the walls of the Luxembourg, is one of the best of these peasant idylls, in which naturalistic faithfulness is tempered with sympathy. The awkward but heartfelt devotion of that toil-bent old woman, giving thanks for her scanty meal, is admirably interpreted.

The note of pathos which marks all Mr. Gay's work is in harmony with the cold gray tone of the coloring.

Pierre de la Boulaye's *The Sermon*, which has been acquired by the Luxembourg, is a notable piece of characterization, aside from its merits of dexterous brush work and its correct, vivacious drawing. So frank and purposeful is its analysis of the varying attitudes of the worshipers that it might almost be itself considered a sermon on indifference. The grouping is dramatic, and is painted with a breadth and vigor, as well as with a touch of the theatrical, that recall the work of Herkomer.

Reynolds' versatility nowhere stands out more saliently than in the contrast between his portraits of women and his portraits of men. The whole style and character of his work seems to vary with the sex, now delicate and languorous, now broad and virile. Of the masculine portraits none is more masculine than that of *Lord Heathfield*, better known as the General Elliot who for three long years held Gibraltar against the fierce assaults of the French and Spanish force of forty thousand men and fifty ships of the line. The careless tourist, bent on doing the National Gallery in a morning, who dismissed the portrait as that of a "red-faced beefeater in a red coat," might on even longer study have proved impervious to the attractions of art, but his steps might have been stayed by curiosity had he known that the gallant general was a lifelong vegetarian.

The painting is not a portrait merely; it is history. In the obscure clouds of smoke in the background, in the cannon pointed down to the sea below, and chiefly in the key which the artist introduced by a stroke of genius, the whole history of the siege is dramatically presented. Yet the background, duly subordinated, only makes the man stand out more clearly in all his sturdy, foursquare resolution. The execution matches the broad conception. The color is vigorous, and the drawing correct beyond Reynolds' wont.

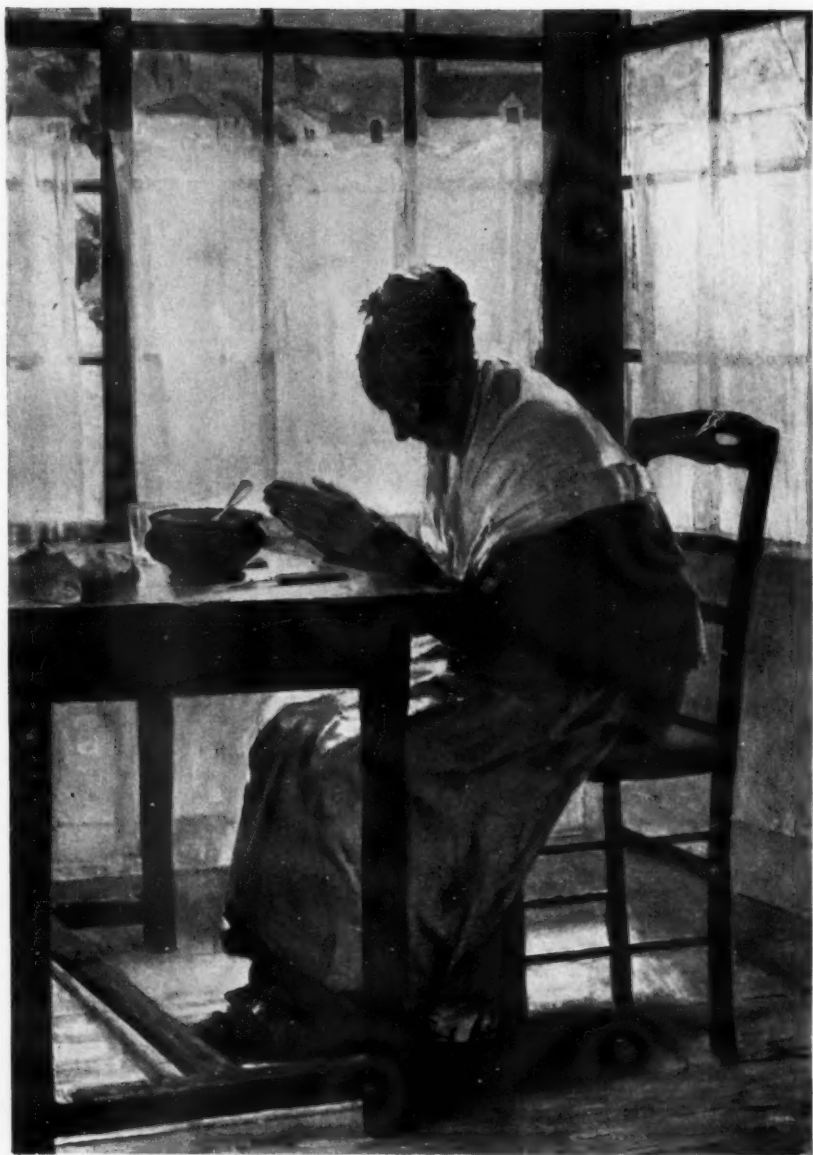




A DUTCH NOBLEMAN AND SON

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK





BÉNÉDICTÉ

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER GAY

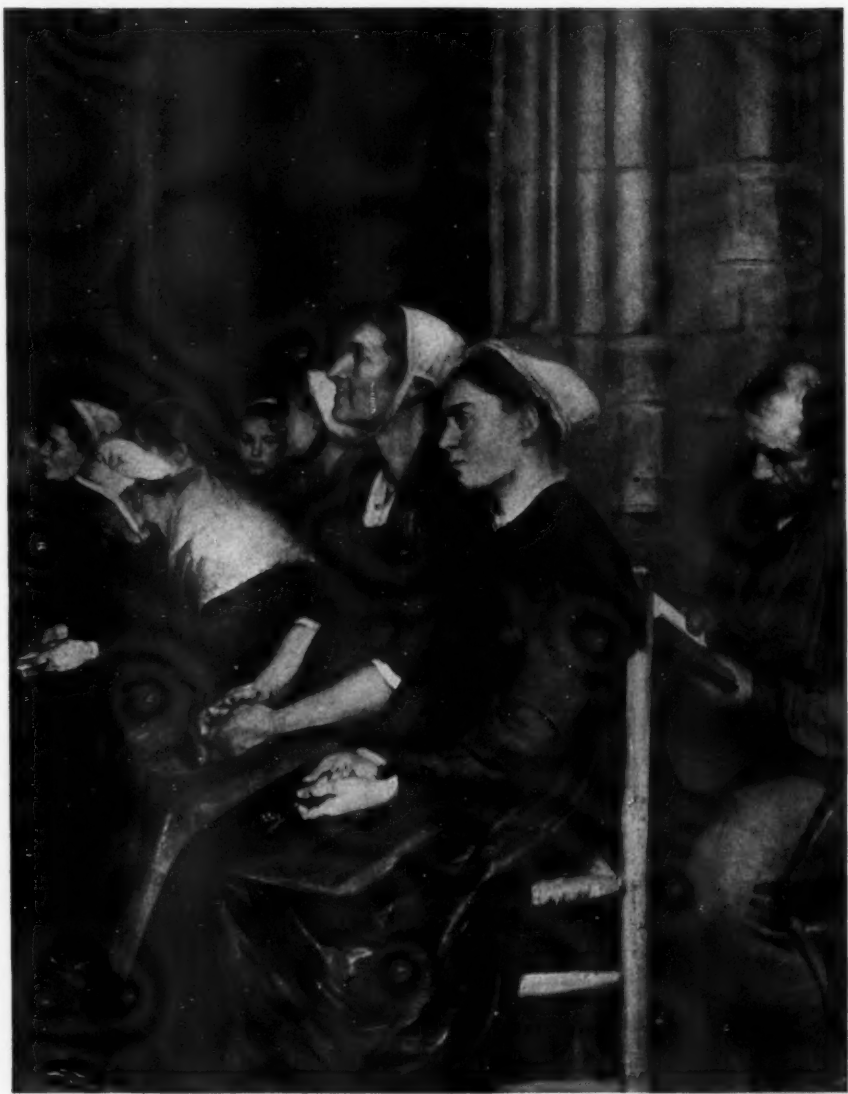




LORD HEATHFIELD

FROM THE PAINTING BY REYNOLDS





THE SERMON

FROM THE PAINTING BY BOULAYE





AFTER THE VICTORY

By ALLOUARD



# FRENCH SCULPTURE OF TODAY

BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT

Like the Greek, the Frenchman instinctively turns to sculpture as a favorite mode of expression. Like the Greek, also, his keen appreciation of the sensuously beautiful leads him too often to ignore both moral and artistic evolution in asserting the supremacy of the sensual. Again, it may be said that like the Greek he uses art as the minister of national pride. This is done in other countries beside his own, but nowhere is it so inexorably demanded that the public monument shall exist for art's sake as well as for pride's sake.

And the art of sculpture is primarily a monumental art. Since the days when Ictinus and Callicrates, as builders, joined with Phidias in the design of the Parthenon, it has found its largest and most noble expression, hand in hand with architecture, in the creation of religious or national memorials. In no other way can be so well expressed, and to so large an audience, the great sentiments of religion, of patriotism and national pride, or of honor to the illustrious dead.

Along this line French sculpture of the past fifty years has achieved some of its most magnificent successes, and it is to the examples of this class of work that we must look for the first indications of some of the tendencies that are developed in the French sculpture of the twentieth century.

For French sculpture of today is a thing of "tendencies." Obviously it is transitional; more so than is French painting. We are accustomed to differentiate between "schools" in the latter, and yet these distinctions become less marked from day to day. For the tendency of the schools is to converge. This is not the case with

the contemporary sculpture of France. Between Aizelin and Bartholomé, or Barrias and Rodin, the gap is tremendous, and at present there is no indication of the gap becoming narrower. The visitor to the Salons finds that, in painting, the violent contrasts of a few years ago have almost disappeared. French painting is approaching more and more nearly to a type in which naturalistic treatment is aided by the knowledge of color and the theory of vibration gained through the pioneer work of the extremists in so-called "impressionism." But what shall we say of the "type" in the department of sculpture? Will it develop itself along the lines of symbolism or materialism? of dignity and force or of grace and beauty? of academic conventionalism or of *l'art nouveau*? Who can tell? We may only trace for a little the development of these widely differing phases, most of which are represented by the illustrations to this article.

It has not been many years since the time when the dominating note of French sculpture, as indeed of the sculpture of the world, was a cold and dreary classicism. The subjects were the hackneyed ones of mythology or romance; the treatment academic and conventional. Only occasionally an artist arose who was strong enough to work along lines somewhat removed from the usual. Houdon, Clodion, David d'Angers, Rude, and Baryé are examples of this revolt, for revolt it was, against the commonplace.

It was the gospel of naturalism that these men preached, and if there is a dominant note in the French sculpture of today it is the note of naturalism.



Houdon struck it, vaguely and tentatively, in his seated figure of *Voltaire* in the Théâtre Français, Rude with greater certainty in the *Chant du Départ* on the Arc du Triomphe. This remarkable group in high relief is of the French marching forth for the defense of the Republic. The energetic figures are furiously singing the Marseillaise, led on by the Goddess of War, who towers above them. This group is an unmistakable forerunner of modern naturalism. Nothing could be in stronger contrast with it than the colossal relief on the pediment of the *Madeleine*, by Lemaire, of Christ the Judge of the World and Mary Magdalen interceding—a work of even later period than the *Chant du Départ*, and one of the last examples of such vast religious compositions transferred from medieval to modern days.

Contrasts became frequent as the nineteenth century approached its close. On the one hand, Pradier, Guillaume, and Jouffroy, whose *Young Girl telling her Secret to Venus* is in the Louvre, taught and practiced a classic and refined art without inspiration and without strength; on the other, the work of Carpeaux, Dubois, and Falguiere was full of a strenuousness and fervor which was far indeed from the traditions of the Institute. A middle course was that taken by Chapu and Aimé Millet, whose work, always restrained and simple, was yet strong and massive in treatment. An interesting comparison is possible between the Joan of Arc of Chapu and that of Dubois. Chapu shows the "Maid" on her knees in simple peasant costume. Dubois chooses a moment of intense action. Which of the two is the more fitting and proper presentment of the character is a large question.

Both of these men and indeed all of those that I have mentioned, be their differences never so marked, show to a greater or less extent the growth of the naturalistic idea. Weakness, and ignorance of anatomy and construction, became less and less common at the close of the century. A certain truth to the facts of nature was insisted upon. It was Rodin

who said of Michel Angelo that he did a little anatomy in the evenings and used his chisel next day without a model—a rather scathing criticism of the great Italian, and probably unwarranted. Be that as it may, it is evident that the French sculptor of today is not content with doing a little anatomy over night. The cry is for realism at all hazards. Occasionally this is carried to extremes, as when we see farm laborers in marble, and nymphs and Olympian divinities in bronze, all treated with the same painstaking adherence to the physical peculiarities of the model rather than to the requirements of the subject.

Another phase of the realistic movement of the last few years, and a dangerous phase, is the debauched realism which aims at deception. The use of color in sculpture—either applied directly to the stone, or introduced by combining in a statue marbles and enamels of different tints—while its supporters can claim for it the precedent of the later Greek work, is nevertheless to be deplored as destructive of the purity of the medium and leading to a debased and imitative art. True art is not imitative, though imitation may be one of its initiatory processes, and though the ability on the part of the artist to imitate gives him that mastery over his medium that is essential. At the same time, while one may deplore the tendencies of this polychromatic sculpture, one is obliged in many cases to grant admiration to the technical mastery which has been displayed, and to the real beauty of some individual examples considered apart from the abstract canons of the artistic. One of the finest of these examples is *The Unveiling of Nature* of Louis Ernest Barrias. This really beautiful work is typical of the sensuous side of French art. No one can fail to be impressed with its beauty nor with the infinite cleverness which has made skilful use of veined marbles in the draperies.

Allouard's *The Grey Nun* and Denys Puech's *Reverie* belong to precisely the same category of *fin de siècle* art—an art that would cause the early academicians





IN THE FIELDS

By BOUCHER





JUDITH

By AIZELIN



to turn in their graves, and yet an art that is far from being without charm. Its revilers may allude to statues of this class as glorified mantel ornaments or as *Articles de Paris*—and in both similes there is a certain patness—but they cannot but admit their prodigious virtuosity.

The greatest difficulty in the application of color to sculpture is in the exercise of sufficient restraint. There is a feeling that the canons of art are not outraged if some detail is left uncolored, or tinted in a strictly decorative manner. Thus Gérôme, in his astonishing *Joueuse de Boules* in the Salon of 1902—a life-size tinted figure of a woman, startling in its realism—gilded the hair, the one concession to conventionalism, and the one thing, in the opinion of many critics, which prevented the work from being altogether bad art. Similarly, it will be noted that in the just mentioned works of Barrias, Allouard, and Puech, the faces have been left in their natural marble, making a curious contrast with the feeling of reality conveyed by the colored drapery. Perhaps this is better art, but beyond question the ends of art would have been still better served if color had not been introduced at all.

*La Comédienne*, by F. Berthoud, illustrates a phase slightly different from that just described. It is *l'art nouveau*—I use the phrase in its limited sense—as applied to sculpture.

Aizelin's *Judith* is a good example of the present status of the academic school. Here is no *art nouveau*, and perhaps no inspiration. It is simply a strong though somewhat conventional treatment of a well known subject. To the same general class, though a little more modern in conception, belong the two Gérômes, *Christ Entering Jerusalem* and *The Flight to Egypt*. Strong and scholarly work it is, and typical of the better grade of French religious art of today. But the future of French art does not lie in this direction. Great religious art requires great devotional feeling at the inception, and that quality is conspicuous by its absence in this work of Gérôme, as in all recent French attempts in this direction.

Better promise is shown in the work of Alfred Boucher, whose *In the Fields* is here shown. Here is a realist who has no need of color for the expression of his talent, who has brought to the sculpture of humble life something of the sympathy which speaks from the canvasses of Millet.

But there are two great contemporary figures to whom, more than to any of these, we look for the future of French sculpture. By his recent work Bartholomé has demonstrated his right to a place in the front rank of living sculptors. He is the one living Frenchman who has earned the right to stand beside Rodin—and greater praise it would be hard to give. For, far above the fads and the prettinesses of the art shops, Auguste Rodin stands as the greatest sculptor of his time. His is work that shows no evidence of catering to the taste of the moment, no resort to prettiness as a means of concealing artistic weakness. From the *Bourgeois de Calais* and the *St. John* to the lovely *Danaïde*, here reproduced; from the much discussed *Balzac* to the unfinished *Gate of Hades*, the range of subject and treatment is tremendous; but in all the examples of his work we may find the three essentials of the greatest art: strength, truth, and mystery. The last named, *The Gate of Hades*, was designed for the decoration of the front of the proposed Musée des Arts Decoratifs, a project now unfortunately abandoned. This colossal work, which may never be finished, represents the descent into the abyss of myriads of souls. It is this that Dalou, Rodin's fellow artist and himself a sculptor of no mean ability, terms "one of the most, if not the most original and astonishing pieces of sculpture of the nineteenth century."

It is such work as this, the work of a great artistic personality struggling for expression, that makes us believe in the future. For, while Rodin and Bartholomé live, French sculpture will not be without inspiration.

Byronell Abbott





LOUIS ERNEST BARRIAS





THE UNVEILING OF NATURE

By BARRIAS





THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT

By GERÔME





CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM

By GERÔME





LA COMÉDIENNE

BY DERTHOUD





DANAIDE  
BY RODIN





THE GREY NUN

By ALLOUARD

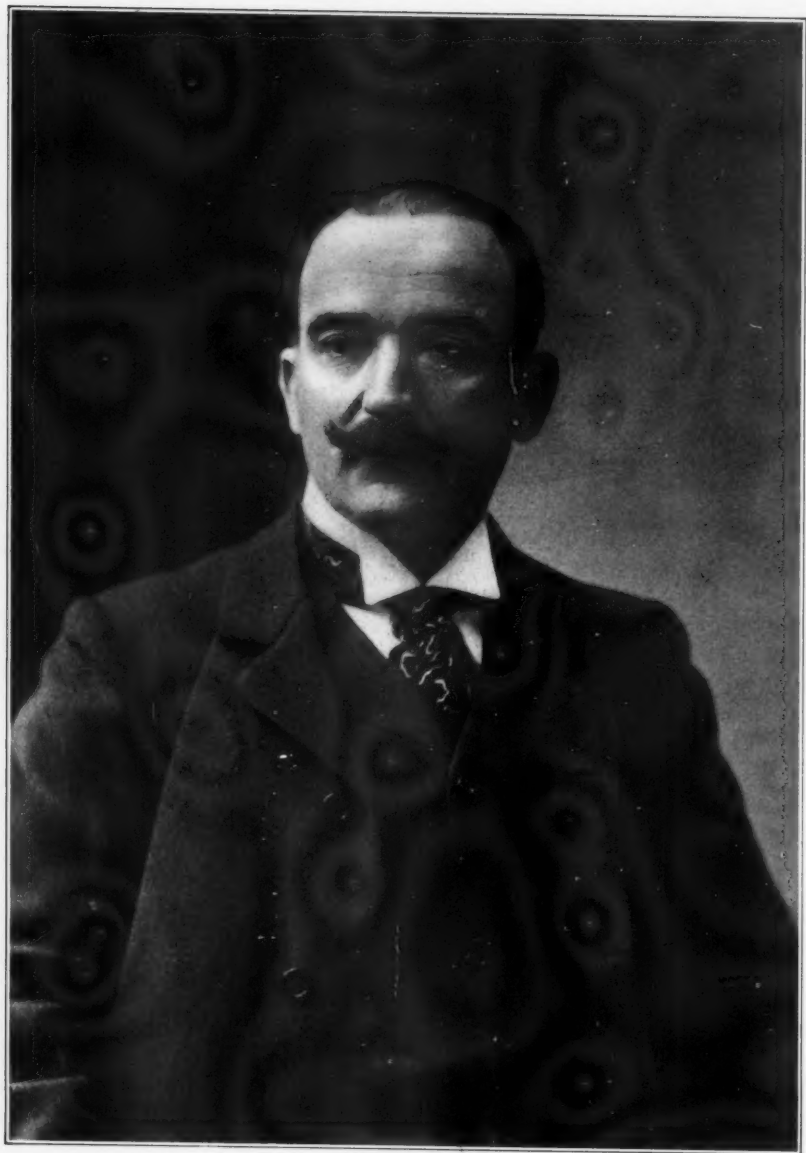




REVERIE

By PUCHA





DENYS PUECH





STATUE OF LECONTE DE LISLE

By PUCH





MORTIMER MENPES



# MORTIMER MENPES, COLORIST

BY DOROTHY MENPES

Mr. Menpes' career as a painter started at a very early age, in fact from the time when he was a baby in the nursery. He was born in Australia, where the chances of gaining any real artistic education were few and far between. But his marked individuality, and determination not to be discouraged by any difficulties that might arise, carried him through successfully. He was an impressionist in the cradle and could be kept quiet for hours with a pencil and paper instead of the conventional "soother." One day he produced with such fatal fidelity a lightning caricature of an old family friend who was visiting his parents that a lifelong friendship was shattered at a blow. The other babies around him were incapable of understanding his scheme of life, and he was driven to live his life alone in his own atmosphere. At school he did deadly execution among the drawing prizes, although he had no capacity for grasping ordinary lessons. He thought of nothing but form and color. He was a martyr to his sense of color, and consequently was continually being hit over the head by his master on account of some sketch he had done on the edges of his copy-book or slate. Thus he grew up to be an artist. But an artist's life in Australia was an impossibility, and therefore he drifted, naturally enough, to Europe—to London.

In London, with no friends in the world, he found himself at last in the South Kensington Schools. After capturing the Poynter prize for the best study from the antique, he suddenly asked himself a conundrum. Why should plaster casts be reproduced with black chalk on white

paper? He pondered it well, gave it up, and took to studying color from nature. During the brief period that he worked at the South Kensington Art School he conformed as little as possible to regulations that seemed to him of no practical value, and paid a very small degree of attention to the science and art department. A certain amount of drawing from the antique, a little study of anatomy, and some drawing and painting from life occupied his school course.

Mr. Menpes' real training began later in life when he emigrated to Brittany and took up his abode in Pont Aven. There he found himself among a group of the newer lights of the French and American schools and in just the atmosphere to stimulate a timid young artist. Here he had unlimited chances of widening, by daily argument, his knowledge of technical problems. There were men who painted in dots, men who painted in spots, some who always carried a Maori stick to give them inspiration, others who never painted saints until they were quite drunk and had bathed their faces in ether—men whose theory it was that you must ruin your digestion before you could paint a masterpiece. For two or three years, with only brief intervals of absence, he remained on this battlefield of creeds, working steadily and indefatigably and gaining daily more fixity of purpose and sureness of hand. During this period he fell under what was perhaps the only influence that has ever strongly affected his individuality. For the first time in his life he met a man who called himself the Master. And so he was—a living Old Master: James McNeil





A SPEAR BEARER FROM JIND

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES



Whistler. He found in him an artist whom he could respect, a magnificent innovator with courage to assert, and rare skill in technical statement. Here was a man experimenting, inventing, breaking away from rules and traditions, but always keeping in view the purest ideal of art. And it was hardly surprising that Mr. Menpes should have learned much from his association with Whistler, and that his skill in the use of materials, his knowledge of oil and water color, and the technique of etching should have grown rapidly under such supervision. He was already beginning to exhibit at the Royal Academy and at the Grosvenor Gallery, and his pictures were well treated and favorably noticed. He was recognized as one of the coming men with claims upon the public. Menpes sat at Whistler's feet with an artistic reverence that has never grown less, though their harmonies at a later period ceased to blend.

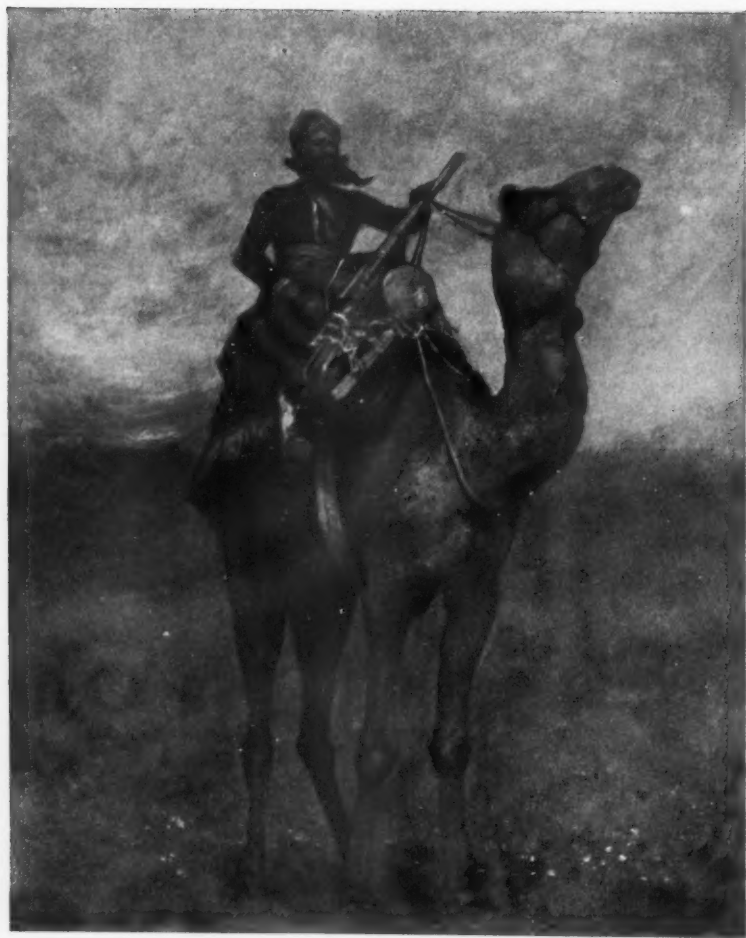
About this time he heard everyone raving about Japan. He left them raving and went there and began to make his own name instead of dwelling in the shadow of another's. He spent some months in that artistic paradise, and recorded with felicitous fidelity the characteristics of the country, its charm and variety and the picturesque detail with which it abounds. He was the first English artist to visit Japan, and he was resolved to get at the very heart of Japanese life in so far as it appeals to the artist. He was privileged to come in contact with some of the best painters in Japan, with one master in particular, Kyosai, one of the greatest Japanese painters of the day. And, curiously enough, Kyosai's methods closely resembled those of Whistler. Both were striving for artistic perfection, and unconsciously both were traveling the same way. Mr. Menpes returned to England after his Japanese visit with a series of pictures which were the chief attractions of the art season. This daring departure on his own account led to a series of world tours. He did his own work and got a great deal of enjoyment out of it.

The next sketching grounds Mr. Menpes selected were those of India, Burma, and Cashmere. His ambition was to give a true impression of the brilliancy of the Indian sunlight and of the dazzling atmospheric effects. To accomplish this effect he found that the only method of painting in oil color was to apply the pigment to the canvas in such a way as to resemble pastel. He found India to be a country which demanded the full range of his palette, and even then, he said, a sheet of Whatman's paper seemed more brilliant by comparison. Nevertheless, Mr. Menpes succeeded in suggesting the curious shimmer of heat and the blaze of light which, in the tropics, bleaches even the most vivid colors and reduces them almost to a harmony of warm grays, and his exhibition of Indian pictures was very successful. From that time onwards his exhibitions have been practically annual events. Each one has been inspired by an ambition to solve some special problem of execution.

He went to Venice after this visit to India and lived there for six months. He painted the superb city of the Doges under every possible aspect, bringing back with him pictures of Venice in early dawn, at mid-day, in the evening, at night, in rain, and in sun. It was difficult to decide at which time of the day she appeared the most beautiful. To Mr. Menpes Venice appeared as a revelation, a scintillating opal. He worked at this period with stiff dry color, driving it forcibly on to a white ground, so as to allow the glittering under surface to shine through the thin over-laying pigments.

Menpes' next painting trip was through France, Spain, and Morocco. Paris had its charms for him, but the country proved still more attractive, and he brought back with him many studies of the Seine, of river barge life, and the marvellous color effects produced at all times on the river, as well as gray landscapes with slim avenues of carefully trimmed trees and well wooded forests with their magnificent autumn carpets of salmon leaves mounted on silver stems. Here his pictures showed

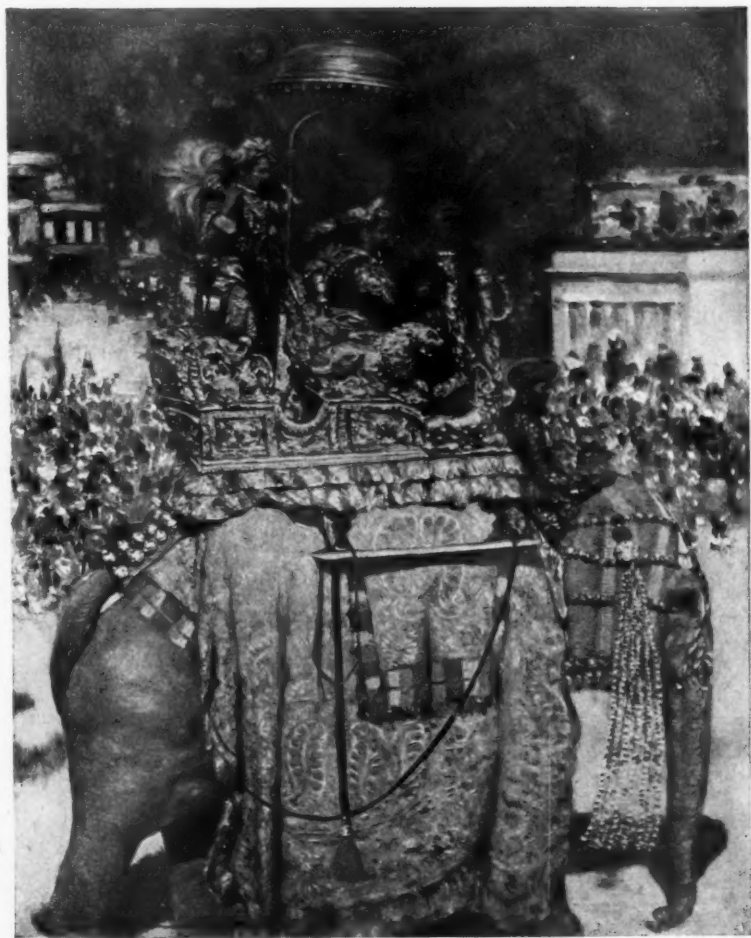




A SWIVEL-GUN BEARER FROM RAJPUTANA

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES





THE STATE ENTRY : A DISTINGUISHED MAHARAJA

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES





MR. MENPES' STUDIO



the same intention to make the color appear to swim in a luminous atmosphere, but instead of using dry pigment he mixed it with petroleum so that it might flow easily and smoothly over the tempera ground and present something of the delicacy of water color without losing the richness and permanency of oils. In Spain, unlike India, Italy, or the Holy Land—where the sun was a colored sun and the trees golden—he found that the sun was white and the trees keen, sharp, and silvery. To reproduce this brilliancy with pigment was no easy task. In Morocco he found it difficult to work under a sky which looked a deep and purple blue, but which was in reality so light that the whitest paper in shadow was dark beside it.

A very marked departure resulted from his visit to Mexico in the following year, for here his chief inspiration was not derived from aerial delicacies and subtleties of gradation but from chromatic combinations extraordinary in their strength and brilliancy. To carry out the idea that impressed him most vividly he confined himself almost entirely to twilight and night effects, ignoring the daytime with its glare and whiteness, and arranged his pictures on a scheme of jewel-like glitter. The white tempera ground again played its important part, but the pigments imposed upon it were chosen especially with regard to their vehement assertiveness, and were kept absolutely transparent. Petroleum was the medium used, but each canvas as it was finished was given a skin of amber varnish so that no diminution of its intense color might be caused by any drying in or dulling of the surface. The collection, as a whole, was one of the most remarkable of the artist's achievements—an experiment of which the success was beyond question and a memorable display of acute observation and original endeavor.

Mr. Menpes' next exhibition, held last spring, was a second group of Japanese subjects. It consisted of water color drawings of ceremonial processions and studies of Japanese life in oil, water color, and black and white. A curious manner of

using opaque pigments was illustrated by an application of water color that would give at once the brilliancy of pastel and the depth and solidity of oil. The handling and brushwork of the chief compositions showed great vigor and a mastery of execution. Then came several successful exhibitions, "Beautiful Women," "War Impressions," "World's Children," and, lastly, "The Durbar." "War Impressions" started the idea for writing a book, a record in color of the war in South Africa. The sales of this volume were so large that Mr. Menpes was encouraged to produce three more books, all in color—one on Japan, one entitled *World's Pictures*, and, lastly, *World's Children*, with a hundred illustrations in color that are fascinating glimpses of the little ones of different nationalities all over the world.

Last winter Mr. Menpes took another trip to India and was there during the famous Delhi Durbar. Since his return to England an elaborate book on the subject has been compiled, which contains one hundred illustrations in color. These colored books have all been most successful.

Mr. Menpes has now started making the blocks for his pictures and printing them himself. He feels that there are great possibilities for reproductions in color if the medium is adapted to the process. He has now formed his own staff of five—etchers, operators, and printers—and has clearly demonstrated that work done by such methods is a thousand times better than those adopted by the ordinary professional engravers. Mr. Menpes' energy and enterprise are untiring. He has surmounted serious technical difficulties by unexpected devices, and disentangled himself from artistic perplexities that might well have caused a less determined innovator to admit defeat.

Mr. Menpes' forthcoming book is to be on Whistler, the master whom he has always looked up to with such reverence and admiration. This work will be most interesting to him, for it will be in every sense a labor of love.





FÉNELON

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHAMPAIGNE



# FÉNELON—A BENEVOLENT STRATEGIST

BY ALBERT ELMER HANCOCK

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, when Louis XIV was wantonly consuming the resources of France and regarding the blaze of magnificence as the glow of his personal glory; when Madame de Montespan was departing from Versailles with her baggage and Madame de Maintenon was replacing her unsanctified charms with a certain amount of spiritual sobriety; when those courtiers who sympathetically coughed if the king had a cold were preparing to follow their benign model into his senile and belated mania for piety—Fénelon, that master of finesse who wrought out his purposes amid sweetness and light, came insinuatingly into prominence.

Fénelon's character was full of paradoxes, of the contradictions of opposite qualities. At once pliant and obstinate, spontaneous and cautious, revolutionary and conservative, his nature in the main breathed out a delicious perfume of affection to all the world. He belongs to that class of men whom optimists instinctively adore and cynics habitually suspect. The record of his life reveals the exquisite culture of the worldly gentleman united with the exalted devotion of the saint; and yet, while one reads his plea of love for the universal brother, and even observes his unfaltering practice of the principle, one cannot rid oneself of the haunting suggestion that the gentleman is bidding for popularity and the saint is playing a discreet game of self-seeking. He never does anything to be censured severely, but he fails to convince one of his undivided sincerity. Fortune favored him inwardly; the itinerary of his personal ambition ran

directly along the road to honor and heaven. He was forced into no battles, no compromises, with conscience; his motives, therefore, were intrenched behind deeds of righteousness, and one cannot impugn them without a sense of uncertainty and possible injustice.

Saint-Simon, that judicial Boswell of Louis' court, though forced to admit the charm of Fénelon's graciousness, writes him down as a place-hunter. His piety, intimates the author of the famous *Memoirs*, was adaptable to all men and circumstances, and he went from door to door, during his early years, begging for preferment. Educated for the church, he applied first to the Jesuits, then to the Jansenists, at last to the Sulpicians, through whose influence finally he obtained the chance of a lifetime, the chance of becoming the preceptor of the young Duke of Burgundy, grandson of the king and heir-presumptive to the throne. It was a great opportunity and Fénelon was undoubtedly the man to meet it; and he did so, using it for the benefit of the duke, of France, of humanity, and possibly, beneath all else, for the benefit of Fénelon.

Once brought into the royal household, he ingratiated himself into the spiritual counsels of Madame de Maintenon—who had now become the king's oracle—and his subtle audacity, under the impulse of his craving for domination, even ventured to harbor designs on the king's own conscience. If we accept with Saint-Simon the darker interpretation of his character, we must conceive him to be a self-seeker of amazing guile; for, while amiably grappling the soul of the future young mon-



arch in his octopus affections, and instructing his ward in the obligations of a noble sovereign, he cherished at the same time the stupendous project of reducing the prince to mental servitude and of becoming the masterful Richelieu of his reign.

Whatever his motives, he indisputably did obtain full command of the royal youth, and he did transform his character. The story is a psychological romance of education. The Duke of Burgundy, when Fénelon took hold of him, was a passionate boy, subject to wild fits of rage, the easy slave of the vices, and by temperament savage and arrogant. His preceptor harnessed him in the light reins of sweet reasonableness, made the road to knowledge as attractive as a rose lane, and won his heart with an enchanter's power. With that once in his possession, Fénelon instilled into the boy's mind his own advanced ideas about the duties of monarchs, the rights of the people, and the welfare of nations. In time, yielding to the indirect persuasiveness of his teacher's affectionate personality, the duke became as docile as a broken colt—some say as weak as a broken-spirited colt.

This darker estimate of Fénelon's purpose is certainly gratuitous. Sainte-Beuve raises a protest against Saint-Simon's contemporary near-sightedness. And, in truth, the complete relations of Fénelon and the duke, while they demonstrate the astuteness of the former's mind and reveal the subtlety of his methods of mental domination, exonerate him from the suspicion of being a sycophant or a time-server. Fénelon may have been a self-seeker; but, if so, his ambition boded well for the good of France. If he sought for the power of a Richelieu, it was to govern with a more humane and benevolent zeal. Louis, all-inclusive despot, stood for the divine right and absolute authority of kings; he subordinated the whole nation to his imperious caprices, and indulged himself in one of the most extravagant and purblind reigns that have decorated and disgraced the history of monarchical government. Fénelon saw that this debauch of magnificence was

bringing sure ruin upon France, and he quietly educated the heir-presumptive into those larger, humaner, more enlightened ideals of government which were to be established a century later by a revolution. "I am the State," asserted Louis in autocratic vanity. But his grandson, trained in Fénelon's school of politics, astounded the court one day with the strange declaration that "the king was made for his subjects, and not the subjects for the king." The man who thus taught, and who thus threw down the gauntlet in the royal house, was certainly no time-server.

*The Adventures of Telemachus*, Fénelon's chief contribution to literature, was one of the effective instruments of his instruction. An account of the wanderings of Ulysses' son in search of his father, it purports, like *Gulliver's Travels*, to be only a fanciful tale; but, in its deeper signification, it is an allegorical study of the ideal prince for modern times. In this fascinating book, which, like *Gulliver's Travels* again, a child reads for the adventurous story and an adult for its political wisdom, we see that Fénelon was a precursor of Rousseau and the revolution. He did not indeed go so far as to advocate democracy and the inalienable authority of the people; but, in direct antagonism to Louis' autocracy, he argued for such a decentralization of power as should enable the nation at large to share in public affairs; and he taught that the ruler was under obligation to measure up to the standard of righteousness.

Such an attitude as this, in an age which took the contrary, is sufficient proof that Fénelon was no crier of a popular cause. He was an original thinker. A brilliant, progressive, independent intellect, he was not, on the other hand, of that fibrous tenacity which hangs on for the sake of convictions. If he had deep-rooted convictions, he stood for them only until his prudence, the chief characteristic of his valor, bade him retreat. And here we see the unique, triumphant quality of his finesse. In the midst of a defeat he could turn a seeming humiliation into a source of personal glory.



His battle with the court preacher, Bossuet, concerning the doctrine of Quietism—the most dramatic incident in his biography—is the best illustration of this Protean phase of his character. Toward the close of the century, Louis, irritated by Fénelon's intellectual hostility but fully aware of his wide popularity, appointed him Archbishop of Cambrai. The apparent honor was tantamount to dismissal from Versailles in disgrace. Fénelon, obeying the royal mandate, however, went into his episcopal exile. Several years before he had become interested in Madame Guyon, an apostle of a new doctrine of Quietism, which taught that the highest life of the soul is found in prayer, and that prayer is passive receptivity to the divine effluence; a cult, as one can readily see, which subordinates the value of good works and leads to mystical inactivity. Through Fénelon's influence the patronage of the religiously-minded de Maintenon was extended to Madame Guyon; but when she began to drift toward patent heresy she was deserted by her patroness, and ultimately was called to trial. Fénelon, after the examination that followed, published in her defense his *Maxims of the Saints*, a book which, as Petit de Julleville remarks, is a defense of mysticism in theory. Bossuet, once his friend, representing the other trend of religious practice and regarding the *Maxims* as dangerous, issued his condemnation. A war of pamphlets followed—one of the most important theological controversies of modern times. Bossuet, man of directness and force, was the heavyweight in the contest; while Fénelon, light and quick on his feet, skilful in tactics, shifted his positions so warily as to elude direct attack. When finally Bossuet delivered his blow, after the battleground had been transferred to the Holy See at Rome, Fénelon made it appear that his opponent was a bully striking a defenceless man. Bossuet won the decision, but Fénelon was the virtual victor. He had played on the emotions of the audience with such tact, he had maintained such graceful dignity in a fight, and he

went back to his diocese submitting to the decision of his superior with such benignant humility and imperturbable sweetness of temper, that his defeat gave him a halo. He was more popular than ever.

The last years of his life were spent at Cambrai, where, though possessing a magnificent palace and a princely income, he gave all his time and attention to the alleviation of misery in his parish. Fénelon was one of the first of our modern humanitarians. "I love my family better than myself," he proclaimed; "my country better than my family, and humanity better than my country." His cry was, "Enlarge your heart!" and in argument his persuasive power appealed to the sentiments rather than to the reason. By an instinct, which emanated partly from vanity and partly from philanthropy, he courted the good will of all the world, even of lackeys. While at Versailles he was under temptation to indulge in his natural genius for intrigue; but, once detached from his dreams of power, once reconciled to the exile at Cambrai and busied among his parishioners, his figure looms up bright and large in lovable dignity. He was instant in service to high and low, and through his deeds of charity he became the idol of the people and the object of deference to enemies. When Marlborough and Prince Eugene passed through his territory, on their way to Blenheim, they gave strict orders that the estates of Fénelon should be left undisturbed. He died in 1715, six months before Louis, leaving a reputation which, like the luster of highly polished metal, changes with the point of view. To some he is a saint; to others he is the enlightened priest of a feudal age; to still others he is the forerunner of democracy, with its liberty and open-hearted sympathies; while to certain latter-day critics he seems only a wily nondescript, feminine and sentimental in temperament, who, being the friend of all the world, is really the friend of nobody.

Albert E. Hancock



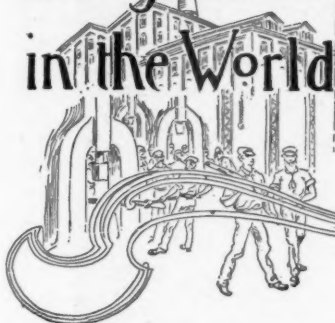


HOISTING A COMPLETE LOCOMOTIVE

ELECTRICALLY DRIVEN CRANES PICK UP THE LARGEST ENGINES WITH EASE, AND DROP THEM AT ANY DESIRED SPOT



# The Greatest Locomotive Works in the World



By  
Joseph  
M.  
Rogers

But yesterday some tons of iron ore lay embedded in the drifts of Wisconsin, some pounds of copper in the hills of Montana, some seams of coal in Pennsylvania. Today these substances, more or less transformed, are being hurried to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Tomorrow they will be converted, regenerated, correlated, and crystalized. At eventide the breath of motion will be blown into the nostrils of seven leviathan locomotives which will go forth to the uttermost parts of the earth. One will go to the prairies of the Southwest, where it will haul a mile of cars laden with corn; another will climb the Andes to penetrate the former haunts of the Incas; another will haul almond-eyed Japanese past the century-crusted temples of Buddha; one will pull a train de luxe across the frozen steppes of Siberia; another will transport Soudanese to the tomb of El Mahdi; one will take American cotton goods to the shores of Victoria-Nyanza; and one will haul a train-load of pilgrims under the very walls of Jerusalem, waking the echoes in the Garden of Gethsemane.

If the time limit mentioned were strictly accurate, if it were a mere magician's wand that converted raw material into iron horses, we should say it was a miracle. But is it less miraculous that this metamorphosis requires a few weeks, or months,

instead of days? For the locomotive is more than a thing of iron shreds and patches. It is a living, almost a sentient organism, the crux of transportation which is so great a factor in civilization, a maker and breaker of fortunes, a conservator of social forces, a gladiator in war, and an emblemized cornucopia in peace. A wonderful transformation has been wrought by the mind of man, of many men who have hammered and punched, heated and pressed, moulded and bent, polished and painted into the raw materials those new and essential intellectual and moral qualities that give the whole enduring life and power. The process seems more than physical, for, though a locomotive cannot speak nor think, it can be made to respond to the slightest control of man, and becomes itself only less than a sentient being. It is not the material in it that is of value. The locomotive is, in effect, a psychological development, an abstraction embedded in metal.

The American Indian spent untold centuries on this continent, and made absolutely no impression upon it because he had no beast of burden save his squaw, and her limitations were too great for progress. The Caucasian invader, inside of a half-century, transformed America into a garden because he made for himself servants to do his bidding. If "the horse is the best friend of man," the superlative position belongs to the iron species. The locomotive is the chief agency of democracy. It





THIS IS THE "BIAS PIECE" WHICH CONNECTS THE LARGER AND SMALLER DIAMETERS OF THE BOILER. ITS CONSTRUCTION INVOLVES INTRICATE AND INGENUOUS PROCESSES

## WELDING A GUSSET



is the leveler of ranks, the annihilator of space, the enemy of sectionalism, and the goddess of plenty. A century ago the man who had to take a trip of two hundred miles made his will, wept in the bosom of his family, primed his pistol, and resigned himself to the mercies of an inscrutable Providence. Today he takes a trip of a thousand miles in ease and comfort with less concern than is involved in the selection of proper material for a waistcoat. A century ago a ton of freight was moved thirty miles a day with difficulty, and at a cost of ten cents a mile. Today railroad managers think regretfully of the time when their returns averaged a cent a ton a mile—days never to return. Last year the average cost was less than eight-tenths of a cent per ton per mile. If it had been one tenth more per ton per mile the added gain would have amounted to \$150,000,000, or almost one-fourth of the actual net earnings from all sources.

Or to make the point more impressive, take from your pocket a copper cent. Consider how small would be its addition to the cost of transporting a ton of freight one hundred miles. Yet if the railroads last year had received this added revenue, it would have increased their net earnings by the sum of \$15,000,000. The locomotive which, by hauling more cars, can earn this added ten-thousandth part of a dollar net per ton for each mile, is a financial winner, beloved of railway managers.

The largest institution in the world for the manufacture of locomotives is the Baldwin Works of Philadelphia. Here almost one-half of the product of the country is manufactured. It is singular in many respects; in none more so, in these days of concentration, than in the fact that it is not a corporation. The firm name is Burnham, Williams & Co., and includes seven partners having interests of various amounts. Every one of these men began at the bottom and worked his way up to leadership, and not one of them ever put a cent into the firm. They put in immense amounts of intelligently directed energy, and have taken out millions of dollars in

profits. The plant has grown like a snowball, and has furnished its own capital—a complete justification from a commercial and financial standpoint. It employs over eighteen thousand men in all, and has a pay-roll of over a million dollars a month, paid invariably in gold and silver coin. The firm has never had any labor difficulty; on the contrary, every employee is imbued with the spirit of the works—honesty, industry, and a fair field for all. The coming owners of the property are now lads in overalls and jumpers, delving in grease; or young men poring over drafting boards and office desks. The superintendents and foremen are Baldwin men, and their successors are now working under their eyes.

The number of men employed exceeds that of any private organization in the world devoted to a single industry. The Krupp works at Essen employ more, but that institution is a microcosm performing all sorts of functions and producing anything that will destroy life and property. At the Baldwin's only locomotives are born, and these are for the healing of the nations. The American Locomotive Company has combined eight great factories, and these together about equal the output of the Baldwin plant alone. There are immense corporations, like the Steel Trust, with more employees, but no private partnership with a roll comparable to this.

The works were founded in 1832 by Matthias W. Baldwin, a jeweler of Philadelphia, who had been forced by dulness in his trade to take up that of steam-engine building. In 1831 he made a toy locomotive for exhibition purposes, and the next year built "Old Ironsides," a serviceable engine, for the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railway. At the first test it failed to come up to what the company claimed as specifications, and after a long squabble a settlement was made at \$3,500, or \$500 less than contract price. In constructing this Mr. Baldwin had little precedent to guide him. He had only seen crude descriptions of the mode of construction abroad, and had examined



some parts of an English engine imported but not put together. It was in many respects an original conception. Eventually this engine became the fastest and strongest locomotive in the country, attaining a speed of sixty miles an hour, though at first it was looked upon as a curiosity, and was only used to haul passengers in fair weather; in rainy weather horses hauled the cars as formerly. Discouraged by the problems he had to solve, by some defects which soon appeared, and by difficulty in getting his money, Mr. Baldwin at one time announced that this was his last locomotive. He lived until 1866, having constructed his thousandth locomotive in 1862. That output of thirty years was doubled in the twelve months of 1903. There have been great extensions of the plant, until now it covers eighteen acres in Philadelphia, and many more at Burnham, near Lewistown, Pa., where the heavy forging is done. Of the employees who were associated with Mr. Baldwin in his early years, Mr. Burnham, the present senior partner, alone survives. Additions have been made to the firm from the young men who have developed ability, and whose brains have been the capital of the concern. There are no titles whatever, and each partner devotes his energy to that special division of the work for which he is best suited.

Everyone is familiar with the appearance of a locomotive, but it is doubtful if many have any real idea of how it is constructed or how it runs. This is no place for any technical descriptions, but a few words here may illuminate what is to follow. Like the human body the locomotive contains what may be called legs, lungs, a stomach, and a backbone. Brains it has none, except as supplied by the engineer; but so much brain power has been hammered into it during construction that it answers to its governing power with all the swiftness and accuracy of the human system. In the accompanying designs the actual part described is drawn in heavy black lines; the rest of the locomotive is shown in mere outline.

The legs (*Fig. 1*) are the wheels which carry the whole weight. An ordinary express engine has two pairs of driving wheels; the largest freight locomotives have five pairs. In addition there are pilot wheels in front and trailers behind.

Upon these wheels is superimposed the backbone (*Fig. 2*), an iron or steel frame running the whole length of the locomotive, on which is placed almost the entire weight, which it in turn distributes on the wheels, the drivers taking the greatest share to get the necessary friction, without which the wheels would simply revolve and not move forward. The frame consists of two sections like the accompanying illustration, some four feet apart and bolted together at various places. In the longest locomotives these frames are of three sections bolted together. The wheels are set in these so as to have some play to permit going around sharp curves.

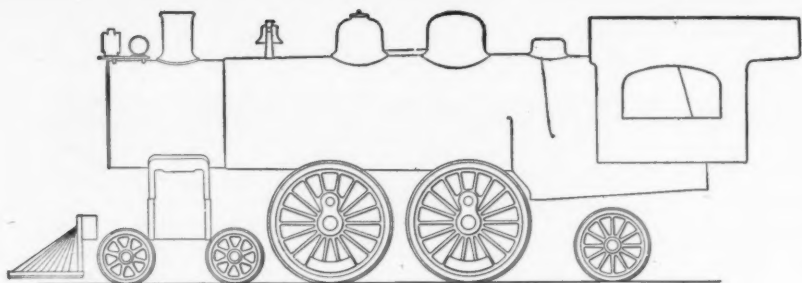
The cylinder castings are composed of two enormous sections firmly bolted together, containing the cylinders and valves, and rest on the pilot wheels (*Fig. 3*). In the cylinders the actual power is developed; and, with their appurtenances, they may be called the lungs.

The stomach (*Fig. 4*) is the largest part, and gives the general appearance to the whole. It is nothing but an immense boiler with a firebox under it.

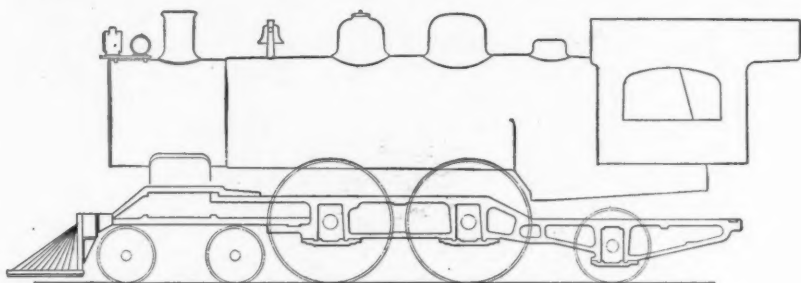
This, in brief, is the machine which the Baldwin's build at the rate of about seven a day, or two thousand a year. They vary in size from the little "dinkey," used on a narrow gauge track for switching in a factory yard, to the leviathan weighing 450,000 pounds, including the loaded tender. The types are various and constantly changing. Compared with the standard locomotive of ten years ago for any particular purpose, that of today shows many changes, principally, to the ordinary beholder, in increased size. The modern standard freight locomotive of the Santa Fé type compared with the best of thirty years ago, when already we claimed world superiority, is as a mastiff to a fox terrier.

The visitor to this mighty forge of

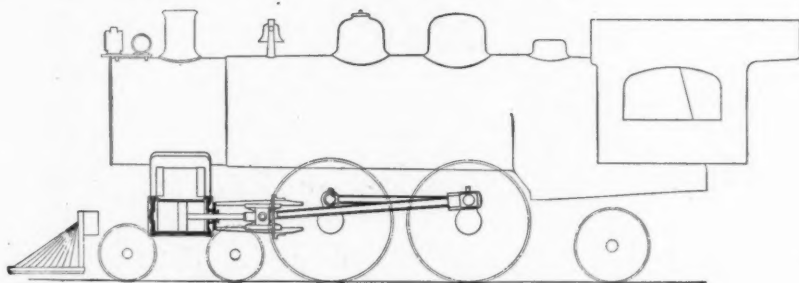




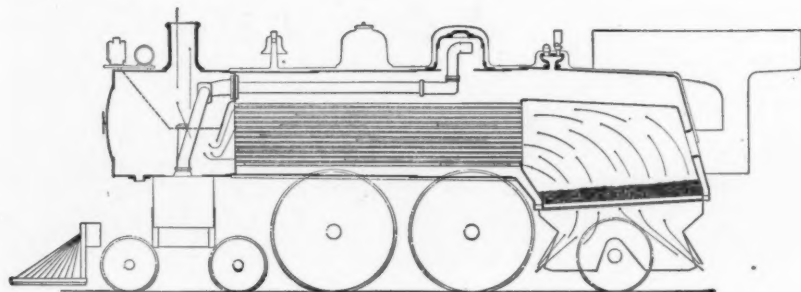
THE LEGS



THE BACKBONE



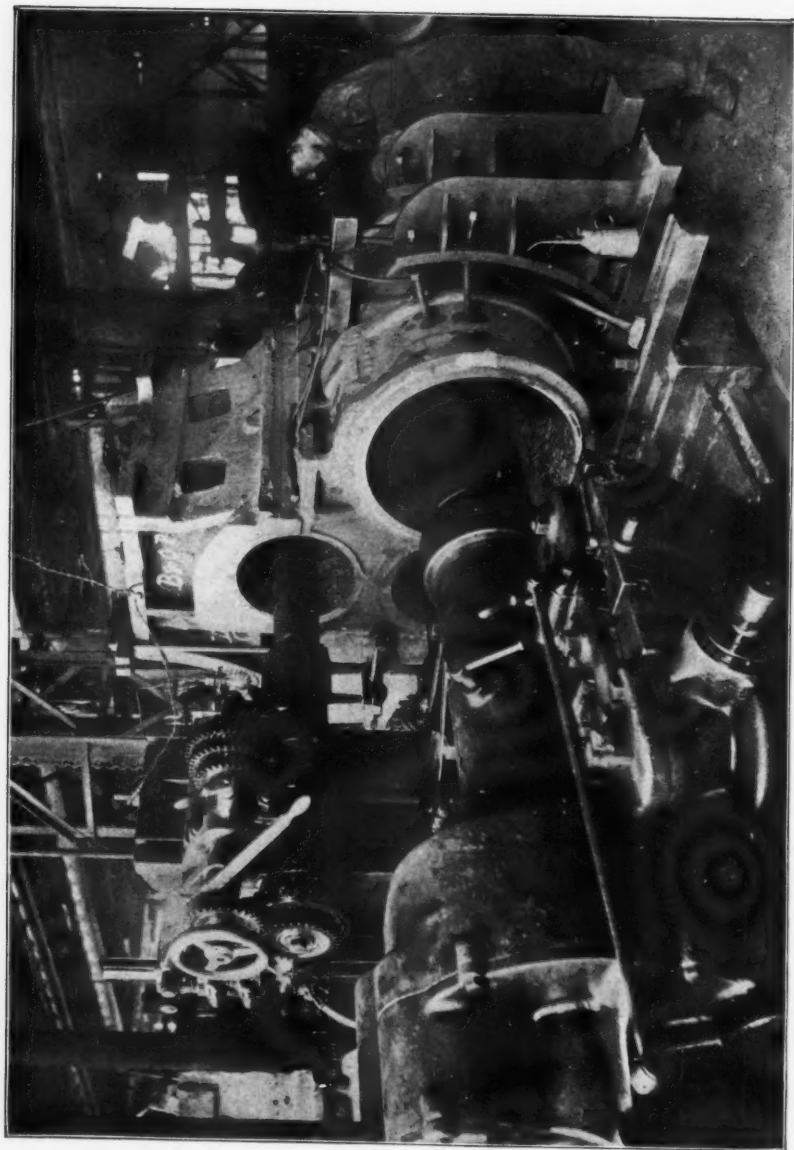
THE LUNGS



THE STOMACH

# ANATOMY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

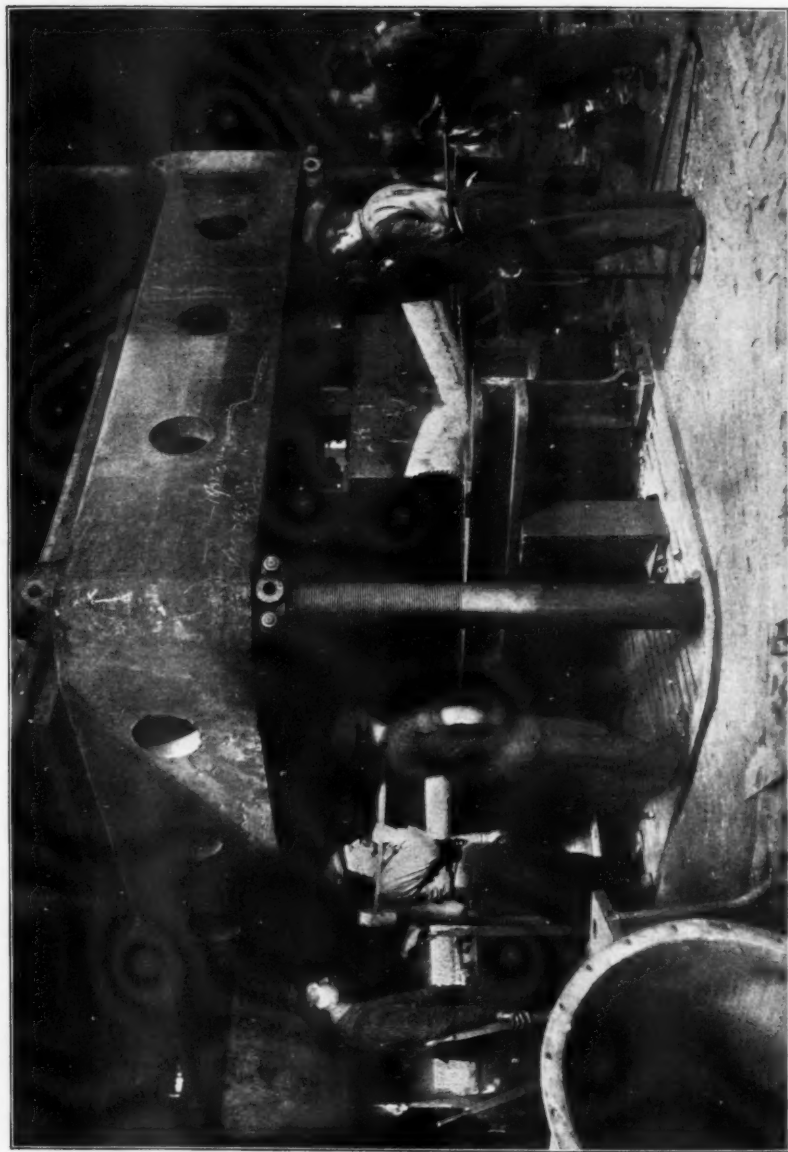




BORING THE CYLINDERS

THIS UNIQUE MACHINE ACCURATELY FINISHES THE INTERIOR OF TWO CYLINDERS AND THE STEAM-CHEST AT ONE TIME. THIS IS A DELICATE PIECE OF WORK





GREAT STEEL PLATES ARE HEATED AND PRESSED INTO VARIOUS SHAPES TO MEET DIFFERING REQUIREMENTS. THE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE REACHES 365 TONS

## THE FLANGING PRESS



Vulcan, the Baldwin Works, unless he be a trained mechanic, comes away with confused ideas and a throbbing headache. He is conscious of a saturnalia of sounds, a debauchery of the eardrums, and an army of workmen in a wilderness of machinery engaged in every sort of function—pounding, welding, forging, planing, reaming, boring, and riveting, and in some mysterious manner producing a locomotive. He remembers blast furnaces pouring out rivers of molten metal into immense casting boxes; boilers three stories high being put together by magical methods; complete locomotives whisking through the air, apparently flying on invisible pinions; sons of Anak swinging hammers with rhythmic grace—all this and more. But he is little informed as to how this mighty army performs its varied tasks with such precision that at the end of the day the tale of seven completed locomotives is made up. No attempt will be made here to describe construction in details. That would be interesting to the expert, but "caviare to the general." Yet there are glimpses of this establishment that are of dramatic interest, and which must appeal to the duller imagination.

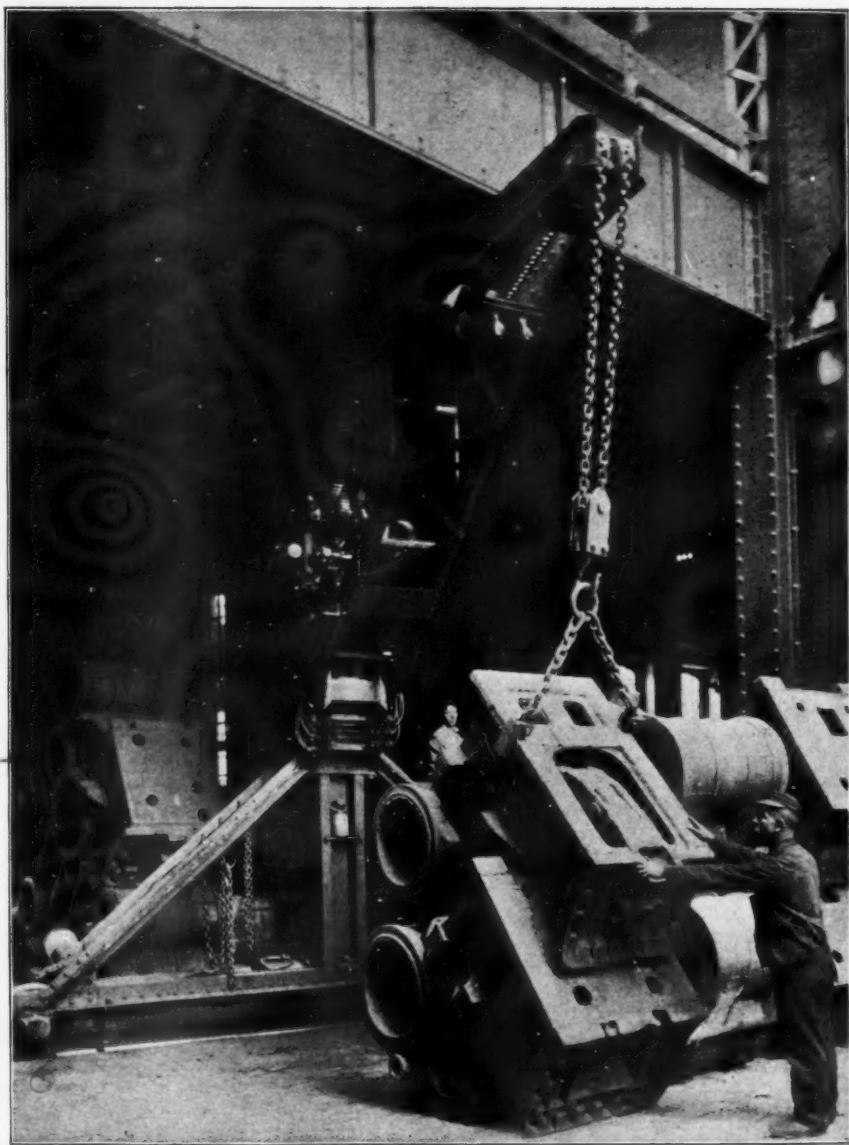
If the visitor wishes to follow the development of the locomotive from its inception, he will begin at the drafting room. Here are seen one hundred and fifty draftsmen busily at work. It can be fairly said that the creative work is done here, and that when the plans pass to the construction department the most difficult part of the task is accomplished. The man in the street has an idea that machinery is built according to some general plan by a lot of mechanics, who cut and fit to suit, who make changes as they think proper, and especially work out improvements with hammer and anvil. This is a fiction. Every locomotive—even down to the smallest part—is drawn on the boards by draftsmen before the first blow is struck. If a mechanic has an idea by which he can improve any part, he works it out with pen and ink down to the minutest

detail. When his plans are completed, the work is practically ended. This is why, as was stated previously, a locomotive is simply an idea clothed in metal. All the serious labor is done in the workshop of the brain, and this is why the firm takes to itself partners from among the men who have developed capacity to think out things and to create them in the mind before they assume physical shape. For, paradoxical as it may seem, the only great mechanic is the man of imagination, the seer who divines the non-existent and brings it into being.

Every locomotive has its number, and each set of plans sent to the shop carries that number, which is affixed to every part. Each part also has its individual number. There are hundreds of these plans for a single locomotive, all drawn to a scale; and so perfect are they, and so expert the construction, that the thousands of parts move with equal steps—through what seems a labyrinth—to the erecting shop, where all unite at a given time and fit perfectly. These plans are carefully filed away, and if at any time a part breaks or wears out, be it in Manchuria or Central Africa, a cabled order giving only certain cabalistic numbers will insure the swift delivery of a substitute that will fit exactly. The writer was once in an accident, in the forests of Wisconsin, where two Baldwin locomotives of the same type, built from the same plans, had a head-on collision. Out of the wreck of the two one complete locomotive was made, and one train proceeded. All the parts in locomotives of the same type are made according to the same templets, and are interchangeable. Every workman, who does anything to any numbered piece of work, has a sheet upon which he writes the number of hours he has labored and the rate. When a locomotive is completed it is known to the cent what it has cost for materials and labor. Much of the work is done on the piece system, the mechanics earning according to their rapidity and skill.

Following somewhat the order of the

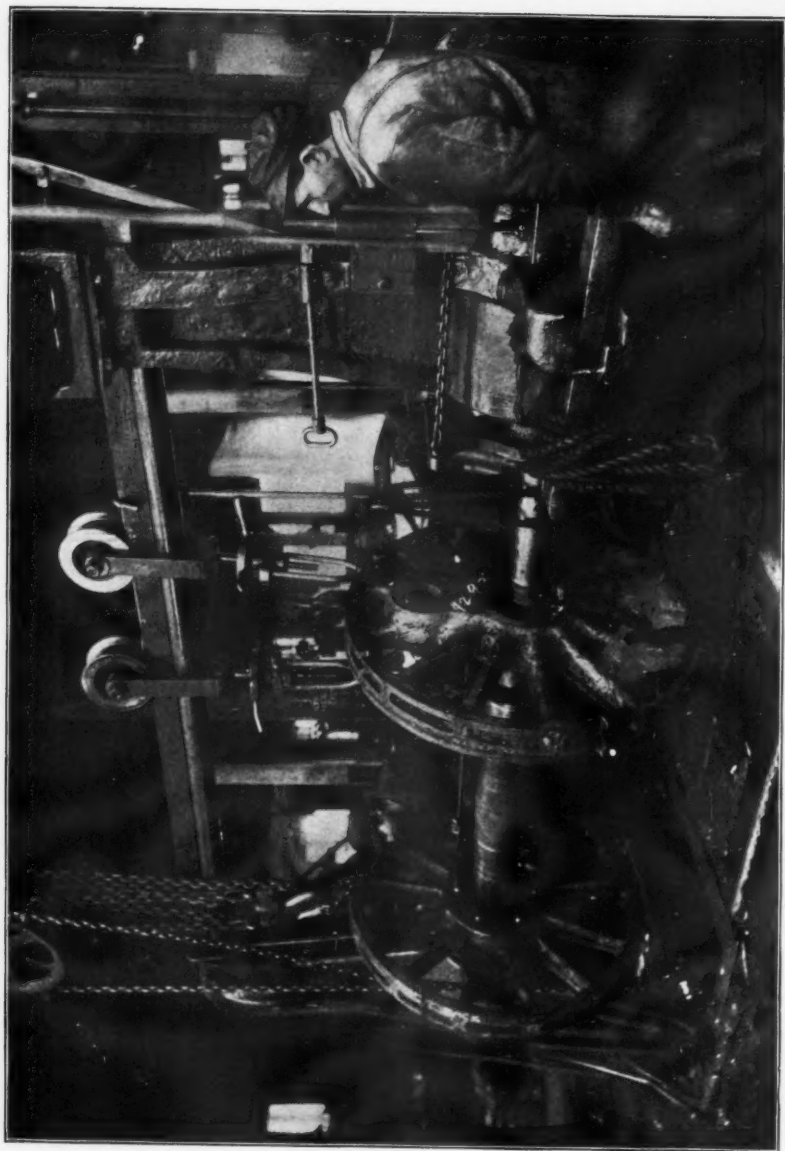




**ELECTRIC WALKING CRANE**

ON A SINGLE RAIL IT TRANSPORTS CYLINDER CASTINGS  
TO THE VARIOUS MACHINES WHICH "FINISH" THEM





FORCING WHEELS ON AN AXLE

BY MEANS OF 160 TONS HYDRAULIC PRESSURE THE DRIVING WHEELS ARE PERMANENTLY UNITED WITH THE AXLE



various parts enumerated, let us take a rapid glance at important features in construction. The visitor first enters the foundry, an immense gloomy cavern redolent with the tang of Mother Earth. It is lined on one side with blast furnaces, and the floor is covered with casting boxes in which are the matrices, formed in molding sand. The workmen move about like Nibelungs guarding the treasures in the caverns of the Rhine. Just outside is the raw material, where all sorts of scrap and pig-iron are used to fill the cupolas of the furnaces. It is an interesting sight to see an immense crane pick up a heavy ball, weighing tons, drop it on the scrap, and then hoist a great barrow of broken material to the top of the furnace, where it is plunged into the seething vortex below. When this mixture is properly melted, and the chemical constituents found correct, valves are opened and the hundreds of casting boxes are filled rapidly.

The drive wheels are taken to a shop where the holes for the axle are bored, and these are made slightly smaller than the axle itself. A powerful hydraulic press forces the axle into the wheels until they are on just as tight as if the whole were cast or forged in a single piece. Then wheels and axle are put in an immense lathe, and the rims are trimmed down smooth, ready for the tires, which are slightly less in diameter than the wheel itself. The forged steel tires, made elsewhere, are then heated until they expand so as to fit easily on the wheel; then a stream of cold water is turned on, the tire shrinks, and is as firmly fixed on the wheel as if welded. It can never come off until the tire is heated again. The drivers and other wheels are now taken to the erecting shop, placed in position on a track, and the legs are completed.

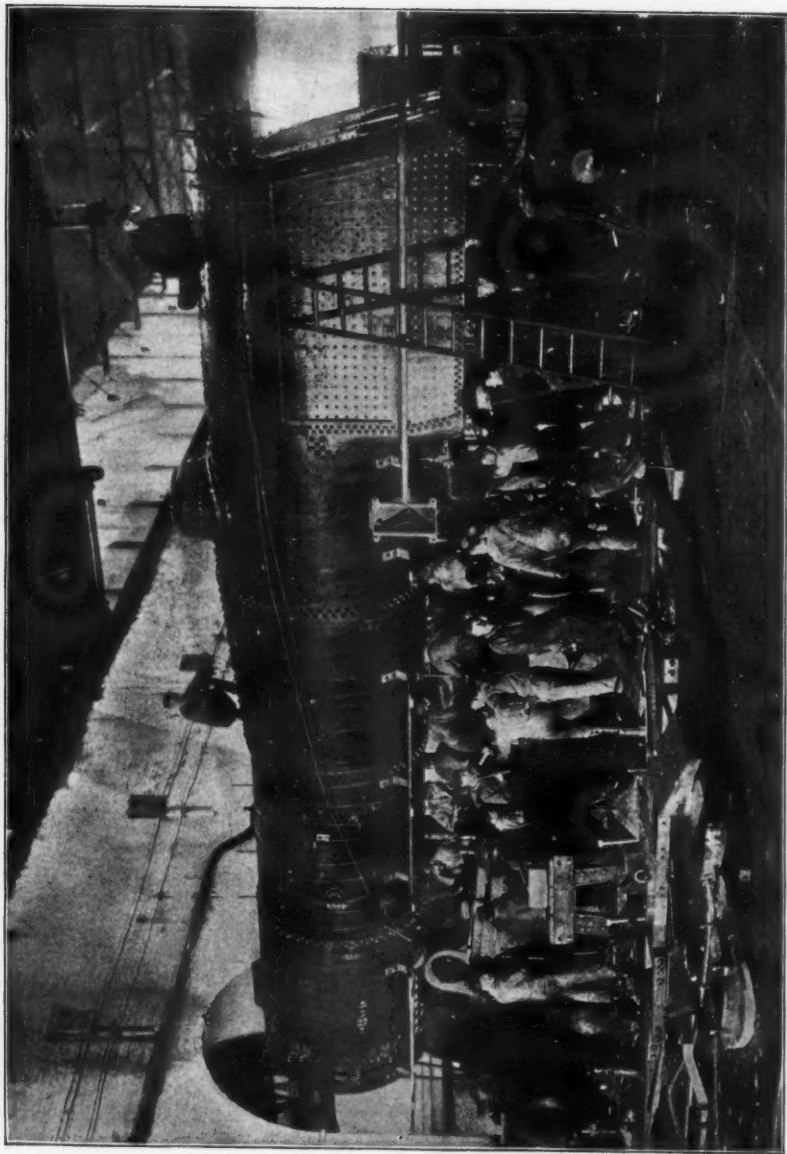
It is interesting to note the progressive development of the castings for the cylinders, which pass through many processes before they are ready. In the largest compound locomotives the two great castings bolted together, which form the front, weigh nine tons, or as much as many an

entire locomotive of two generations ago. The cylinders are reamed and bored out by many intricate machines, one of which bores three holes at once. When these castings have passed through all the stages, are bolted together, are carried by an ingenious "go-devil"—called a walking crane—to the erecting shop, and placed on the pilot-wheel truck—the lungs and legs are finished.

The frames are cast or forged at Burnham, where most of the heavy work of this sort is performed. The two parallel steel pieces—after being trimmed and punched and perforated for all sorts of parts—are bolted to the cylinders, firmly braced in various places along their length and at the rear end, and eventually placed directly on the drive and trailer wheels. When the boiler has been placed on this frame, and the wheels inserted, the general outline of the locomotive is complete.

The making of the boiler affords the most dramatic scenes in the shops, and furnishes a test for the nerves of the onlooker. These boilers are made of plates of steel which are rolled up and riveted together in sections. In one corner of the shop a man is seen, with a diagram before him, drawing with chalk on an immense rectangular steel plate a lot of lines seemingly in all directions, until it looks as if he were designing Brobdignagian cobwebs. After him comes a brisk workman with hammer and steel punch. At every intersection of two lines he makes a slight dent with his tool. In a few moments he has skipped over the immense plate, and with unerring aim has marked where every rivet hole is to be. The plate is suddenly whisked up into the air and carried by a traveling electric crane to another corner where are the punching machines. The machines punch rivet holes through the plate with as much ease as if it were made of cheese. All the men have to do is to see the plate centered properly, and in an instant there is a hole. Down from somewhere in the mists above comes another giant hand and the plate is gone again. Its destination depends upon





PUTTING THE WHEELS UNDER COMBINED FRAME, CYLINDERS, AND BOILER. TWO DAYS WILL COMPLETE THIS SANTA FE ENGINE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

## IN THE ERECTING SHOP



the particular part of the boiler it is to form. If an ordinary section, it is passed between triple rollers and curved as easily as if it were a sheet of paper. If it is the rear end of the boiler, it has to go through a most interesting process, one that excites the imagination of the visitor. It is now perfectly flat; but it must form the end and part of the sides of the boiler, and to fill such a function it must be pressed into a new shape. This is done by heating it white hot in a furnace in front of an immense hydraulic press. Tremendous heat is necessary to raise the plate to the proper temperature, and around the witches' brew men stand noting the exact progress of the plate in its fiery bed. In the press are placed reciprocating steel dies, one above and one below, molded so as to give the exact shape required for the plate. When all is ready the furnace door opens, an iron hand reaching in seizes the plate, draws it on to the press, the foreman moves a lever, and in a few seconds the seething, shimmering, almost molten plate is noiselessly forced into shape, with all the ease that my lady crumples a rose leaf in her hand. It is a short and simple operation, but seemingly impossible things are done without effort in such a way as to startle the beholder.

Or, perhaps it is the section of the boiler which connects the larger portion at the back with the one of smaller diameter in front. This is the gusset or "bias piece," which is punched and rolled and finally welded; for this is the place where the boiler will show weakness, if anywhere, and it must be made especially strong.

When an ordinary plate has been rolled into a hoop, the ends are riveted, not by hand, but by an ingenious machine which takes seconds where otherwise minutes would be required. Likewise the sections are riveted together—the rear one, containing the fire-box, being large enough for half a dozen men to play a game of cards in with ease. One of the most interesting sights in the shop is to see these sections bolted together. At the last the boiler section is about forty feet long, and

standing on end looks much like an immense chimney. The riveting is done by what looks more like a gigantic pair of alligator's jaws than anything else. It seems as if in the bowels of the earth there was an immense saurian standing on his tail, with only his elongated jaws projecting. Between these jaws the boiler is swung, and into every pair of holes connecting the sections a red-hot rivet is placed. Then the jaws close and bite the end of the rivet with many tons power, and the work is instantaneously finished. Open the jaws go, another rivet slips in, the alligator winks, and there you are again! In spite of the terrible noise going on in the vicinity, it is a fascinating sight which the visitor hates to leave.

When the boiler is complete it is placed on the frame, the tubes are inserted, and a hundred men rush at it with varied intentions. Some interlace it with wires; some put on steam domes, stacks, air pumps, indicators; while others cover the boiler with asbestos, and finally put on the sheet-steel jacket with which the public is familiar. At this stage of the game the machine is covered with men, and the sight resembles nothing so much as that of a Pliocene sow surrounded by a hundred sucking pigs. Finally comes the steam test, when the boilers are given a pressure never possible in ordinary operations. If there is the slightest defect now is the time it will be disclosed. As a matter of fact it seldom is. Long before this time tests have been made of every piece, and at the first sign of weakness the part, no matter how much it has cost, is sent to the scrap-heap, where any day may be seen the crushed bones of what might have been locomotives. The loss is great, but inevitable in dealing with metals.

In the erecting shops the visitor comes upon perhaps fifty locomotives, of various sizes, in all stages of forwardness. Most of them seem mere wrecks to the ordinary beholder. In one corner there are seven apparently but little more advanced than the rest, and it appears impossible that in a few hours they will "walk off on their



feet," complete in every detail except for the last touches, which are put on at the round-house a mile away.

It is in the erecting shop that one can watch the assembling process with some intelligent comprehension of what is going on. The materials fly like song birds to their meeting place, borne through the air by overhead electric cranes which are almost unnoticed, so silently do they move. The sight of a full-fledged locomotive soaring away makes the senses swim, and reminds one of nothing so much as Sindbad and the roc that carried him from the loadstone island.

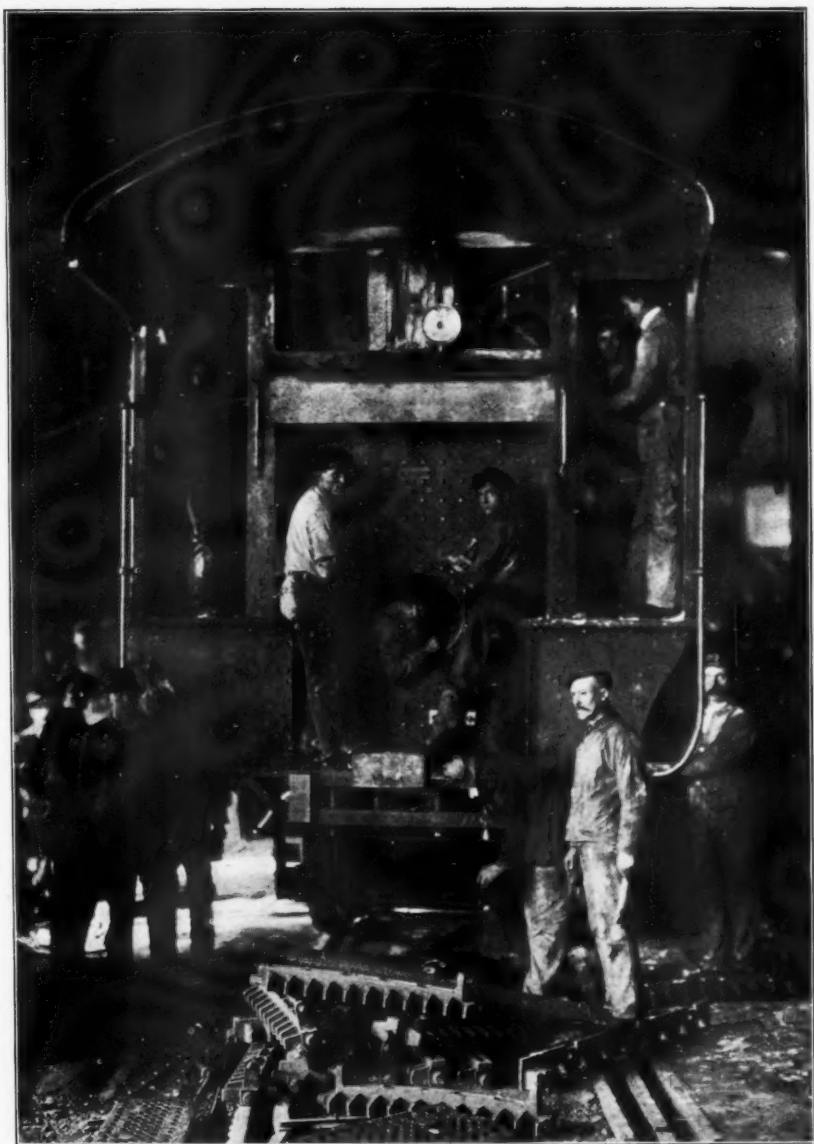
These are some hints of the general plan of operation, but they can give no adequate idea of the tremendous energies that are manifested, of the cumulative intelligence which is directing men and marvelous tools in all parts of the works, and of the dramatic scenes constantly enacted in every stage of the operation; for, although tools do most of the work, there are times when only the skilfully directed power of the human arm can meet requirements. In one shop a half-dozen men stand on top of a boiler swinging enormous sledges, with the grace of an Apollo and the rhythm of an orchestra. The *leitmotiv* of this grand opera, in which nearly eighteen thousand men produce the harmony of discord, might well be that of Siegfried's Sword. Could Kraus or Burgstaller add to their vocal gifts the dignity, grace, and dynamic intensity of one of the Baldwin mechanics in action, the sword-forging scene would be the most dramatic ever presented on the stage. Next after a lovely woman the most beautiful sight in the world is that of a well-built man exerting every muscle. At Baldwin's there are figures which Michael Angelo would have loved more than the classic Torso. Cumulatively they are an epic of the human physique set to a mighty pean of industrial harmony. For, "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in," we still can see and hear and feel some echo of that "harmony in immortal souls" when set to the music of physical effort.

Or, take the sight in one of the alleys when a locomotive has been hauled a few hundred feet away for finishing touches! Following after come two hundred sturdy men—begrimed indeed, clad to be sure in greasy jumpers—but there is a poetry in their motion, the unconscious grace and perceptible power which make a processional more pleasing than a parade of gallant knights in gayest armor. As one sees that mass of humanity swing down the aisles, as he thinks of all the mighty elements of intelligently directed energy he has seen, of the countless tons of material resistlessly moving to this last scene of activity, it begins to dawn upon him that these men are imprisoning in the locomotive the mighty potential forces which in its long career it will release at command. The sunlight of countless ages ago was congealed in the coal which, under new chemical combinations in the locomotive fire-box, will release the heat and convert the imprisoned raindrops in the boiler into steam. Touched by man these potential forces are recalled to life by a force equal to their own.

One will, however, miss the lesson of this industrial community if he fails to grasp the wonderful system which pervades the whole. Eighteen thousand men, which includes the force at Burnham, do not start daily with a mass of raw material and in twenty-four hours convert it into seven locomotives—in spite of the fanciful statement which begins this narrative. Although seven locomotives are born daily, as a rule three months or more elapse between taking an order and completion, so that ordinarily at Baldwin's there are five hundred locomotives in various stages, from the moment of conception in the drafting room to the final departure from the round-house.

Of the millions of pieces of material that are in the works at all times, each has its definitely assigned place in a locomotive. There is no confusion, no disorder, however apparent such may seem to the uninitiated visitor. Every man is working with a definite purpose, along a prearranged schedule.

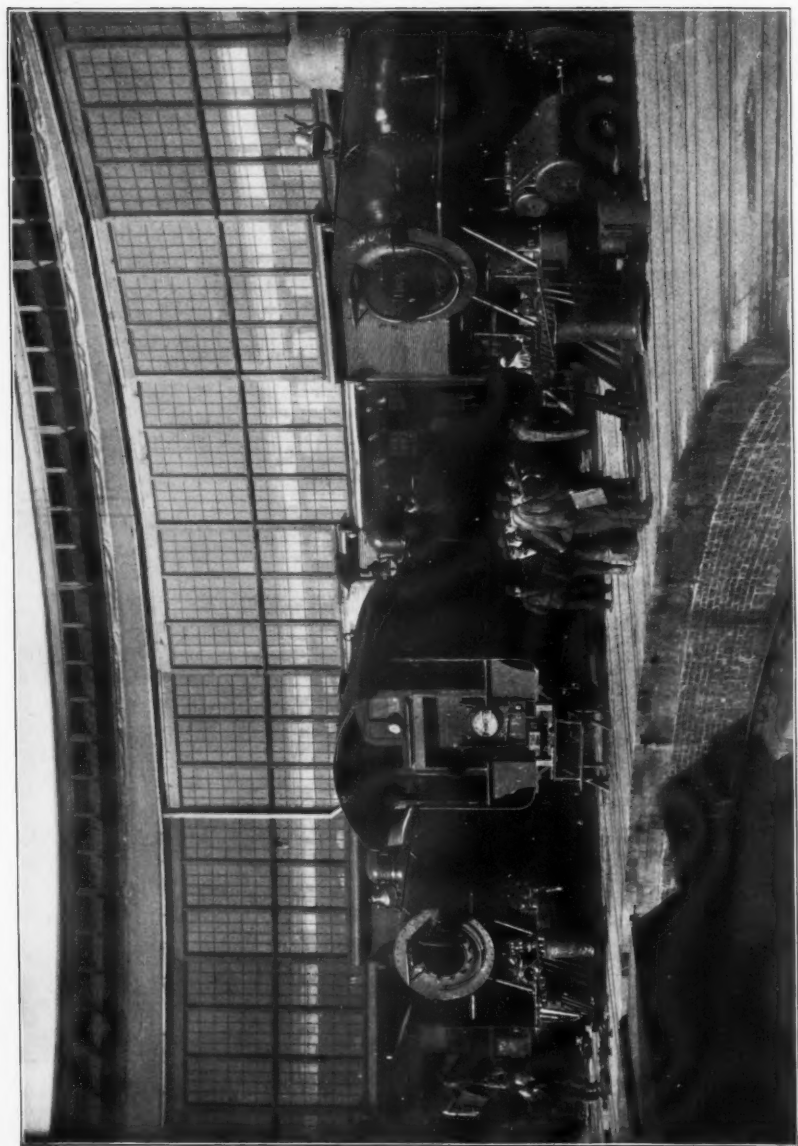




NEARING THE END

IN FIVE HOURS THIS LOCOMOTIVE WILL  
BE TAKEN OUT TO THE ROUND HOUSE





TWENTY-FIVE LOCOMOTIVES ARE RECEIVING THEIR LAST TOUCHES BEFORE DELIVERY. FOREIGN ENGINES ARE HERE TAKEN TO PIECES FOR SHIPMENT

AT THE ROUND HOUSE



Each man's share is proportioned to the total energy required to produce a single locomotive, and timed accordingly. The various parts must be ready for the assembling room at the precise moment required—not before nor afterward. The exact proportion of all parts required is grinding its way through to meet a definite fixed date when the locomotive is to be delivered. If all the parts that are to go into a single locomotive were painted red it would be an interesting process to watch their progress through the shops. Over eighteen acres of ground, and many more of floor space, there would be seen red spots of flotsam and jetsam, apparently drifting aimlessly in a maelstrom of machinery, gradually working their way by devious paths to a common centre. This would give an idea of how small a thing the largest locomotive is in such a gigantic institution.

Under pressure some remarkable records of rapid construction have been made at various times. On one occasion a locomotive was made complete in every respect in eight days, though it is but fair to say it was a small one. On other occasions, given the completed parts, a locomotive has been "assembled" in twenty-four hours; but it is more economical to take more time in the operation.

There is a very good story told of a British master-mechanic who was sent over to buy some American locomotives because the home shop could not get them out in time. He was courteously received at Baldwin's, where locomotives had been built for nearly every railway in the world except those in England. The Briton was in haste. Time was to be an element of any contract; the quicker the better and a big premium for haste. The partners reflected that there were some locomotives under way, which the visitor had already seen and wished duplicated, and that the Americans who had ordered them would be willing to waive claims, seeing that others could be completed for them on time. The Briton became impatient for a definite statement as to the time

when delivery aboard ship would commence. Finally one of the partners remarked: "We are very anxious to oblige you in every way possible, and will hasten the work, but we cannot perform miracles. The best we can do is to begin deliveries one week from to-morrow." The Briton fell in a dead faint.

The following equally good story the firm vouches for: When General Kitchener was fighting his way southward, inch by inch, into the Soudan, his chief problem was that of transportation. To solve this he constructed the famous strategic railway. All the material was promptly available in Great Britain except the locomotives and bridges. To construct these English builders wanted so much time that it would have disturbed his whole plan of campaign. Philadelphians built the Atbara bridge as if by magic, and to Philadelphia he sent for locomotives. The Baldwin's undertook to do the work in twelve weeks, a considerably less number than the months required by British bidders, and were offered a handsome bonus for any gain in time. The War Department cabled from London one fine morning that an inspector had sailed that day to watch the construction. The reply was sent that they were already completed, thirty-seven days ahead of time. Ten days later the astonished inspector walked in to find his trip had caused an unnecessary delay in delivery. The firm used the bonus for anticipated delivery in sending one of its bright young men with the locomotives to superintend their erection, and to watch carefully their initial operation.

Ten years after the Baldwin plant was established its foreign trade began with the construction of a locomotive for use in Austria, and it grew rapidly until more than forty-six hundred have been sent abroad, which run on nearly every railway that has been constructed. In the last five years the domestic trade has engaged most of the energies of the works, in spite of increased capacity. Nevertheless, seventy were not long ago completed for British railways. The foreign business is still an important fea-





READY FOR THE ROAD

A SCORE OF ENGINES OF VARIOUS TYPES,  
COMPLETELY FINISHED TO THE LAST DETAIL.



ture, and is expected to become more so when material declines in price. Its development has been of the first importance to the firm. When the domestic demand is slight, and wages and material are lower, it is easier to compete with foreign builders, though efficiency as well as first cost is a leading factor in getting outside orders.

The rapidity of growth of the business is shown by a few statistics. The one-thousandth locomotive was built in 1861, the five-thousandth in 1880, the ten-thousandth in 1889, the twenty-thousandth in 1902, and the total up to December 1, 1903, was in the neighborhood of twenty-four thousand, two hundred having been built in October alone. In 1897 only five hundred were built. The total for 1903 is expected to reach two thousand, or as many as were built in the first thirty-eight years of the business.

The shops are operated twenty-three hours a day by two shifts of men. The night gang works twelve hours for five nights only, the works closing down from 6 P.M. Saturday to 7 A.M. Monday. As stated, there have been no labor troubles worth mentioning—none at all in nearly fifty years.

A notable feature of the system is the indenturing of apprentices according to the ancient custom now so generally abandoned. These apprentices are divided into three classes, according to education and general intelligence. The first class includes boys of seventeen years with a good common school education, who agree to work four years, attend night school and study algebra, geometry, and mechanical drawing. They earn five cents an hour the first year, increasing to eleven cents for the fourth, and receive a bonus of \$125 when their indentures are canceled and they are employed as journeymen mechanics.

Apprentices of the second class are chosen from those who have had an advanced grammar or a high-school training. They serve three years, study at night-schools, and receive seven cents an hour

the first year, rising to eleven cents the third, and get a bonus of \$100.

Apprentices of the third class are those over twenty-one who are graduates of colleges, technical schools, or scientific institutions. These are young men who expect to be superintendents, managers, or owners of great enterprises. They have received a thorough technical training, and want the practical knowledge to be gained only in doing things with their own hands. The firm agrees to teach these young men the business thoroughly, and only two years are required—frequently not so long. They receive higher wages than the other classes. It is largely from these apprentices that the foremen, superintendents, and possibly the owners will ultimately come.

The apprentice system has been in operation only a few years, but the results so far are highly gratifying. Many of the young men make such rapid progress that their indentures are canceled and they are given good positions. From the ranks of the third class many go forth to undertake great enterprises, and frequently the firm is called upon to recommend some man of ability for a vacant position.

Of the seven members of the firm four got their training in the business office, two were promoted from the drafting room, and one from the shops. These seven men are lineal and legitimate descendants of Tubal-Cain, James Watt, and George Stephenson.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works is a rare example in this age of a great business conducted on the simple lines of the ancient copartnership. No trust-promoter ever approached the Baldwin works. These men have no bonds to float, no watered stock to sell. They build only locomotives, and, if into them they have succeeded in injecting certain moral qualities, it is not surprising that the demands upon them are constantly in excess of their ability to produce, and that they are proud of the splendor of their achievements.

They are just completing a lot of the largest locomotives ever built in the world



—for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad—some to use oil and some coal for fuel. The illustration on this page shows one of the freight type, which is capable of hauling on a level a load of six thousand tons. This would mean a train of loaded cars more than a mile long.

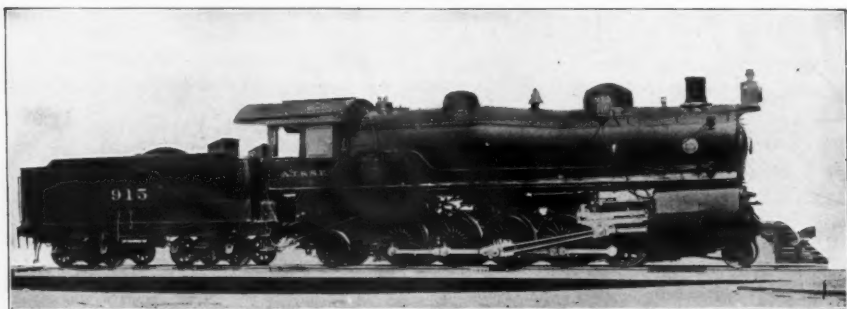
The locomotives built in a year, placed end to end, would alone make a train of almost twenty miles, while on a level track they could pull nearly fifteen hundred miles of cars. These figures not only give some idea of the magnitude of the works, but of the total commerce of the country. Every time that a stronger type of locomotive is placed in operation along the shining pathway of steel which leads to commercial supremacy, it means a saving in expense to every man, woman, and child in the country. The price of nearly everything is now fixed by its transportation cost. If the time ever comes in the distant future when there is a state of reasonable socialism among rational beings, it will be possible because the iron horse will be able to do the necessary work of distributing over a wide area at a nominal cost.

The traveler, dreaming peacefully in his sleeper-berth, is waked for an instant. He hears the rhythmic pulsation of the engine pulling his train, filled with contented people, as with the speed of an arrow it flies through mountain and over dale; he hears the deep guttural belching of the freight locomotive on another track, bearing its

rich burden of freight to its destination a thousand miles away. Another moment and he is peacefully asleep, unconscious of the fact that the conditions surrounding him are more miraculous than those of the wildest tale of oriental fancy. Aladdin and his lamp are choice figments of the imagination, but essentially crude in conception compared with the actual results of modern science. Daily and hourly there are rehearsed before us the miracles performed by scientific prestidigitators, until there is no longer left to us the element of surprise.

The epic of the locomotive is one grand song of achievement. Its conquests are invariably constructive. The products of some of the greatest factories in the world are designed solely to ravage and destroy. The function of the locomotive is to scatter plenty over a smiling land. Fundamentally it is the most useful invention of man. It has reduced this country, relatively, to the size of Delaware in the days of the Constitutional Fathers; it has turned the vast deserts of Canada into a granary; it is making the map of Africa "all red," in the language of Cecil Rhodes; in three decades it has awakened Japan from her millennial sloth; and it is even now dragging the chariot of progress into the heart of reluctant China.

*Joseph M. Rogers*



LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD

SANTA FÉ TYPE, WEIGHING 450,000 POUNDS, INCLUDING LOADED TENDER



# REFLECTIONS OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE

## ON SEA AND PLAIN

Winter has set in at last, and with a vengeance. Past my study windows screams the northeaster heavy with its freight of mingled snow and hail. All day the voice and fury of the storm has been growing wilder and more irresistible. My Saturday afternoon cross-country walk, with its quiet musings in solitary lanes and its rare gleamings of crimson oak leaves and scarlet berries, soon became a desperate and losing battle with the elements. Nipping night and the northern wind fell upon me and drove me flying before them like a homing ship to the snug harbor of my fire-side. Within my four walls I throw off a dripping coat, set the back-log roaring with a few well-placed sticks, and slip into my moccasins and oldest jacket. An easy chair before the blaze, plenty of tobacco within reach, and a table full of new books to explore—what more can the heart of man desire?

The volume that lies nearest to my hand bears a sea-green cover decorated with a picture of a sheering gull, and I open it to an illustration of a ship under storm sails battling against an angry sea. The very book for such a night as this. A passage of Lucretius that I learnt by heart in my senior year, and had forgotten long ago, floats upward to the surface of my memory: *Suave, mari magno*—how does it go?

'Tis sweet from land, when seas are raging wild,  
To see another struggling on the deep.  
Not that 'tis sweet his torment to behold,  
But sweet to look on ill, ourselves secure.

So Lucretius, or rather his English translator. Quite otherwise Mr. Basil Lubbock, ordinary seaman on the grain ship *Royal-*

*shire*. "As for myself," he records, while running before a fierce westerly gale, pursued by Cape Horn greybeards a mile and half long, "as for myself I am in raptures with the magnificent sight and delight in the tremendous experience. I feel fit and braced up, ready to go anywhere and do anything; there is a kind of glorious exhilaration about it all which fills me until I can hardly keep it down; I smile and chuckle to myself, and watch the huge seas like a scientist over a new invention."

There has been a run of sea-books in the last few years, one of the fashions that comes and goes in the world of print as in other worlds. It began, I fancy, with the startling success of Mr. Bullen's *Cruise of the Cachalot* in 1898. In Mr. Kipling's phrase, this book opened the door to a new world, and readers plunged eagerly through it to catch a glimpse of the "deep sea wonder and mystery" that lay beyond. In their train came the writers like hounds following up a new scent. The *Cruise of the Cachalot* proved the parent of a small library of voyages, sailor's logs, and sea-tales founded on fact.

Few of these books, I think, have made any permanent impression; even Mr. Bullen has never repeated his first success. After all, something more pertains to authorship than the mere ability to record in black and white experiences, however startling. Mr. Bullen, for example, had a very unusual set of experiences. He signed in true sailor fashion—I do not mean drunk, for he is, I believe, a total abstainer—articles agreeing to go he knew not where, in a ship whose very name he had never heard, for a time and at a rate of wages of



which he was wholly ignorant. As a result he found himself on an old-fashioned whaler bound on a three-year's voyage around the world, commanded by an incarnate devil of a driving captain, ably assisted by four hard-hitting mates of whom the last, a gigantic negro, boasted that no whaleman afloat could give him points on man-handling.

In the course of his voyage he visited such out of the way places as Tristan da Cunha, the Cocos, the Kuriles, and the Solander Rock. He was in at the death of countless whales—cachalots, bowheads, and humpbacks; and even rode out the flurry of one expiring monster to whose back he had lashed himself by the rope of the harpoon. He saw a mortal battle between a sperm whale and a cuttle-fish of almost equal size; passed safely through the centre of a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, and crossed the track of a deserted Malay "prahu," drifting along the sea with a deck-load of rotting corpses. He was in the negro mate's boat when that giant fought and thrashed a dozen drunken mutineers with his bare hands, and from his lofty perch in the rigging saw the mate and the captain plunge overboard to their deaths locked in the inseparable embrace of mortal foes.

We have Mr. Bullen's word for it that the matter of his book is entirely trustworthy, "being compiled from actual observation and experience, and in no case from second-hand." But the author was so little master of his art that he squandered in this first book, as Kipling told him, material enough to make five volumes. The book is interesting, very interesting even, but it is so by virtue of its matter alone. Mr. Bullen's later work has been hopelessly below the standard of his first book, because of the distinct falling off in the interest of the material, unattended by any perceptible increase in the charm of style or skill of narration.

Mr. Sonnichsen's *Deep Sea Vagabonds* reminds one distinctly of the *Cruise of the Cachalot*. But it is by no means so interesting a book. Mr. Sonnichsen's adven-

tures were confined apparently to a couple of storms at sea, a collision on the Tyne, and several free fights afloat and ashore. The general tone of the book is by no means so pleasing as that of its predecessor. There is a total lack of Mr. Bullen's naïve simplicity and unaffected piety. In their place we find too often a note of self-assertion, and an affected cynicism which would be offensive if it were not rather ridiculous. It is not too much to say, however, that Mr. Sonnichsen gives us in this book a striking picture of the shady side of seafaring and of the strange characters that abound among the men that follow the sea. On his first ship, for example, Mr. Sonnichsen's foc'sle mates included a Liverpool wharf-rat whose sea-chest was crammed with the works of Darwin, Ruskin, Emerson, and Browning; a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who had sunk to be an opium-smuggler and had served his time with the chain-gang on the roads of Honolulu; and a cockney who had force perforce enlisted with the Cuban insurgents, fought for glory, excitement, and loot, and finally escaped by the skin of his teeth from a fight in which his band had been exterminated by the Spaniards.

But perhaps the most instructive information which we get is that concerning the choice of evils which presents itself to a sailor hesitating between a voyage under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes. In an American ship he is likely at any time to have his skull cracked or his ribs smashed in; on an English ship he is practically certain to be half-starved, and runs a fair chance of being poisoned with ill-kept, ill-cooked, or rotten food. We hear strange tales of a mate known as Bully Hansen—now, praise Heaven, behind the bars of a California penitentiary—who cut a man's tongue out on the *Reaper*, hung a sailor by the thumbs till he died on the *Mary Flint*, and killed a man every trip on the *Shenandoah*. And these tales have not only the ear-marks of truth but are corroborated by independent testimony. Mr. Bullen's pages bear frequent witness to the revolting brutality of



his officers, and Mr. Lubbock tells hideous stories of the exploits of Yankee mates with belaying pins. Small wonder that the reputation of American sailing ships is such that no one but a "real tough citizen or a long-suffering Dutchman" will step on them. As is too often the case in our country, it is commercial greed that lies at the bottom of these crimes. "Bucko" mates are in high favor with ship-owners, since their brutalities usually drive the crews to desertion at the first port, and in this simple fashion the amount due for wages is transferred to the pockets of the owners.

Per contra, the British laws that effectually restrain the maltreatment of the sailor seem quite unable to secure him decent or sufficient food. The regulations of the Board of Trade prescribe a minimum ration—"the legal whack" of the sailors' dialect. But this ration is so diminished in process of preparation that a man thinks himself lucky to get half a dozen mouthfuls out of his allotted one and one-quarter pounds of salt beef. The salt pork which is served out is often so bad and so badly cooked as to be altogether uneatable, and when eaten it is a frequent cause of scurvy. As a preventive of this horrible disease a weekly pint of lime juice is served out to all hands—a fact which has given the British sailing ship the nick-name of "lime juicer," under which she is known in all the ports of the world. But, as Mr. Sonnichsen's experience shows, this weekly dose is often ineffectual, especially in the case of a ship making a long voyage with no opportunity to take on fresh meat or vegetables. Even when such opportunities occur the greed of the captain or the ignorance and carelessness of the cook prevents full advantage being taken of them.

Mr. Bullen has a couple of anecdotes which would be ridiculous if they were not pitiful, of crews rejecting fresh fowls which had been boiled to the consistency of shoe leather, or turtle cut up into a mess unfit to throw to a dog. Mr. Lubbock's own experience is the more striking because it was not in the least abnormal. The *Royalshire*, bound from 'Frisco for

Liverpool, made a fairly quick passage round the Horn, coming in about four months after sailing. Had she met with worse head winds, or been driven by a less daring captain, she might have been weeks longer at sea. Yet even as it was, both food and water had begun to run short before she sighted the shores of England. Breakfast, some five or six days before landing, consisted of half a pannikin of water tainted with rust, and two of the notorious Liverpool sea-biscuits popularly supposed to be made of paper pulp. The menu of the Christmas dinner was composed of the usual ration of "salt horse," supplemented by a small pie of breakjaw crust and moldy dried apples, which sent half the crew into agonies of stomach cramp. Mr. Lubbock himself, although coming on board fresh from the hardships of the Klondike and without an ounce of fat, was obliged to take in his belt six holes during the course of his voyage, and became so meagre a skeleton that, in his own words, only his muscles kept his ribs from breaking through his skin. Small wonder that a starving sailor on the *Pitcairn* stole the captain's sacred jam, and that an English gentleman like Mr. Lubbock stooped to lick clean the half-eaten bowls of porridge which he was ordered to carry from the cabin to the hen-coops. The wonder is only that there are not more hunger-strikes such as that which forced the captain of the *Hindoostan*, in Mr. Sonnichsen's story, to substitute cabin fare for the condemned army rations with which he was poisoning his crew.

Mr. Lubbock's book, *Round the Horn Before the Mast*, from which I have been quoting, is by long odds a better piece of work than either Mr. Bullen's or Mr. Sonnichsen's. Yet this is by no means because the author is a trained writer. On the other hand, every page of the book betrays the hand of the unconscious genius who writes prose, as M. Jourdain talked it, without being in the least aware of the fact. Mr. Lubbock's grammar is artless and unconventional, and his vocabulary bristles with west-coast and deep-sea slang.



But though a purist might object to much in Mr. Lubbock's diction, he would be forced at least to acquit him of the capital crime of fine writing, which mars so many pages in the books I have already discussed. His style, in short, is simply that of a wide-awake and responsive English school-boy writing home to a friend of the things he saw, the men he met, and the games he played in his wanderings up and down the face of the earth. But it has merits which would show him to be a schoolboy of a very unusual type—a graphic freshness, a vivid realism, and an artless accuracy of reporting. In the matter of conversation and dialogue, particularly, Mr. Lubbock is far superior to any of his competitors. He is, in fact, the very Boswell of the forecastle.

Along with this there are other merits of an even superior order. The book is admirably proportioned. The incidents which enliven the narrative never become obtrusive episodes. It possesses the great merit of unity; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. As we read this story of a simple voyage round the Horn in stormy weather it begins to assume epic proportions. It is an epic, in fact—a nineteenth century prose epic; and its theme is the battle of the strong, the sailor against the sea.

Mr. Lubbock, an old Eton boy, came down to 'Frisco from the North with the purpose of shipping on a South Sea schooner and wandering through the Pacific islands to Australia. Not finding any boat to his liking, however, he suddenly decided to sail for home as a foremast hand on a windjammer, apparently more for the joy of the experience than with any particular desire to see England again. He picked his ship carefully, selecting one whose lines pleased his yachtman's eye, whose skipper didn't drink, and whose reputation as a "hungry ship" was at least no worse than the general run of English boats. He signed articles, picked up an English chum, took him to the opera, and next day embarked as a common sailor.

Whoever shares the taste of Lucretius, and holds that it is sweet to behold from land the vast labor of those toiling in the deep, should open *Round the Horn* and read. It is not a book that he will lightly lay aside.

Mr. Lubbock is not an "intellectual." He does not attempt to philosophize, like Mr. Sonnichsen; nor does he moralise, like Mr. Bullen. He is a man of deeds rather than ideas. But he does not lack the capacity to express his feelings, and he relieves himself at times with good, round, mouth-filling oaths. But his outbursts are as short-lived as they are fiery. When a treacherous shipmate, whom he had pounded for incompetency, cast loose a sail on the yard where they were standing, with the intention of catching him unawares and sending him crashing to his death below, Mr. Lubbock calmly furled the sail again, chased the rascal out of the rigging, and closed the incident. There isn't the least trace of either surprise or rancor in his account of the brief unpleasantness. The man's spirit is, in fact, indomitable. He is a true descendant of the old gentleman adventurer of Drake's day, an English sportsman of the nineteenth century. He takes all the manifold miseries of the stormy voyage as a part of the game. Trouble rolls off him like water off a duck's back. He has a fine and fierce delight in the great struggle with the sea, and a keen appreciation of all the pleasures of a sailor's life—the quiet pipe in an idle hour, the games in the dog-watches, the chanties at the raising of the anchor or the bracing of the yards. His book is, in truth, a very treasure-house of those wild, queer, wailing songs, the only genuine folk-songs still alive and current among the Anglo-Saxon race. And of all the changing beauties of sky and sea he has a quick perception and a frank, animal enjoyment.

Nor is he less quick to appreciate the virtues of the common sailor—the general bravery and patience under suffering; the good humor that laughs at falls, blows, and drenchings; the simple generosity that



shares tobacco, food, and clothing with less fortunate shipmates. Take it all in all, this is a book which goes very near to the central mystery of the everlasting fascination of the sea. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lubbock will give us as frank, unconventional, and entertaining an account of his experiences in the Boer War.

It is a long cry from *Round the Horn* to the *Log of a Cowboy*. Again, as in Mr. Bullen's book, we have a simple narrative of adventure without the epic note of combat that is so often heard in *Round the Horn*. The adventure, to be sure, is interesting in itself; the long five months' trailing of a herd of three thousand cattle from the mouth of the Rio Grande to an Indian reservation in the northwest corner of Montana is a good theme. And it is a theme of strong appeal to those who turn gladly to catch some glimpse of a vanished past. For now the Old Western Trail is closed and the innumerable herds have ceased to wander from the waters of the Gulf through the vast prairies to the foothills of the northern mountains. But in the *Log of a Cowboy* we have only the raw material out of which, perhaps, some writer of the future may frame a lasting record, a prose epic of the cowboy and the herd, the "rustler," the Indian, and the ranger. We miss, too, the gay, brave spirit of the true sportsman in his contest with elemental foes which runs like a scarlet thread through Mr. Lubbock's book. In its place we find, too often, a note of swagger and half-defiant bravado which may, perhaps, distinguish a certain type of cowboy, but which, we may well believe, is not characteristic of the class.

Yet, none the less, the book is interesting. The life itself attracts us: the long day in the saddle under the blinding sun or the ceaseless downpour of a Western rain; the camp-fire in the evening, with the songs and stories and the good-natured chaff, "pointed as a bayonet and delicate as a gun-butt"; and then the night watches with the sleeping herd and the tireless watchers riding round and round them, crooning foolish ends of song. Or the

quiet may be broken suddenly by the roar and thunder of the stampede. Three thousand cattle are up and away to the four winds of heaven. The guards are at their heads spurring hard to avoid the deadly rush, firing their pistols to summon help, and using all the tricks of the craft to check or turn the crazy brutes back upon the trail. At times we see the grim determination of man matched in vain against the blind powers of nature, as when the desperate cattle are pushed forward across a dry and dusty land where no water is, until, on the fourth day of misery, fever and thirst overcome even their fear of their masters, and they break through the cordon of riders, reckless of shouts and blows and pistol shots, to seek the water that they had left fifty miles behind them. Usually, however, the energy of the drivers prevails over the elements, and the cattle are rescued from the quicksands of the South Canadian or are guided over the shaky new-built bridge of Slaughter's Ford, with a will and a skill worthy of all admiration.

Glimpses of human life along the trail we also catch: Indians, a tame and broken-spirited remnant of the savage tribes of the Southwest, easily bribed with a few head of cattle to keep the peace and point out short cuts in the trail; cattle thieves who, under the specious pretense of recovering stray cows, descend upon the herd and levy tribute; and Texas rangers, the guardian angels of the trail, whose opportune appearance prevents a scene of battle, murder, and sudden death with these same "rustlers." We pay a brief visit to the cow towns—Dodge, Ogalala, and Frenchman's Ford—where the cowboys dance and drink and gamble through the night, riding out of town in the grey dawn to a running-fire accompaniment of pistol and rifle shots. Here, as elsewhere, tragedy and comedy are not far apart. The story of the guileless greybeard, who chummed in with the cowboys and stripped them of all their spare cash, watches, and six-shooters by running in a "ringer" in an impromptu horse race



stands in close juxtaposition to the shooting of the picturesque gambler at Frenchman's Ford and the drowning of the foreman who disregarded his presentiment and plunged into the flooded Platte at Forty Islands. After all, if the *Log of a Cowboy* is not literature of a high order, it is a bit of life, hard and rough, but thoroughly human.

And this raises the everlasting question first propounded, according to Mr. Kipling, by the Devil himself: "It's human; but is it Art?" To define the ends and the limitations of art is a task that may, perhaps, be accomplished when earth's last picture is painted. It certainly will not be attempted here. But, to take a concrete case, even Mr. Kipling, I fancy, would admit that the *Ballad of the Bolivar* was art—of a kind, and that Mr. Sonnichsen's account of the *Balkan's* passage of the Bay of Biscay was something else. Mr. Wister's *Virginian* may be an idealized portrait, but it is a portrait of a man, whereas Mr. Adams' cowboys—Jim Flood, Quince Forest, and the rest—are pale *simulacra*. Is it too dogmatic, after all, to assert that a work of art must be something more than a mere transcript of life? that it must have a touch, at least, of that interpretative spirit which looks through the event to its hidden significance and brings this to light, so that even we of duller eyes may see it?

This spirit of divination is, it seems to me, the great and cardinal merit of the work of Mr. Conrad—a fine, but in this country at least, by no means appreciated artist. Mr. Conrad is a teller of tales of strange lands and distant seas. His subjects are, as a rule, simple and popular enough; but his style repels the general public. It is broken, hurried, impressionistic, leaving much to the imagination. He is a master of ideas, and events are to him merely the raw material which he shapes, arranges, and displays to set forth an idea. This has come home to me with especial force lately in reading, not for the first or second time, his story, *Youth*—at once the simplest and the finest tale, I

think, that he has ever given us. The events of young Marlow's voyage in the luckless *Judea* are by no means so surprising as those in the *Cruise of the Cachalot*, but this little story of fifty pages is alive with that sense of light-hearted enterprise and indomitable energy which is altogether lacking in Mr. Bullen's work. "I remember," Mr. Conrad makes his hero say, "my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim." It would be a pleasant task for the young story-writer to analyze a book of Mr. Conrad's, or to compare such a piece of work as his *Typhoon* with a chapter of *Round the Horn*, and it would furnish him a capital lesson in the methods of artistic workmanship.

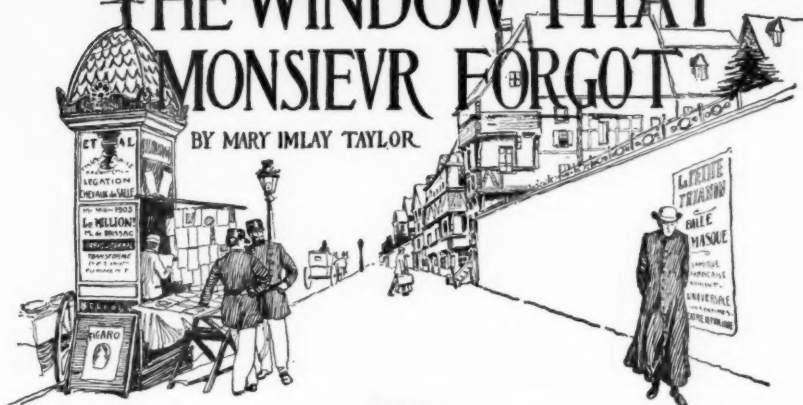
Outside my door the violence of the storm has fallen, and the calm stars are shining down on the long stretch of cold, white fields. It is a desolation, but it is peace. Across the halls there floats to me from the music room the rich, full harmony of a Schubert chord. A voice rises strong, pure, and sweet, and I catch the first words of the loveliest of all the songs of rest, "Ueber alle Gipfel." I have had enough of the strenuous life, even in its faint reflection in books, and am weary of the crash of waves on the decks, the thunder of the thousand hooves, the oaths and cries of struggling men. This is the night—I had almost forgotten—that the Schubert Quartette meets in my rooms. I will join them, and in a magic bath of music will wash my mind free from all the harsher sights and sounds that haunt it. Tonight, at least, the Red Gods do not call me.

Lector



# THE WINDOW THAT MONSIEUR FORGOT

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR



## I

THE weeping old woman fell on her knees before the Cardinal and received his blessing. Then, being assisted to her feet by a young priest, she suffered herself to be led away—still weeping. The scene had been a painful one, and the Cardinal passed his hand over his eyes.

He was himself an old man, of medium height, with the slender, erect figure of his youth. His features were regular and even beautiful; his eyes gentle and humorous and of a clear hazel. A whimsical smile usually lingered about his sensitive lips; a smile that invited confidence and won affection. His red cassock was almost shabby, for he cared nothing for his appearance. It was one of many traits which tormented and scandalized his valet, a worldly-minded person by the name of Pierrot.

Having dismissed his aged and distressed visitor, the Cardinal sat down to eat his midday meal. The table—a small one of rich old mahogany—was spread near a long window that opened on the piazza. A trellis, covered with vines, screened that corner and framed the window at which his Eminence sat eating his roll and his chicken wing and sipping his chocolate. Below was a small garden plot sheltered by high walls; in the very heart of gay, noisy Paris it was as quiet as a corner of Eden.

The Cardinal ate sparingly of a meal that could have been set only before an ascetic. Pierrot had just brought him a golden-ripe



pomegranate and a slender glass filled with amber-colored wine, when he was again interrupted by a servant bringing him the card of a persistent caller. The Cardinal put on his eyeglasses and read it thoughtfully; it was an unfamiliar name—"Miss Lois Norton"—and he could not divine her errand, neither was it his hour for receiving strangers.

"The young lady will not take 'no,' your Eminence," said the attendant respectfully.

"Is she alone?" asked his Eminence, laying the card beside him.

"Yes, monseigneur, and she has been here twice already today."

"I will see her," said the Cardinal, with his whimsical smile; "she is an American. She undoubtedly wishes to sell me for something like fifty francs per column. I think I am worth that much—according to my last visitor from the United States. It is well to know your monetary value, Pierrot; I gathered that she thought me rather cheap at that—especially with autographed photographs of me and of M. Vivite, the chauffeur; she did us both for the same newspaper."

"Your Eminence is altogether too kind to them," replied the confidential servant severely; "and you have not finished your meal—this has been so for a week."

"Precisely, Pierrot," retorted the Cardinal, smiling again; "it is a form of abstinence that is forced upon me."

"If your Eminence will permit these —"

His Eminence held up a white hand. A young girl had just entered the room and now approached the Cardinal's corner by the window. There was a peculiarly neat and fresh effect to her whole trim figure, in its pale gray suit, with a white veil draped on the wide brim of the violet-colored straw hat that shaded a charming face. The Cardinal—who was fastidious—thought her a most beautiful type of spring, a personification of sweetness and freshness and blossoming time. He dismissed his servant and graciously invited her to step out on to the piazza and take the wicker chair opposite his own at the window. When she sat down, and the light shone full on her face, he saw that she had been weeping and was still deeply agitated. Involuntarily, he thought of his other visitor—worn and old and weeping too, the scant, hard wrung tears of age—with the heartbreak for her son who —

The Cardinal looked at his young visitor with a genial smile and waited to be addressed.

She clasped her gloved hands tightly together and straightened herself in her chair, controlling an almost overmastering emotion.



"Monseigneur," she said abruptly, "I am an American."

"I know it," he replied, the smile deepening about his thin lips, his eyes softening.

She looked at him in surprise, knowing that her French was faultless, but she passed it over; everything was really trivial except the trouble that hung upon her heart like a millstone.

"I have come to you," she hesitated and looked down, trying to shape her sentences; "because—because I am in distress of mind —"

"Many people come to me for that reason, my child," remarked the Cardinal gently; his manner invited confidences.

"Yes," she said, with an effort, "I know it, but—but they come for religious consolation—and I do not. I—I am a heretic."

The Cardinal's smile grew more whimsical; he elevated his brows.

"So," he said, "even so; they also come to me—for conversion."

But she did not smile; she only looked at him with a pained expression.

"I do not come for that either," she replied, and turned her face away, tracing a pattern on the floor with the point of her parasol. "Yet, I do come to you for—for advice."

"Ah!" murmured his Eminence pleasantly, putting the tips of his long, tapering fingers together and looking at them attentively.

She stopped tracing her pattern. Her face was so pale that her white veil seemed no whiter than her cheek.

"You are the Archbishop of Paris," she said abruptly, "therefore no one will doubt your word —"

"My dear child!" interrupted the Cardinal Archbishop softly, "my dear child, when men can even doubt the blessed verities of the Christian religion they are quite as likely to doubt the word of a humble follower of Christ."

"They would surely take your word, though," she went on, unheeding, "in evidence—in evidence to save a man's life."

The Cardinal's whimsical smile faded away; he looked at her intently.

"My evidence would undoubtedly be as good as another man's before the law," he said quietly, "if I gave it."

She did not quite know how to address him, and she dropped all thought of this formality as she began to reach her subject.

"I have read the papers day by day," she said earnestly, "for six weeks—all through the great trial"—his Eminence started—"and I know of your interest in Claude de Brissac. You believe he is innocent."



The Cardinal gravely inclined his head.

"But no one else does, mademoiselle," he said, "except his mother and his fiancée."

She looked up quickly.

"Is it quite true that she is dying?" she asked in an awed tone.

"No, she is not dying," he replied; "the young are often slow to die, however much they may desire it, but she has—what we call familiarly—the broken heart. Since they have sentenced M. de Brissac to be executed—it is already two days—Mlle. de Lausun has eaten nothing. She lies in her little white bed, with the crucifix in her hands, and she speaks only when she prays aloud for his deliverance."

The American girl looked away; her eyes were brimming with tears and her lips trembled.

"This is also a very emotional creature," thought the Cardinal, "the American people live too fast; their nerves——"

But he did not give voice to his thoughts, and there was a pause.

"I have followed the whole case," said she, earnestly, her tearful eyes turning on him almost with reproach. "I am sure that M. de Brissac is innocent; you are sure of it—why can he not be saved?"

He smiled sadly.

"My dear child," he said, "do you not remember that the people cried, 'Give us Barabbas'? It is so still. M. de Lausun was the most popular man in the French cabinet, he was the friend of the president; as Minister of the Interior he has done much to ameliorate the condition of the country people. He loved reform, but he hated reformers, he detested socialists, he persecuted anarchists. I have no doubt that an anarchist shot him, particularly since the paper, with the list of those in Paris, was the only thing taken from his person. But, mademoiselle, there was absolutely no one near him when he was shot in the garden but M. de Brissac. M. de Brissac was taken running toward the gate. You know—all the world knows—that his defence is that he had just left the house and, hearing the shots, ran back into the garden, discovered the murdered minister, and was running for help when the gens d'arme seized him. Mlle. de Lausun believes this, and affirms that he had only just left her. Unhappily, however, a sufficient time elapsed between his parting from her and the assassination for him to have reached that fatal spot by the fountain. But the point—the serious point—is that M. de Lausun was bitterly opposed to his niece's engagement; he did not approve of Claude de Brissac, the young





"I AM A HERETIC"

man is not of steady habits. They had quarreled openly that very morning, and the minister had forbidden M. de Brissac the house. The motive, therefore, mademoiselle,—the motive which counts so much in crime—the motive exists."

"But, monseigneur, you believe he is innocent," she asked earnestly, "and I—I know it—therefore, we must save him!"

The Cardinal leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Mademoiselle," he said genially, "you and I together should make the sun stand still on Gibeon."

"I do not understand the processes of French law," she declared, deeply agitated; "and since the Dreyfus case we Americans—but you—could make an affidavit, could you not, declaring his innocence?—if it were established, if I could cast a light upon it, could tell you something that no one else knows?"

The Cardinal gazed at her meditatively. He had dim recollections of certain newspaper descriptions of beautiful and emotional Americans who sent bouquets to prisoners. His visitor's appearance was eminently sane and well ordered, but he was not unprepared. He began to cut up the pomegranate that had remained untouched at his elbow.

"It would be necessary for me to know what you have to tell," he remarked gently, picking out the scarlet seeds with the tip of his knife and counting them.

Again she clasped her hands tightly together and looked at him.

"I am a heretic," she said.

"So you have told me," remarked the Cardinal dryly, still counting the seeds.



"But you would respect my confidence?" she demanded; "you would keep it—as if under the seal of the confessional?"

"My dear child," he said pleasantly, "if you are about to tell me something that affects a man condemned to die, ought I to bind myself? I lay it upon your conscience?"

"I have no conscience!" she declared with startling conviction.

The Cardinal looked up and met her candid blue eyes—they were extremely beautiful eyes—and a twinkle came into his own. But he answered her with judicious mildness.

"It is possible that your conscience is overladen," he said softly, arranging the pomegranate seeds in a row.

"I do not know," she replied, in a low voice, "but I am a New Englander, and it has always been said that we New Englanders have consciences. But I have none." She gazed at him with a piteous expression, her lips quivering. "For six months I have known what I ought to do, but I can't do it—I can't, can't do it! My love is stronger than my conscience. I never thought I should be like this—never! But I cannot—cannot do what is right—because it will hurt some one I love—do you not see?" she cried, stretching out her hands toward him with an appealing gesture.

"It is a common experience," remarked the Cardinal quietly; "it is also one of the snares of the Evil One."

"I know it," she affirmed, "I know it! Yet I am so wicked that it is not my sense of justice that is touched, it is not my love of right and truth and honor—it is my pity for another woman. I can't get Mlle. de Lausun out of my head; I feel as she feels, every hour, every day —"

She looked at him with tear-filled eyes, her face quivering.

"Ah," he said softly, "it is only your heart that is touched then, mademoiselle, not your reason. But that is like your sex; women are never logical, they are purely emotional. Why do you think only of Mlle. de Lausun? She is young, she is charming, she is also strong; she may recover from this great loss. It is to the old that grief is crushing. Mademoiselle, M. de Brissac's mother is eighty years old; he is the son of her heart, her youngest, and also the only one who survives of a large family. You asked me if Mlle. de Lausun would die. I am quite sure that Mme. de Brissac will."

"His mother," murmured the girl, looking away, "that is hard. Monseigneur, who was that old and stricken woman whom I met at your door? Her face haunts me; was it—could it be?"

"It was Mme. de Brissac."

The girl burst into tears.

"You are in deep distress, my child," he said, "but you have



no comprehension of the misery, the hopelessness of the very old. Youth will always hope; age remembers."

"Will you promise to keep my confidence?" she cried, "will you regard it as a confession?"

The Cardinal looked at her mildly.

"My dear child," he said softly, "my dear child!"

She flushed crimson. "I know!" she sobbed, "I know—I do not doubt you—but —"

She straightened herself and wiped the tears from her face. She was a charming penitent.

"Your Eminence," she said, "my aunt and I are staying at a pension on the rue de Penthievre. She is ill and does not know where I am —"

The Cardinal nodded gently; his smile deepened a little, a dear old smile—soft and genial and caressing.

"Do you remember that the back of the house—No. 25—overlooks the garden of M. de Lausun's hotel on the rue de St. Honoré?" she went on, not heeding his start of surprise and interest; "it is the only house that does look down in that corner by the fountain—where—where—" she broke off and covered her face with her hands.

"Where M. de Lausun was assassinated," supplemented the Cardinal quietly; "yes, mademoiselle, but I was under the impression that he had closed all those windows. The house—I know it well—belonged to him, and he closed the windows on his garden."

"All but one, monseigneur," she said tremulously, "one little one—and that is mine."

A sudden comprehension dawned in his hazel eyes and he looked at her attentively.

"I was alone in my room that day," she said, "the twenty-third of October last—and —"

She looked up; her face was haggard with long concealed agony.

"I saw the assassination," she declared.

"Ah!" ejaculated the Cardinal, and pushed aside the little table.

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. He rose and kindly pressed his untouched glass of wine upon her, but she put it aside.

"And the assassin?" he asked gently.

She drew away from him, searching his face with frightened eyes, her whole air one of resistance, of defiance.

"I will never tell you," she cried, "never! But—on my life, by all I hold most sacred—it is not M. de Brissac!"



"Ah!" said the Cardinal, and sat down.

"This thing has been on my conscience for months," she moaned. "But what could I do? They would not listen to me unless I told them who it was."

"Assuredly, mademoiselle," he replied, "they would not listen without that. And do you not desire to tell? To save an innocent man?"

She looked at him defiantly, agony in every feature.

"Never!" she declared, "never! Wild horses could not drag it from me."

"In spite of the Dreyfus case, mademoiselle, we do not use wild horses," he remarked dryly. "But this is a matter that might well weigh upon your conscience. Have you a right, by your silence, to slay an innocent man to save a guilty one? Is it not also time to think of a higher tribunal?"

"I do, I do!" she cried; "but what I have suffered—what I suffer—must expiate! Monseigneur, I declare to you that M. de Brissac is innocent. I beg of you to save him by that declaration; but never—never will I reveal the name of the assassin!"

"My dear child," said the Cardinal mildly, "are you prepared to answer at that last day for the lives of M. de Brissac and his aged mother, for the broken heart of Mlle. de Lausun?"

She wrung her hands together.

"Do not press it upon me!" she said wildly. "I cannot do it—I cannot betray him! I would rather die! Why can't you save the accused by this statement?"

"Mademoiselle, such a statement, unsupported by evidence, would not save him. Simply, I should be considered a madman or an imbecile. It is for you to save him; this responsibility has been laid upon your soul."

She did not reply; she sat motionless with her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"Is it possible that you can love a man who could commit such a crime? M. de Lausun was a good man. Unless his assassin is an anarchist I can conceive no motive. What motive could there have been, mademoiselle, in the mind of a man worthy to appeal to your heart?"

"There could be no motive," she cried tearfully. "I am sure that—that he is insane."

"In that case," said her monitor hopefully, "you do not deliver him to the death penalty. Is it not this—this shedding of blood, so repugnant to a woman—is it not this that holds you back?"



"Not death?" she said. "Dear heaven! Would you have me commit him to some frightful Dreyfusian punishment? or to one of your terrible madhouses? Never, never!"

"Mademoiselle, you contemplate then a great crime," he replied. "You are a participator in the murder of M. de Lausun, and you—you yourself—murder M. de Brissac, his mother, and perhaps this young girl of your own age. Yet I think you have a conscience, and high purpose, and honor. I am not without my knowledge of my fellow-creatures. Is it worth it, my child? Is love—so guilty, so stained—worth this great price?"

She dropped her face on her hands, sobbing.

"My daughter," continued the Cardinal, "go home; and in your closet think over this great question, which will be asked you at that last day. Your conscience should awake; it is only your heart that is speaking now. Return to me to-morrow and tell me the truth—and the whole truth. In one week M. de Brissac dies. I lay this then upon your conscience."

She rose from her seat and stood looking at the garden, dazed with her sorrow. The Cardinal rose also.

"You will return tomorrow," he said mildly. "This is on your conscience, and your conscience will awake and torment you. The blood of this innocent man would be upon your skirts."

"I will save him," she declared; "but I will not—I cannot betray —"

The Cardinal took her hand. They walked together to the door upon the street. He opened it.

"You will think, you will repent, and you will come back to save this poor young man," he said, in his fine voice. "It is not meet that the innocent should suffer for the guilty."

She drew her hand away and looked at him with wide open, frightened eyes.

"No, no!" she murmured, "I shall not come back—I do not dare to come back. You would make me do things—against my will"—she drew a long breath—"I—I feel it!"

He smiled delightfully. It was the most sincere compliment that he had ever received.

"My dear child," he said genially, "you will come back."

But she put her hands over her ears and ran down the steps, like one who fled from the tempter.

The Cardinal looked thoughtfully after her until her slender figure disappeared at the corner. Then he closed the door, nodding his head.

"She will do one of two things," he said to himself. "She



will either bring matters to a desperate climax and plunge herself into trouble, or she will come back."

## II

The locket lay close beside the chair that she had occupied on the piazza, and the Cardinal's first impulse was to send it to her by Pierrot. Then he fell to examining it, his fine old face full of a youthful curiosity. It was of dull gold and the shape of a heart. On one side was a motto, badly defaced by time; on the other he managed to trace the outlines of a crown, the pearls and strawberry leaves of a marquis, and below was a monogram. It was hard to decipher the devices, for the heart of gold was small and worn and old. The temptation was upon his Eminence to open it; it was fine to see how he resisted it. It might indeed hold the key of the secret, but even so —

Nay, she would come back.

The little time-worn heart of gold—the Cardinal turned it over and over in his hand. It seemed almost warm and fragrant from its contact with its fair owner; it was the very locket to guard a girl's secret.

The touch of a spring, your Eminence!

The thin old lips curved into their most genial smile; the Cardinal put the trinket in his pocket.

"Resist the devil," he remarked to the scarlet pomegranate seeds, "and he will flee from you."

## III

It was the custom of the Cardinal Archbishop to celebrate mass every morning at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to return to his cup of black coffee and his piece of dry toast, to dispatch diocesan business, to receive the petitions of the poor—which meant, in a word, all the beggars of Paris, to Pierrot's disgust—and to give them more than he was able to spare. It was not until afternoon, therefore, that the world reached his Eminence in the ordinary course of events. But on Friday morning—it was on Thursday that Lois Norton had poured out her heart to him—on Friday he had scarcely given away the capon that was to have been for his own dinner, and the poor in many pluralities still choked his doors, when he received an urgent request for an interview—from an American!

This time, however, it was not a beautiful girl; it was instead a young man, tall and well made, and dressed in accurate good taste, hat and stick in hand. When he came into the strong light from the window in front of his host and made his bow—a bit stiff



and formal—the Cardinal's face changed; it might even be said that he started. His visitor was fine looking, with clean cut features and honest eyes. It was not, however, exactly an American face, though it belonged to a type we often see in America when two nationalities are united.

"I have the honor to meet Mr. Richard Barrington?" said the Cardinal.

"To be sure, your Eminence," he replied, in easy French; the Cardinal would have been surprised at its perfection but for a circumstance that made him expect it. "And I must apologize for my urgent intrusion; my business permits of no delay. I must beg your indulgence for half an hour."



RICHARD BARRINGTON

"For a longer time, monsieur, in a good cause," replied the Cardinal, as genial as a May morning; and his hand slipping involuntarily into his pocket, he began to finger the heart of gold.

"I come to you in great perplexity," began Richard Barrington with some hesitation.

"Indeed?" said the Cardinal mildly.

"The American Ambassador has gone to Carlsbad, I wired him this morning, and the *Chargé* is in bed with appendicitis—simply everybody has appendicitis—" continued the young man, with impatience, "but something must be done at once for Miss Norton."

The Cardinal elevated his brows, his kindly old face became an interrogation point.

"I know she was here yesterday," said Barrington bluntly, "I followed her almost to the door."

His auditor's expression changed to one of profound and amazed amusement.

"Of course I felt like a cad," went on his visitor, blushing furiously, "but what could I do?"

"Possibly you need not have followed her," suggested the Cardinal suavely.

"Possibly not, monseigneur," replied his visitor frankly, "but you would have done so—in a like case —"

Whereupon his Eminence smiled involuntarily.



"The case being that monsieur is mademoiselle's fiancé," he remarked.

The young man stared and blushed yet more violently.

"I hope so," he said devoutly, "I was—but now!"

Once more the Cardinal put the tips of his fingers together and apparently gave them his undivided attention.

"But now?" he suggested mildly.

"It will be impossible for you to understand unless I make a clean breast of it!" cried the American excitedly; "monseigneur, I—I am about to make a confession —"

His Eminence lifted his eyes deliberately to the face opposite; it was a distinctly handsome face and it was also honest.

"I am engaged to be married to Miss Lois Norton," he said, "and she was—was all that I could desire up to a few days before my departure to America, six months ago. She scarcely wrote me a line while I was away; and now—on my return—she is distant, reproachful, even unkind. I fear her mind is overwrought; she has thought of nothing, spoken of nothing but the trial of M. de Brissac. Ordinarily, she is far too sensible a girl to dwell morbidly on such matters; she is not a sentimentalist! Yet, she came to you yesterday, I know, on some strange errand, and I followed her—without her knowledge—in order to protect her from any chance rudeness on the street, and today —" he rose excitedly from his chair — "monseigneur, she went to a commissaire de police on the rue d'Anjou this morning and she has been detained!"

The Cardinal started; he was plainly disconcerted.

"There is some horrible mistake," continued Richard Barrington, "she is as innocent, as lovely, as high-minded—as—as an angel!" he fell into imbecilities in his desperation; "monseigneur, you must help me get her away at once. It is an absolute crime for the authorities to detain this young girl!"

The Cardinal held up a deprecating hand.

"Sit down, monsieur," he said soothingly, "sit down once more and let us look this matter in the face."

His visitor obeyed with evident reluctance.

"There is no time to be lost!" he protested, "heaven knows why they have dared to lay hands on her—it is sacrilege!"

"Monsieur," said his Eminence calmly, "are you aware that Mlle. Norton witnessed the assassination of M. de Lausun?"

"Impossible!" cried her fiancé, in evident amazement, "monseigneur, it is impossible—she would have told me!"

"Did she not tell you?" asked the Cardinal, looking at him attentively.



"Good heavens, no!" he exclaimed excitedly, "it is the confirmation of my worst fears—her mind has given away, she imagines it!"

"Be at ease on that point, monsieur," said the Cardinal, "she is as sane as I am."

The young man looked deeply chagrined.

"Why, then, did she deny me her confidence and give it to a stranger?"

"Of that I am not prepared to speak," replied the Cardinal, "but such being the case, I have myself no doubt of her errand to the commissaire. I wish she had come to me; but —" he shrugged his shoulders, "monsieur, I will do what I can. Let me say first, however, that you yourself can do nothing. Will you permit me to act for you—and for her?"

"I have no choice, your Eminence. It is impossible to imagine anything more rash than her conduct, but in the United States——"

The Cardinal smiled. "I know," he said suavely, "also it was her conscience. She has been torn with contending emotions; she has felt herself to blame. She has undoubtedly gone to save M. de Brissac ——"

"Oh heavens!" groaned the American, "and these French police—they will hold her as an accessory after the fact!"

An irresistible twinkle came into his Eminence's eyes. He held out the little heart-shaped locket.

"Monsieur," he said blandly, "do you recognize this as mademoiselle's property?"

A light kindled in the young man's forlorn face.

"It is a gift of mine," he said, "I hardly dared hope that she wore it!" then his expression changed and he glanced keenly at the Cardinal; "how came it here, monseigneur?"

"I found it where she had been sitting," replied the old man naïvely. "It is yours? Your mother was then Mlle. Hortense de Montblé?"

Barrington started. "To be sure," he replied, "but how do you know that, monseigneur?"

The Cardinal smiled a little. "I am an old, old man," he remarked, "I remember many things; also, I know the crest of Montblé."

"You knew my mother?" Then, as his Eminence bowed his assent, "I am glad to know you, monseigneur, and I would know more of you; ask many questions, but meantime there is Miss Norton ——"

The Cardinal rose and held out his thin white hand.





"YOU HAVE LAID A TRAP FOR ME"

" 'except these bonds' of flesh and its weakness," and he gently chafed his right hand.

#### IV

As the carriage approached the Boulevard des Italiens, Lois Norton averted her face even from the kindly glance of the Cardinal. She had endured too much, she felt herself to be on the border of hysterics, and from the bottom of her sincere, strong, little soul she despised a scene. Yet the circumstances were such as to furnish an excuse. A gens d'arme was on the box beside the driver; two detectives, in plain clothes, followed on bicycles. It was humiliating, degrading.

"My dear child," said the Cardinal mildly, "if you had returned to me —?"

"I dared not!" she replied tremulously; "I dared not!"

"Monsieur, I go to see her," he said evenly, "and afterwards I will see you. Let us say at five this afternoon, not sooner."

"Your Eminence, it is an eternity!"

"Monsieur, so far from it—that it is not even the span of a butterfly's life."

The young American wrung his host's slender hand with the vigorous grasp of an athlete.

"Monseigneur," he said ardently and with blushes, "almost am I persuaded to be of your religion."

"Monsieur, I would you 'were both almost and altogether such as I am,'" replied the Cardinal with his whimsical smile,



"But now," he shrugged his shoulders, "mademoiselle must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I shall not," she affirmed. "I have told them that M. de Brissac is innocent. More I will not—I will not!"

"My dear child," protested the Cardinal and leaning forward he looked out of the window, for the carriage had stopped at No. 5 Boulevard des Italiens.

It was a watchmaker's shop. The gens d'arme came to the carriage door and saluted.

"Come, my daughter," said the Cardinal.

"Your Eminence," she said very low, "I trust you—I don't know what this means—but—but you will not betray my confidence?"

He looked steadily at her; his fine, kindly old face took on an expression of extreme gravity. She caught her breath and laid her hand confidingly in his. His Eminence smiled.

The proprietor of the shop met them with profound courtesy, he even kissed monseigneur's hand. The Cardinal spoke a few words to him, and then led Lois Norton through the shop.

At the far end was a door that communicated with a workroom in the rear. The upper half of this door was of glass and through it they could see two watchmakers busily engaged at a table in the centre of a small room. Opposite, an open window poured a strong light on them. One, an old man with a magnifying glass screwed in his eye, was working at a very delicate chronometer. The other, a young fellow, tall and straight, stood up with a watch open in his hand. Having seen him, Lois Norton fell back, looking at the Cardinal with an expression of desperate reproach.

"You have laid a trap for me!" she cried, with a shiver, wrenching her hand free. "I would not have believed it of you! I could not have believed it!"

"Mademoiselle," he replied gently, but in an audible tone, "that is the murderer of M. de Lausun. You have seen him."

As he spoke the two detectives pressed forward to the door, and the young watchmaker looked around and saw their faces through the glass. He took the alarm on the instant, and before they could reach him he had dashed out of the open window and was running toward the rue de Choiseul. Then there was the sound of a pistol shot.

Lois Norton, tottering back against the wall, pressed her hands to her heart.

"Monseigneur," she cried, "it is not ——?"

"No," replied the Cardinal mildly, "it is not."



## V

A little red glass lantern swinging at the doorpost of a house on the rue d'Anjou announced the presence of a commissaire de police.

Within, behind two sets of swinging green baize doors, sat the commissaire, a stiff, starched little Frenchman, intensely bourgeois and filled with a sense of his own importance. He saluted the Cardinal with all the respect that he could permit himself to show without detriment to his official dignity, and he indicated a chair for the pretty, white-faced American girl who had taken him by storm that morning and convulsed all the theories of the murder of M. de Lausun. He had now to listen to the Cardinal's theory, and he did so with the gently bored air of a man who is unconvinced but courteous.

"Your Eminence has known this young man for some time," he said, verifying the typewritten notes of his stenographer. "He was a foundling; he is called Robert Sans-Père; and he is known to your Eminence as an anarchist, or at least as one with anarchist leanings?"

"Precisely," replied the Cardinal. "And this young lady, seeing him from the window that was not blocked up by M. de Lausun—in short, the window that monsieur forgot—has identified him in the shop of M. Cremonreau, on the Boulevard des Italiens; but he escaped —"

"He will be taken, monseigneur," said the commissaire with assurance. "My men — Ah!" (he touched an electric button) "I saw them come in just now with the prisoner."

As he spoke two baize doors swung open and snapped to again. There was a stir in the room, the Cardinal uttered an exclamation, and Miss Norton's hands dropped in her lap. The two detectives were holding a handcuffed prisoner, and the prisoner was using vigorous English.

Lois sprang to her feet.

"Richard!" she cried sharply.

The Cardinal took a step forward and addressed the commissaire.

"M. le Commissaire," he said, "there has been a mistake. This is Mr. Richard Barrington, an American."

The two detectives looked at him in respectful indignation.

"A thousand pardons, your Eminence," one of them protested, "we saw him as plainly as —. This is the man from the watch-maker's shop; we chased and chased and found him as bold—as monseigneur could wish—on the Champs Elysées —"

"Confound you!" exclaimed Barrington violently, "I'll see that this gets to my government, I'll —"



"Oh, Richard, Richard!" sobbed Lois Norton, "it's all my fault. I did it—I did it! I'm the most wretched and wicked creature in Paris—in the whole world!"

"M. le Commissaire," said the Cardinal, with evident agitation, "this is a mistake. On my honor, this man is not Robert Sans-Père, and these handcuffs ——"

But the commissaire was respectfully unconvinced.

"Permit me, your Eminence," he said, with dignity, and fastening his eyes on the prisoner; "what is your name, young man?"



"I'LL LET DAYLIGHT INTO YOU"

Richard Barrington's wrath broke all bonds.

"None of your business!" he retorted emphatically, "you need not attempt to Dreyfus an American citizen; I'll ——"

The two detectives gave him a shake intended to be admonitory.

"If you don't take your hands off of me," shouted the infuriated young man, "I'll let daylight into you—I'll ——"

"My dear sir!" protested the Cardinal, foreseeing complications, "my dear sir ——"

Richard Barrington turned an indignant face upon him.



"Is this your maneuver?" he said witheringly, "have you led that young girl into this scandalous ——"

"Silence!" commanded the commissaire, the hair bristling around his bald spot.

"Oh, let him speak!" cried Lois Norton, "I deserve it—I'm a great deal worse than they are, Richard," she added, in English, "I have wronged you, I ——"

"Do be still, Lois!" he broke in ruthlessly, "remember you are not in God's country, but here in this den of thieves and ——"

The white moustaches quivered. Though he did not understand the language, the commissaire understood the tones and gestures.

"The turbulent conduct of the prisoner ——" he began.

But the Cardinal again interceded.

"The young man's feelings are naturally lacerated," he argued, "there has been a mistake ——"

One of the detectives could not endure this; he had captured the prisoner in the sweat of his brow.

"A million pardons, monseigneur," he cried, "but we both saw him in the Boulevard des Italiens; we gave chase, we found him on the Champs Elysées. He fought, your Eminence, he gave Louis a black eye and me a sore head, but what would you? We call for help, we take him, we carry him to M. Cremonteau to assure us that we make no mistake, and Cremonteau looked at him. 'Oui,' he said, 'oui, it is the man, but—sacré Vierge Marie!—how quick he has stolen another man's clothes!' and he ran back to count his watches. Bien, monseigneur, this is the man."

"This is a question between you and his Eminence," said the commissaire severely; "are you positive?"

The detective rubbed his hands together and raised protesting eyes to heaven.

"M'sieur," he said, "as the nose on my own face—do I see him. I can swear to him in Paradise. It is only the good coat that deceives monseigneur."

Lois Norton pushed past the Cardinal.

"But it is I—I who have the right to say," she cried, "I saw the man from the window of the pension. I can take oath that this is not the same."

The commissaire bowed, with the blandest of smiles.

"Mademoiselle," he said suavely, "a thousand pardons, but you have already shown your readiness to shield the assassin; you refused this morning to reveal his name. Stratagem had to be used. Mademoiselle, your evidence is therefore open to question."



She wrung her hands, collapsing into her chair, scorched by a sudden glance of comprehension from Richard Barrington.

"Great heavens!" he murmured, "did you think *that*?"

The commissaire brushed an insistent fly from the bald spot and began to read his notes again. The Cardinal was plainly perturbed; he even wiped the moisture from his brow.

"The prisoner was taken—after violent resistance—on the Champs Elysées," said the commissaire to his stenographer, "at what hour?" he added, speaking to the detectives.

"M. le Commissaire," interrupted the Cardinal excitedly, "I protest! This matter will prove an international difficulty; I protest—I affirm that this is not the man."

The commissaire twirled his moustaches and the stenographer suspended his pencil.

"Monseigneur's pardon," said the commissaire, respectful and mulish, "but the prisoner must be committed for examination."

Lois Norton unpinned her veil with trembling fingers and let it fall over her face. The Cardinal laid a consoling hand on her shoulder, but his expression was one of deep perplexity.

The young American tried to shake off the little Frenchmen who hung on either arm, and he glared furiously at the commissaire.

The latter bowed to the Cardinal.

"If your Eminence and mademoiselle will step into the next room," he said, rubbing his hands softly, "the prisoner will be formally and impartially examined."

Lois Norton turned toward him; even through her veil the tears could be seen on her white cheeks.

"Why should I go?" she asked desperately, "I'm an accomplice, I'm —"

The Cardinal caught her arm in a strenuous grasp.

"My child!" he said sharply.

At this moment a gens d'arme burst into the room. He was filled with excitement and covered with dust. He saluted and stood at attention.

"Well?" said the commissaire.

"M. le Commissaire —" he began, and then he saw Richard Barrington and stopped with mouth and eyes wide open.

It was then that the Cardinal slipped quietly out of the room.

## VI

When the Cardinal returned Barrington was undergoing the interrogation, and the commissaire wore the look of a man who



was awaking from the nightmare. Monseigneur softly approached the weeping girl.

"My daughter," he said gently in her ear, "are you brave enough to look on something painful? Are you brave enough to meet death face to face—to save life?"

She nodded her head, choking back her sobs. She was past speech. The Cardinal went over and whispered to the commissaire. Then he took her by the hand, and led her out through the green baize doors. They went through a corridor with many low arches. They descended a short flight of steps. A gens d'arme saluted and opened the last low door.

"My dear child," said the Cardinal gently, "the young man was shot by a gens d'arme as he leaped over the garden wall behind the shop of M. Cremonteau; yet he was able to run—dodging and eluding them—three squares. When he fell they found him at the mouth of an alley. Can you look at him?"

She shivered a little; then, withdrawing her hand from his, she lifted her veil and approached the table, a long, narrow one, in the centre of the room. On it was stretched the lifeless form of a young man, in shabby but decent clothes; his chestnut hair fell away from a white forehead, there was no disfigurement. Feature by feature the face was the face of Richard Barrington.

"Is it he?" asked the Cardinal softly.

"Yes," she moaned. "And I have ruined Richard! I—I have killed this man! Oh, monseigneur——!"

"Mademoiselle," he said firmly, "you have saved the life of M. Claude de Brissac."

She burst into a passion of weeping. "Take me away!" she cried. "I can't bear it! Take me away!"

## VII

It was long past five o'clock. In his Eminence's own great chair sat Lois Norton, crumpled and pale and forlorn. The Cardinal was telling her a long story.

"Mademoiselle," he explained, "I knew when you made your first confession that the man whom you had seen shoot M. de Lausun was your lover, and when M. Barrington came to me it was not difficult to put two and two together. Also, I knew you were mistaken."

She wrung her hands together. "Monseigneur," she cried, "that is it, that is it! He can never forgive me, he ought never to forgive me. See how wicked I was to suspect him. But I saw the man so plainly. What could I think?"



"My daughter," replied the Cardinal, "all this, in a word, came from the window that monsieur forgot. Had he remembered it, had he closed it ——"

"I should be a happy woman," she sighed; "and now I am wretched, and I deserve to be!"

The Cardinal leaned over and touched her hand.

"And M. de Brissac would have died the death," he said softly, "and his fiancée would have been broken-hearted, and his aged mother——Mademoiselle, I stopped on my way here to tell her of the blessed release of her son, and she fell on her knees to call down the blessings of heaven upon you. Your little locket was the connecting link in the chain of fate. Seeing that, I divined who Richard Barrington was

—the son of Hortense de Montblé; and therefore the likeness to Robert Sans-Père, the waif, the foundling, the anarchist."

"But why?" she asked dreadingly. "But why? If the two were twins it could not be more perfect."

"My child," said the Cardinal, "the world is very wicked. Hortense de Montblé had a twin brother, the marquis, a crooked stick, mademoiselle, who is—happily for his relatives—dead. Alas! our sins die not with us. What is it your great English poet says? 'The evil that men do lives after them.' M. le Marquis left behind him a nameless, unrecognized child, a son. All these years I have known it and tried to reclaim him; but the evil root was deeper than the good root, the tares sprang up faster than the wheat."

"And he was really a sort of base-born cousin of Richard?" she asked miserably.

The Cardinal nodded.

"This likeness," he said thoughtfully, "was it not strange,



"HE WAS SHOT AS HE LEAPED THE WALL"



mademoiselle? Yet once before I have known of it—the children of twins being as like as twins.”

“Alas,” she sighed, “I have saved a life and I have lost a life—this poor wretch! Also, Richard will never forgive me—I dare not ask him; I have doubted him—oh, monseigneur, what shall I do? I ran about Paris, too, like a lunatic. My aunt, Richard, everybody—oh, I know! But we American girls are used to freedom, to respect —”

“My dear child,” said the Cardinal, with a humorous twinkle, “there is an old proverb, ‘when you go to Rome —’”

“It will all be in the newspapers at home with big headlines!” she cried, with sudden dry-eyed horror; “the arrest, my suspicions of—of Richard—oh, he can’t forgive me, how could he? and Aunt Bailey!” she shuddered. “And think of my figuring in a yellow journal!” she dropped her face in her hands.

The Cardinal’s eyes twinkled again.

“My dear child,” he said soothingly, “I believe I have been in one myself. What do you call it—‘yellow’? It may have been green—but I was sold for fifty francs per column.”

“Oh, that is different!” cried Lois, “and you haven’t a grandmother.”

“I had one,” submitted the Cardinal hopefully.

The Cardinal’s door-bell rang furiously. She sprang up, white as a ghost.

“Oh,” she gasped, “is it? —”

“Yes,” he replied gently, “the commissaire fully understood at last; besides, the American Ambassador wired from Carlsbad. Your friend, having relieved his feelings in—er—strong language—is undoubtedly at large.”

“It is he!” she cried, in wide-eyed terror; “monseigneur, hide me—I dare not, oh, I dare not face him! He’ll never—never forgive me —”

But the Cardinal had quietly withdrawn.

## VIII

Richard Barrington lifted the portière and stepped into the room. There was a sharp exclamation and he stood still. The girl shivered and shrank away, hiding her face.

“Kill me, Richard!” she moaned, “I—I really deserve it —”

“Lois,” he said sadly, “I should never have doubted you!”

“Oh, you do not know,” she pleaded, “you have not been so tested—if you had seen—seen me with your own eyes —”



"I should never have doubted you," he repeated steadily.

"I deserve it," she said faintly, "but nevertheless you are very hard."

To this he made no reply; he stood looking very intently at the floor.

There was a long pause. The clock on the mantel ticked loudly. She flung herself into the Cardinal's chair again and laid her head on the table.

"Oh, that window!" she sobbed, "that window that monsieur forgot! If I had never looked out—I should be happy—I ——"

The Cardinal came back quietly, leading an old woman draped in widow's weeds. She went to the girl and kneeling down beside her, kissed her hand, tears streaming down her lined face.

"Oh, don't—don't!" cried Lois, in misery, "I'm a wretch—a ——"

"May the saints bless you," cried Mme. de Brissac, "for my son who was dead is alive again. All my life will I love you, mademoiselle, and bless you!"

"Oh, madame!" cried the girl, "pray for me—I have broken my own heart to save yours, I ——"

"Lois!" cried her lover, and oblivious of all the world he held out his arms.

She looked at him wide-eyed, her whole air one of deep humility.

"Can you forgive me, Richard?" she murmured, "can you forgive me? I have suffered so—it has almost killed me—I—you have seen the—your double?"

He smiled. "Lois," he said softly, "you shall never suffer through me again."

A flush passed over her face, her lips quivered.

"Richard," she sobbed, "Richard—how good you are!"

The Cardinal stood in the door, the soft light fell on his white hair where it showed below his biretta, on his sweet, humorous, old face, on his red cassock, and his red stockings. Lois slipped away from her lover and, running across the room, fell on her knees at his Eminence's feet.

"I shall always love you," she sobbed, "will you bless me—even me, mon père?"

A tender smile illumined the Cardinal's face, he laid his thin white hand gently on her bowed head in benediction.

"My child," he said sweetly, the twinkle in his kindly, humorous old eyes, "it is well that we do not observe our neighbors too closely—especially from the window that monsieur forgot."





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STEADY!





### Our Antiquated Postal Service

Tiny Switzerland has many things to teach us. So have Germany, France, and England. True, these countries are smaller and more thickly settled, and they do less postal business: the combined government post-office and telegraph work in either Germany or England, or the combined postal business of England and France, do not equal the transactions of the United States post-office. Less transportation is needed abroad. Employees can be worked more hours. Wages are lower. But every one of these differences holds true of European and American private industries, yet American industry is the most effective and productive in the world. The Government postal business should not be the "lame duck" of our economic life.

In a German city—take Berlin, for example—there is a post-office every few hundred yards; a post-office can be found as easily as a cigar store in New York. A network of underground tubes connects all but the very smallest. Ordinary mail goes from station to station by Government-owned wagons, but a special delivery card or stamp, costing less than eight cents, will cause a message to be shot by the tube anywhere in the city. A messenger will carry it from the point of reception the few necessary yards to the receiver, and will wait for an answer. Message and answer in Berlin take about two hours. This is service far speedier than any in our own country.

The German telegraph system is an adjunct of the post-office. Telegrams, costing twelve cents for ten words, including address, beat special delivery letters by just the margin between electric and pneumatic transmission. Postal checks for small amounts almost wholly take the place of bank checks. One may send a postal money-order with a message written on the back; and a postal messenger will bring it to the house of the receiver and pay it there on the spot—service as accurate and complete as by personal messenger. Subscription to magazines and newspapers is through the post-office; you pay the postmaster, he orders the proper number of publications for his office, and the journals come cheaply and smoothly in bulk to the several stations for delivery. And not only does a parcels-post do practically all the German express business at low rates, depending on weight and distance, but Germany, through agreements with other nations, sends parcels round the world. I know a resident of Berlin who has a package of meat mailed to him every Saturday from a point one hundred and fifty miles away in Silesia for a little more than twelve cents—the rate for a twenty-pound parcel. German merchants deliver most of their goods by mail—the small storekeeper is thus provided with as good a delivery service as the larger. All the parcels, large and small, are brought, of course, to the address to which they are directed. Germans have even been permitted to mail eleven-pound parcels to addresses in the United States.



The highly centralized German system—developed by Dr. Stephan, who held office as Minister of the Post-Office through ministry after ministry, and now conducted by Herr Kreahtke, who grew up in the service—makes its main business to give admirable public service. And it pays. This shows the results of a carefully organized machine conducted by skilled and permanent officials.

In London the pneumatic tube system is so perfected that within the radius of London one may send an ordinary letter, receive an answer, send another and receive an answer to that, all in the course of a day. Deliveries run until nine and ten o'clock in the evening. The English post-office maintains a telegraph system, conveying twelve-word messages all over Great Britain and Ireland for twelve cents, and a parcels post system comparable to the German, and furthermore maintains a savings bank. All this pays. The United States post-office fails to give such service and fails to pay even its expenses.—*M. G. Cunniff in The World's Work.*

### Gorman Smiles and Waits

Some people say Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, looks like an actor—and he does. Some people say he is an actor—and, perhaps, he is. Nevertheless, he is the strongest individual force on the Democratic side of the United States Senate, and the man to whom the Democrats look to organize an intelligent opposition to President Roosevelt.

A half-hour's conversation with him is a liberal education in suavity and adroitness. "Smooth" describes him. He has an expansive, genial, almost affectionate, smile for all comers. He shakes hands with a fervor that sends thrills up one's arm, that seem to radiate the electricity of "I am glad to see you." Then he finds out all one knows and tells nothing he knows, and sends one away filled with the joy of living.

His face is clean-shaven, finely molded, and ruddy with health. His powerful nose stands out between two twinkling eyes. He smiles with his whole face. His voice is soft and low. His clothes fit his well-filled figure perfectly. He never seems in a hurry. He always harmonizes with his

surroundings. He stage-manages himself admirably.

He has seen much service in the Senate, where he was once a page. He learned his politics in Maryland, where politics is an art. He knows how the great legislative machine of the Government runs, understands every cog, eccentric, and lever. He was a leader there when the Republican landslide retired him six years ago, and he will be the leader there now that he has returned, despite the efforts of Bailey and some of the younger Democrats to displace him.

Gorman's great strength lies in the fact that he knows and can execute. He is a strategist. He understands the value of compromise. He can use the battle-axe, if necessary, but he is most expert with the flag of truce and the conference. He has been criticized harshly for his stand on many public questions, notably his protectionist ideas, but he has calmly gone along and maintained both his poise and his command.

His recent speech attacking President Roosevelt for his attitude on the race question shows how the wind is blowing. That was a bid for the votes of the South in the next Democratic National Convention. He will make similar attacks in the Senate. His purpose is to discredit the President as much as possible and to draw public attention to himself, which he will do. He will take active charge of the messed and manacled Democracy in the Senate, and will make a good fighting machine out of it to assist in his selection to oppose Mr. Roosevelt next year. If he wins, he will be the last man to get excited about it. If he loses, his smile will not fade.—*Collier's Weekly.*

### He Wasn't Quite Sure

It was comparatively but a short time ago that the old rules of the English courts were in full force and vigor in the conservative State of South Carolina. Thus it was distinctly provided that each attorney and counselor, while engaged in a trial, must wear "a black gown and coat." But on one occasion James L. Pettigree, one of the leaders of the bar, appeared dressed in a light coat.

"Mr. Pettigree," said the judge, "you





*Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*

### A VERMONT MARBLE QUARRY

ONE OF THE LARGEST MARBLE QUARRIES IN AMERICA IS SITUATED AT PROCTOR, VERMONT. THE PHOTOGRAPH GIVES A GRAPHIC IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE QUARRY. THE PILLAR OF MARBLE STANDING AT THE LEFT IS ALMOST A HUNDRED FEET HIGH, AND THE WORKMEN ON THE BED OF THE OPENING LOOK LIKE PYGMIES BESIDE IT. FROM THESE QUARRIES AND THOSE AT DORSET, VERMONT, IS OBTAINED THE MARBLE USED IN MANY OF THE MOST NOTED BUILDINGS IN AMERICA.



have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigru replied, "may it please the Court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigru, you have on a light coat. The Court cannot hear you."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that a barrister must wear 'a black gown and coat,' does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that both the gown and the coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigru, certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And yet it is also provided by law," continued Mr. Pettigru, "that the sheriff must wear 'a cocked hat and sword,' is it not?"

"Yes, yes," was the somewhat impatient answer.

"And does the Court hold," questioned Pettigru, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh—er—h'm," mused his honor, "you—er—may—er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigru."—*Success.*

### The Curse of Caste

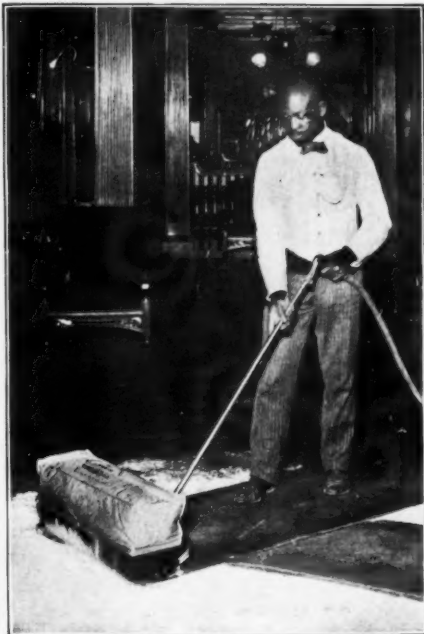
What is it, at bottom, that makes the English atmosphere so difficult for an American to breathe in freely? It is, I believe, that he feels himself in a country where the dignity of life is lower than in his own; a country where a man born in ordinary circumstances expects, and is expected, to die in ordinary circumstances; where the scope of his efforts is traced beforehand by the accident of position; where he is handicapped in all cases and crushed in most by the superincumbent weight of caste, convention, "good form," and the deadening artificialities of an old society. That unconquerable buoyancy which infects the American air like a sting and challenge, and braces every American with the inspiration that he has a chance in life; that there are open opportunities, unreserved possibilities, no battering at locked doors, no floundering in blank alleys; that here, in short, it is the man himself who makes his career—is something which the English have so utterly lost as to be incapable of realizing it.

I feel sure that if one could follow the workings of the caste system into their uttermost details, one could find that the hopelessness and servility bred by it are responsible for perhaps half the commercial inefficiency and unprogressiveness of England. It makes for stagnation, just as certainly as it makes for that class rancor which gives to English trade-unionism its peculiarly bitter strength. At one point in the social scale you may find its fruits in the worship of externals and appearances, in an overvaluation of the purely decorative, non-productive elements of life. At another, it will be repressing and circumscribing the ability of the "vulgar" in favor of genteel incompetence; at a third, you will see it spouting in geysers of flunkeyism. Between King Edward VII on his royal throne and the London "floor-walker," who makes you shiver with the abjectness of his bowings and scrapings, the connection of cause and effect may not at first be apparent. It is there, disastrously there, all the same; and the caste spirit is the link. When the Monarchy sets the example of governing, rewarding, behaving with a single eye to merit, there is no room and no temptation on the lower strata for slimy servility. When the Royal influence, however, tends palpably in the other direction, it will breed flunkies, as the New Jersey marshes breed mosquitoes. —*Anglo-American in North American Review.*

### The Passing of the Broom

An ingenious and portable air-pump will probably take the place of the old-fashioned broom in housecleaning operations. The carpet renovators are of various sizes, ranging from 12 to 36 inches in width. They consist of a steel framework which lies flat on the surface of the fabric. This is termed a hood, and contains an expanded nozzle connecting with the hose. In the bottom of the hood is a slot about 1-100 inch in width, through which the air passes in what might be termed a sheet. It is forced into the fabric at various pressures, according to the thickness of the latter and the amount of dirt which has accumulated. The usual pressure varies from 60 to 70 pounds to the square inch. This is sufficient to blow the dirt out of and from





*Courtesy of the Scientific American*

#### MODERN HOUSECLEANING: SANITARY AND DUSTLESS

*These pictures show the new way to clean house: by means of an air blast which forces the dust into a hooded receiver and prevents its escape*

under the covering. It passes upward through two other slots into the hood, as it cannot escape outside of the machine on account of the weight on the surface. It is prevented from escaping into the air by a cloth bag which collects it, but is loose enough to allow the air to pass through. The dirt settles into a pan especially designed to collect it. When filled, this can be readily removed, by taking off the bag, and emptied. To the renovator is attached a handle for moving it over the floor. The handle also acts as a conduit for the compressed air, the supply of which is regulated by an ordinary valve. The apparatus is usually pushed over the carpet and does its work so thoroughly that it will remove any kind of substance which can be driven out by air pressure. In several instances flour was thrown upon a rug and trod in with the feet. When the renovator was applied it apparently collected every particle of the flour, none escaping into the air.

In treating lambrequins and other kinds of upholstery the hose is connected with a jointed steel tube long enough to extend to the upper portion of the apartment. The ordinary air blast is directed against the draperies and the dirt is allowed to settle upon the floor and furniture. Obviously the draperies and upper portions of an apartment are the first cleaned, then the furniture and floor covering. For removing the dust from upholstered chairs, sofas, and other kinds of furniture, what might be called a hand renovator is employed. It is constructed on the same principle as the larger type with the slots for applying the air pressure and collecting the dust, and is pushed over the surface by hand. If the chair, for example, is stuffed with cotton or some other material more power is employed to force the air through this material as well. As already stated, even billiard table coverings are thoroughly cleaned of the chalk and dirt in the same way. In



freeing such articles as pillows and mattresses a simple pneumatic needle is used, the air being injected with sufficient force to circulate among the feathers, straw, or other stuffing and expel the dust which may have collected.—*Scientific American*.

### Whistler's "Gentle Art"

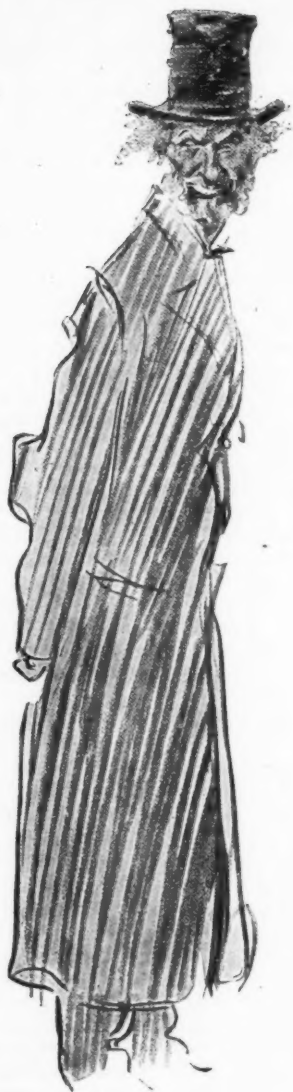
Mr. Whistler was a wit rather than a humorist, loving rather to sting than to tickle. Indeed, his closest friends declare that his *vis comica* was to be considered as one of his main weapons of attack and defence. We are told that "he meant to hurt," and it is certain that he greatly irritated many of those who did not know how to take him, and who ignored the fact, which he himself has recorded, that he was "a bundle of nerves and dyspepsia." His humor was somewhat Mephistophelian. In the catalogue of his exhibition he applied art criticisms to works other than those of which those criticisms were originally written, and of which they had been published. He went further: he added to his somewhat mischievous fun—as to the secret of which, of course, he did nothing to enlighten the public—the deliberate misprinting of an expression of Mr. Wedmore's. Mr. Wedmore had written in respect of Mr. Whistler's work a sentence to the effect that "I do not wish to understand it." Mr. Whistler reprinted it "I do not wish to understand it," well knowing that the writer would hasten to correct him in the press. This, of course, so fell out, and Mr. Whistler immediately replied (*The World*, February 28, 1883), "My negligence is culpable, and the misprint without excuse; for, naturally, I have all along known, and the typographer should have been duly warned, that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brothers, it is always a matter of understating, and not at all of understanding." The retort was much enjoyed by the public, who were not aware that the whole had been carefully prepared by Mr. Whistler, and that his retort was penned at the same time as the original "inexcusable misprint." Mr. Whistler could appreciate also a joke in others. It happened once that in playful mischief he made some difficulty about paying his subscription to the Arts Club by the appointed date. In reply to the secretary's applica-

tion he wrote a long characteristic reply, but sent no cheque. The chairman (Mr. Basil Field) was requested to communicate with him in a friendly way, for it was felt that the matter was not a serious one. Mr. Field, knowing his man, wrote to Mr. Whistler that "what they asked for was not a 'Composition in Black and White,' but an 'Arrangement in Gold and Silver,'" at which Mr. Whistler was so tickled that he sent a cheque by return of post.—*M. H. Spielmann* in *The Magazine of Art*.

### The American as a "Sitter"

My experience in portraiture has almost wholly been limited to the English and American nations. I have only painted a few Germans and one Russian lady. But between the English and American nations there are marked differences of demeanor and habits of thought which materially affect the sitter's personality for the painter. The Englishman, for instance, has an ingrained shyness which often uncomfortably disguises the strong and courageous inner man, and puts the diagnosing painter off the scent and on a wrong track. Not so the American; he is cool, collected, and self-possessed, and is *himself*, so to speak, wherever he is. He is proud of this, and being a student of human nature, and a reader of character, puts the painter at once on his mettle, for he makes the painter feel he has to *read a reader*, and is undergoing precisely what he attempts to make his sitter undergo. This is a mutual advantage, and saves time. Being quick acting, the sympathies or antipathies are quickly settled. But the Englishman is shy in asking your terms; shy when he sees himself on the canvas; shy in offering you the money when the work is done, or, if a presentation portrait, shy when the portrait is presented to him; but, with strange inconsistency, seems to throw aside all shyness in his anxiety to be exhibited in the Royal Academy. The American knows himself. When I painted a man who carries on an enormous drapery business in Boston, he said to me, "You must get my eyes, for I trade on 'em!" The American wants no precedent, and, indeed, rather despises it. The Englishman cannot exist without it. Canova said, "The English see with their ears."





Whitechapel  
Saturday morning

Phil May  
1906

*Courtesy of The Magazine of Art*

WHITECHAPEL: SATURDAY MORNING

IN THE ARTIST'S OPINION HIS MASTERPIECE IN PENCIL



It is this difference in the respective constitutions of the two nations which causes the difference in the personality, the identity; and they must be understood before any attempt is made to put them prominently and indelibly before the eyes of the world. And, mind, portraiture is nothing when devoid of this element of personal truth.—*H. von Herkomer, R. A., in The Magazine of Art.*

### Logical

An Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whisky. After being supplied he drank it, and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:

Landlord—"Here, sir, you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"What's that you say?"

Landlord—"I said you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"Did you pay for it?"

Landlord—"Of course I did."

Irishman—"Well, thin, what's the good of both of us paying for it?"—*Tit-Bits.*



THE APPLICANT

PLEASE, MUM, THE LADY THAT WASHES THE STEPS FOR THAT WOMAN WHICH LIVES OPPOSITE SES AS YOU WANTS A GIRL.—*Phil May's Picture Book.*

### Alcoholism among the Nations

A Paris correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* tells an interesting story about alcoholism in France. The average consumption of alcohol at 100 degrees in France in 1830 was  $6\frac{3}{4}$  litres to each inhabitant. It was then drunk chiefly in the form of wine. A litre is a little more than a quart. The average consumption in 1900 was  $18\frac{1}{5}$  litres, half in wine, a fourth in beer or cider, and a fourth in spirits. As some districts in France are still reasonably abstemious, the consumption in other districts is much above the average, Normandy and Brittany being especially drunken, and showing very serious results from it. It is not that the people get violently drunk, but that they keep themselves constantly drugged with alcohol, with ominous results in the form of disease and degeneracy. The average consumption of alcohol is estimated to be  $13\frac{1}{2}$  litres in Switzerland, about 10 in Belgium, Italy, and Denmark, about 9 in Germany, England, and Austria, 6 in Holland, 5 in the United States, and 2 in Canada. The poorer classes are most affected in France. The middle and higher classes as a rule have intelligence enough to restrict their potations. Other countries have been as drunken as France and have reformed. In Sweden in 1823 the average annual allowance to each inhabitant was  $23\frac{1}{2}$  litres of pure alcohol. Now it is 5 litres. Finland, between 1850 and 1900, came down from 20 litres to 2. England, where there is a special effort now to restrict the indulgence of the drunken, has in twenty-five years reduced her annual *per capita* allowance from 10 litres to 9. The great trouble at present in France seems to be that the government is not strong enough to restrict the manufacture and sale of liquors. Government in France needs votes. There are very nearly half a million wine-shops in France, and last year, in spite of repressive legislation, there were 1,137,328 private distillers who



made alcohol or brandy from their own produce for their own use. This enormous prevalence of private stills seems appalling. Their number has increased sevenfold since 1879. Government not only needs the votes of distillers and wine-sellers, but the revenue from alcohol is indispensable. So the problem is a hard one, but it must be solved, because to neglect it means destruction.—*Harper's Weekly*.

## The Ethics of the Subordinate

Can one who is in a subordinate position in the business world preserve a high moral standard, in view of the possible failure of moral methods in those who administer the business? It is a very easy thing to say that if a young man employed by a business house finds its methods indirect, dishonest, and untruthful, he may leave his position rather than abandon his moral ideals. Like most things that are easy to say, it is very often hard to do. In the first place, the subordinate belongs, as a rule, to an almost unlimited class of workers. The average worker has very little choice. His necessities compel him to get a living. Conditions of self-respect require that the living shall be honestly made. What is the ethical refuge of employees who may be confronted by these methods, which their moral sense disapproves? Two or three things must come to pass before the moral relation of employer and employee can be properly adjusted. First, a more intimate knowledge by the heads of a great business of each least detail concerning the well-being of their whole army of industry. When masters of industry understand that their well-being and success depend quite as fully as, in the conduct of a campaign, the general's success depends upon the weakest point in the whole body being strengthened, men will enter mercantile life as a great vocation, not simply because it deals with vast industry, but because it deals with vast masses of human beings. The second thing that must come to pass before the moral relations of employer and employee are

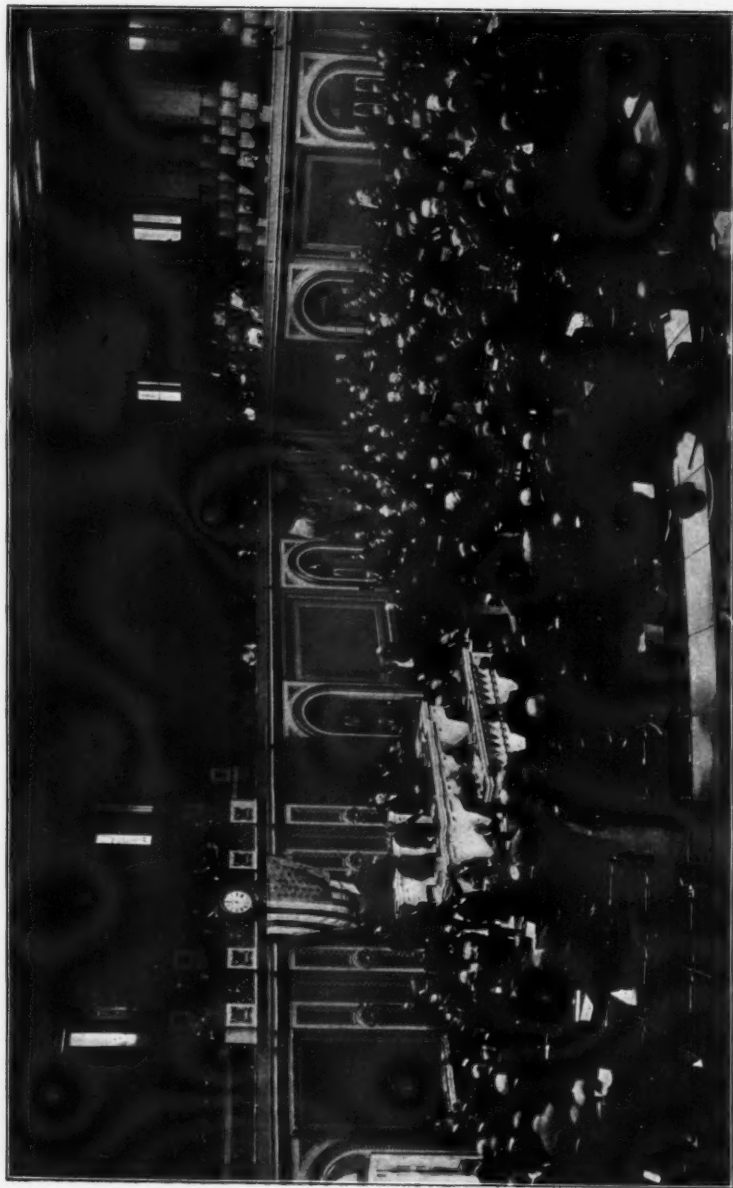
properly adjusted is the recognition of that law of human nature that all the conditions of life cannot be fulfilled where an insufficient wage is paid for exhausting work. It is not enough to say that people can be got for that remuneration. If the remuneration does not provide a means of decent living, all manner of temptations present themselves to make good the difference. The passion for gambling among employees of the mercantile class is alarmingly prevalent. Of course, it is a fatal remedy, but it arises from the desire to enter the world all at once with the great gambling public which is stricken through with the desire to get something for nothing. Old-fashioned self-denial is no longer popular; and the restraint which comes with saving carries with it a kind of undefined sense of embarrassment and shame. A little less greed, a little more care, and above all an embracing sense of human brotherhood, are the elements which enter into the devising of that plan of business life which shall make the em-



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG

THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS.—*Punch*





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# THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly



ployer the guardian of the employee, and the employee the devoted friend of the employer. In the nature of things the subordinate can never be other than the man under orders; but his orders may be of a kind that he shall delight to carry out, because they engross not simply his energy, but command also the highest offices of his mind. He has the right to expect a dividend on the investment of himself in another man's business; and the lifting of his moral nature to a higher level is not only an ideal, it is a necessity on which the existence of society depends.

—*Thomas R. Slicer in The Cosmopolitan.*

### The Five-Minute Debate

Not infrequently at his first session a representative or a senator has come to the front and commanded the attention and following of his fellow-members. It is a question of ability. If he essays a flight beyond his wings, he must bear the mortification of failure; but if, as sometimes happens, he is master of the situation, he takes his place at the front.

The rules governing the consideration of bills in the House of Representatives provide that when general debate is closed, any member shall be allowed five minutes to explain any amendment he may offer, after which the member who may first obtain the floor shall be allowed to speak the same length of time in opposition.

But under this rule the five-minute debate must be germane to the amendment. No opportunity is afforded by it to the new member to make what could properly be termed his maiden speech. By cultivating the friendship and obtaining the respect and confidence of a chairman or minority leader of one of the more prominent committees he will soon be given his chance.

For a new Congressman to interrupt a speaker to ask a question in the line of debate sometimes means trouble for the offender. Not so very many years ago a prominent member of the House of Representatives was making an eloquent speech upon a party measure, and with characteristic ability was avoiding the details of the subject, which he was well aware would not stand too close scrutiny.

Right in the middle of his eloquence he

was asked a very pertinent question by a new and unheard-of member, and it was demanded that a reply of either yes or no be given. As it would not have been advantageous to the orator's argument to make such an answer, and as he resented the interruption from the new member, he at first paid no attention to the question.

The query was repeated in such a manner as to attract the attention of the entire House, whereupon the speaker turned to the persistent questioner, and asked him if he were not aware that there were some questions which it was impossible to answer satisfactorily by either yes or no.

"I defy you to give me an example of such a question," was the reply.

"Tell me by either yes or no if you are still beating your wife?"

It is hardly necessary to state that the question was not answered, and the controversy ended amid the laughter of the House and the confusion of the precocious beginner.—*John D. Long in Youth's Companion.*

### In Praise of Marie Corelli

Marie Corelli is bold; perhaps she is the boldest writer that has ever lived. What she believes she says, with a brilliant fearlessness that sweeps aside petty argument in its giant's stride towards the goal for which she aims. She will have no half-measures. Her works, gathered together under one vast cover, might fitly be printed and published as an amplified edition of the Decalogue.

It is small wonder, then, that she has not earned the approbation of those critics who are unable to grasp the stupendous



*Courtesy of George W. Jacobs*

WHAT BECOMES OF PRESS CUTTINGS SENT TO  
MARIE CORELLI



nature of her programme; they, having always held by certain canons, and finding those canons brusquely disregarded, retort with wholesale condemnation of matters that they deem literary heterodoxy, but whose sterling simplicity is in reality altogether beyond their ken. Fortunately, their words have failed to frighten off the public, which, ever loyal to one fighting for the right, has supported and befriended Marie Corelli in her dauntless crusade against vice and unbelief.

It may be asked, What is Marie Corelli's life-programme? Most writers have a definite object in view—this one to achieve immortality; that one to make money. What is Marie Corelli's?

Briefly she writes—has always written—to reach the hearts and minds of those thinking people of today who are striving to combat the subtleties of the agnostic and atheist; to strengthen their faith in the truth, the reality, the goodness of God and Christianity; the people who have hearts that throb with tenderness, hope, love, and sincerity. She would purify society. She would destroy the rule of unbelief and insincerity, and raise in its place ideal characters and conditions strongly built upon a foundation of faith and truth. Such is Marie Corelli's programme.

But what of that self of which so much has been heard? It is a personality striking in its simplicity and in its power. Marie Corelli is a woman of women, simple in her tastes, strong in her faiths and aims, with a heart full of sympathy for others, living a busy life that from its productiveness in the world of literature is a constant influence for good in the hearts and homes of thousands the world over, and in its private relationships a source of help, inspiration, and benefit to those with whom she comes in contact.—*From Marie Corelli*, by J. F. G. Coates and R. S. Bell (George W. Jacobs).

### Why the Stomach does not Digest Itself

When we consider the extraordinary dissolvent potency which the juices of the human stomach must possess in order to digest the strange assortment of substances that we are in the habit of putting down our throats, we wonder how it is that these

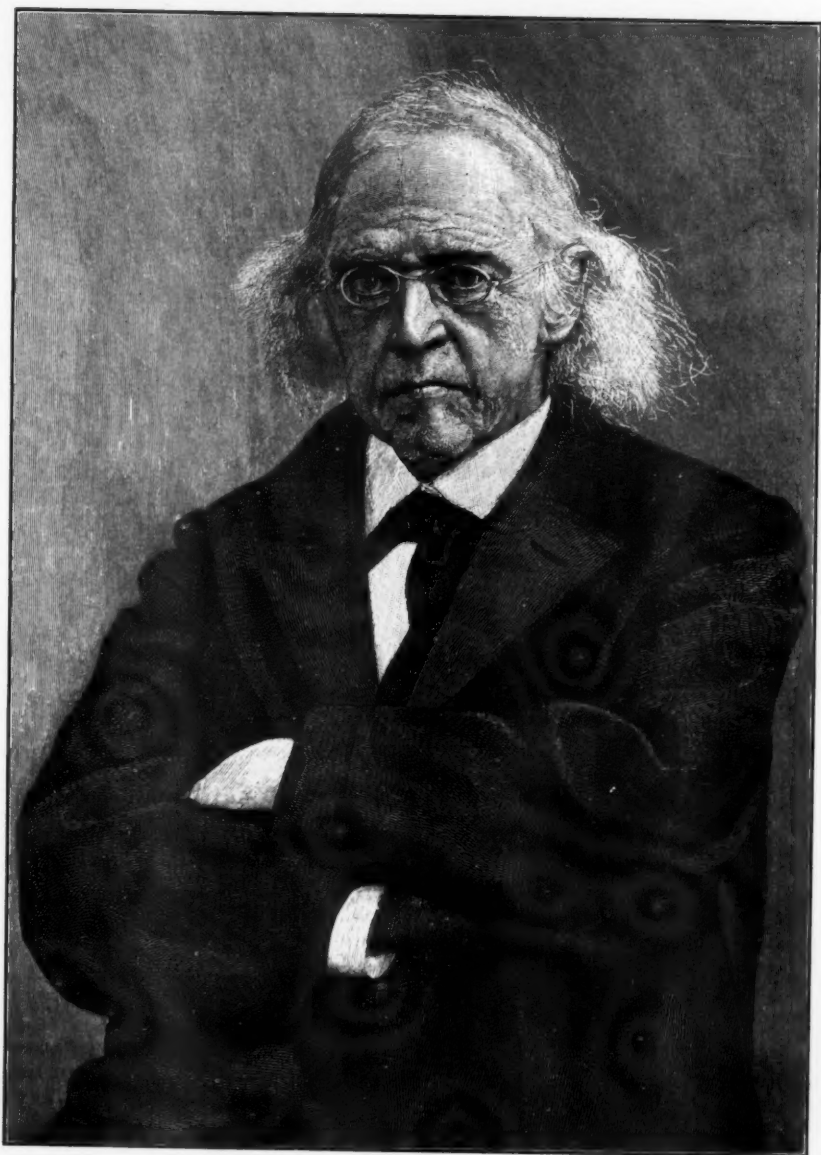
juices do not turn the walls of the digestive tract and the whole digestive apparatus into chyme and chyle. The digestive tract is filled with ferments capable of dissolving food; but these ferments do not attack the intestinal walls nor the parasitic worms that often live there. Recent investigations conducted by E. Weinland have shown that this immunity is due to the secretion by the living tissues of certain anti-ferments. The following interesting experiment was made: A mixture of fibrin and trypsin or pepsin was prepared and, after the addition of a small quantity of the juice of ascarides, or round worms, it was found that no digestion of the fibrin took place. The ferment did not attack the fibrin even when no more of the juice of parasitic worms was added for an hour. It is thus not the living tissues that resist digestion, it is the juices that impregnate them, which they themselves have produced.—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Mommsen, Scholar and Politician

At his death Professor Mommsen occupied a unique position in contemporary Europe. By common consent he was the foremost scholar, both by virtue of the extent and variety of his attainments, and the extraordinary literary value of one or two of his works. He was also the accepted *savant* of the German people, the tutelary intellectual genius of his country. For many years it had been his business to expound German ideals and to give voice to racial ambitions. His history of Rome is not a mosaic of painfully deciphered facts, but a story of living men, a drama of the rise of one of the greatest of human peoples. Only a laborious scholar can know what a deep foundation of scholarship underlies the vivid narrative; but the most prosaic of men can feel in the tale something of an epic magnificence. Mommsen carried the same vitality into his politics. An enthusiastic Liberal from the first, and a strenuous opponent of Bismarck, he remained to the end a keen critic of policies and politicians. Whatever our verdict on his work, all must feel that a great figure has departed from the world.

He was a democrat, rejoicing in the strength of the people, and when he found





THEODOR MOMMSEN

*L'Illustration*



*Photograph by Meiny**Courtesy of Leslie's Monthly*

## CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

a man capable of leading the masses, ready to fall down and worship him. But the democracy must be a militant one. The ineffective philanthropist gets from him nothing but contempt. It is the strong man, the Caesar or Napoleon, who can discern the power of the "body-guard from the pavement," and use it to shatter effete institutions, who commands his admiration. He believes in and preaches the gospel of strength, and the strong unjust man seems to him more worth having than

a century of the ineffectual good. Liberal though he calls himself, his sympathies are far more with Sulla than with the Gracchi, who discovered a truth which they had not the courage to develop logically; with Catiline and "those terrible energies, the wicked," than with Cicero and academic virtue.

His conception of freedom, like that of most Individualists, was narrow and abstract; and he was prepared to submit to other bonds. He was nominally opposed



to the doctrine of Imperialism, but in practice he was an enthusiast for the domination of his own Teutonic race. The people are the only source of power and of political wisdom, so ran his creed; but they must be led, and their leader should tolerate no malcontents. The truth is that no Conservatism is so unshakable as a certain kind of Liberalism which professes a small number of Liberal dogmas, but is by temperament bureaucratic and absolutist. The net result of his teaching seems to us to have been the riveting of militarist and bureaucratic shackles upon his compatriots, and the encouragement of every grandiose racial ambition. Like the Republican Whigs of the eighteenth century, he showed how reaction can masquerade in the cap of liberty.—*The Spectator*.

### "Charlie, the Crook Chaser"

Years ago, when Charles J. Bonaparte told his fellow Baltimoreans that he thought free education as demoralizing as free food and drink, he was dubbed "Soup-house Charlie" in derision. Later, when he seized upon certain of them and pushed them into jail, they called him other and more picturesque names—this time in earnest. Now the sentences of most of them having expired, and Mr. Bonaparte having been elevated to the seats of the mighty, his popular or pet name has become "Charlie the Crook Chaser." The last of this series of printable and unprintable titles is by far the best. It fits him as well as he fits the post of Corruption-ventilator-in-ordinary to the Roosevelt administration.

Beneath the forehead lurks the Bonaparte smile. It is there all the time—morning, noon, and night. It is there when its owner arises in court to pronounce a eulogy upon a dead judge, it is there when he lashes the "leaders" on the stump, and it is there when he is in a case and the witnesses on the other side begin to perspire coldly. This smile, though even its owner may not have known it, was one of the chief assets of the Baltimore Reform League in the year of grace 1895, when the ancient and odorous democracy of Maryland faced "Soup-house Charlie," and went tumbling

into a heap of writhing grafters, scared "leaders," and twisted machinery. It is a smile of fascination and woful troubles—sweet, oily, insinuating, seductive, deceitful, sarcastic, sardonic, terrifying, paralyzing, and diabolical. When the lesser law-breakers of the old machine faced it, it seemed fairly hellish. If Bonaparte had bawled at them and called them names, they would have understood him and opposed him. But with that grisly, ghastly smile upon his countenance he seemed the very embodiment of the powers of darkness. Many a Maryland politician who was never directly blasted by it sees it in his dreams; and one who has best cause thus to see it is the Honorable Arthur Pue Gorman, senator, statesman, and presidential possibility. Were Mr. Bonaparte to die tomorrow Mr. Gorman's chances of being President would be vastly increased.

Several times during its more strenuous years the members of the Reform League, or some of them, refused to sign reports because they regarded the charges made as libelous. Each time Mr. Bonaparte thereupon made the charges himself, over his signature, in a letter to the public.

"If there are libel suits," he said, "I am responsible. Let them sue."

But no writhing politician would ever sue Charles J. Bonaparte for libel. It would be too much like attempting to stop a dynamo with one's walking stick.

The newspapers of Baltimore, knowing Mr. Bonaparte's absolute accuracy, print any charges he makes against public officials, secure in the knowledge that no damage suits will follow. He never accuses until he is certain, and then he doesn't spare his victim. Having a million or more in good securities, he would be an easy target for shyster lawyers were it not for the fact that no shyster lawyer would oppose him in court for any fee less than a billion.—*John F. Brownell in Leslie's Monthly*.

### Domestic Strategy

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night, and she hasn't



touched it," he said. At this the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said.

"What would you have me do?" asked the other.

"Simply do as I do," was the assured reply. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife, flourish it round a little and say, 'Where's that rag-bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" asks my wife. Her suspicions are roused at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away; it's worn out," I say, with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt," my wife says then. "Now, John, hand it to me at once."

"Of course I pass it over, and she examines it. 'Why, John Taylor,' she is sure to say, 'I never knew such extravagance! This is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is —' And then she mends it."—*New York Press*.

### Rockefeller Religion

"The man who charges too much for groceries," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "will not succeed very long." Just what would be too much for oil he omitted to say. "A man may fool the people sometimes," he continued, "but he can never fool Almighty God"—and he recommended the Golden Rule, an amusing rule to bear in mind when plunged in the history of Standard Oil. "The requirements of a successful business career are really right in line with the requirements of a Christian life." Is this sacrilege, or is it jest? Probably young Mr. Rockefeller thinks it sober truth. He probably believes that Christianity has nothing to do with life. It is a doctrine comforting and consoling. "The personal comfort that religion has been to me," says John D., Senior, "has been such that sometimes I feel that I would like to go upon the lecture platform and tell the people about it." Tell them, for instance, how raising the price of oil, almost as he spoke, fits into his consolation. Tell them how his methods against competitors illustrate the Golden Rule.

Tell them how becoming fabulously rich through illegal rebates is "in line with the requirements of a Christian life." Explain how natural is the accumulation of so much gold in a disciple of the Teacher who commanded us to give the very cloak from our backs to the needy. Talk about ways and means of making stocks go up and down and methods of influencing the minds of legislators. Explain the superiority of Standard Oil victories to those of old-time buccaneers. Is Mr. Rockefeller an ornament to true religion or is he a most enormous burlesque thereof? It would seem to us more respectful to an Inspired Teacher and his religion of gentleness and love if the conductor of an enterprise, with a wake so full of wrecks and a power so ruthlessly used against the law, should leave Christianity altogether out of the question and preach some acerbated version of the gospel according to Plutus.—*Collier's*.

### The Universal Target

Speak kindly to the millionaire;  
Perhaps he does his best.  
Don't try to drive him to despair  
With rude, unfeeling jest.  
Don't laugh at portraits which display  
His face with comic leer,  
And when he gives his wealth away  
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,  
He has a right to live  
And feel the sun and breathe the air  
And keep his coin or give.  
You may be rich yourself, you see,  
Before your life is through;  
Speak kindly, and remember he  
Is human, just like you.

—*Washington Star*.

### How Chopin Wrote His "Funeral March"

It was on one of my art pilgrimages that I met Chopin first. The common friend who introduced us to each other was the Count Xavier de Maistre.

It was not in my present studio that his wonderful "Funeral March" was composed. I was then (about 1840 I think it was) established in another, a more Bohemian workshop, if possible, than this one. As I used it for the threefold purpose of painting, eating, and sleeping in, I had divided it into three compartments



by means of tapestry hangings descending from roof to floor. The middle compartment was more properly my studio. In it were all my artist paraphernalia, including a human skeleton, which I used for draping in various attitudes. Of the furniture there were two articles that helped to constitute the scene I am about to relate—the one a large divan standing against the tapestry of my sleeping compartment; the other a piano, which I had bought cheap from a second-hand dealer and from which I had sawn out the panels in order to paint pictures on them.

It happened that on the day which has since become historic I had invited a friend

or two to dine with me. After the meal some other friends had joined us in the studio. I may mention Chevandier de Valdrôme, Ludre, de Polignac (the musician), Chopin, and Ricard (who had painted my portrait). We were a gay party and prolonged our *causerie* into the small hours of the morning. It must have been about two o'clock, I think, when, being for a moment alone with Ricard in the middle compartment—the others were in the sleeping room beyond the divan—I seized the skeleton on the suggestion of some mad fancy passing through my head, and shrouding it in the piano cover, which Ricard obligingly whipped off for me, I



AN ECLIPSE IN THE FINANCIAL HEAVENS

Bart in Minneapolis Journal



raised the tapestry and made it jig before our friends on the further side.

At first they saw only the comic side of the situation. Their previous merriment grew louder and reached its maximum when de Polignac stalked forward, took the skeleton from me, insinuated himself beneath the shroud, and, sitting down at the piano, made the bony fingers of the puppet play. It was a weird spectacle. All of us were fascinated by the grim humor of this skeleton man performing on what, with some truth, might be called a skeleton instrument, its naked hammers looking like so many teeth moving within a skull. We began to affect or to feel a sort of fright, for which rhythmic taps on the divan,

secretly administered by one of the company, were partly responsible. There were repeated Oh! ohs! one, at last, more energetic than the rest, proceeding from Chopin. We looked at him. Moved by a sudden inspiration, he advanced toward de Polignac, seized the skeleton in his turn, and, displacing the performer, himself sat down on the stool. The first chords that he struck were with the skeleton on his knees, but, warming to his theme, he let it clatter to the ground. A deep silence fell on us. It was the "Funeral March" he was playing. There is no need for me to enlarge on the applause that greeted Chopin at its conclusion. We knew and he knew that



MAP OF AFRICA  
AT THE PRESENT TIME 1759

*The Political Advertiser*

MAP OF AFRICA SUPPLIED BY THE BRITISH WAR OFFICE TO  
GENERAL'S IN THE FIELD



he had composed a masterpiece. Before going to bed he spent four hours in putting on to paper his new creation. It is possible he may have added to his improvisation some chords, some few bars even that rendered it more complete. But he changed none of its essential features. The music we heard on that memorable night was substantially what is contained in the written notes of to-day.—*Felix Ziem* in *The Independent*.

### An Impromptu Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep—  
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.  
I didn't mean to spill that ink:

I only meant to softly creep  
Under the desk an' be a bear—  
'T ain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell  
Just how it was an accident,  
An' that I never truly meant,  
An' never saw it till it fell.  
I feel a whole lot worse'n her;  
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot  
An' choked all up like sister does,  
An' acted sadder than I wuz,  
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"  
She'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he sha'n't,"  
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit  
That when she talks an' talks at you,  
An' you wait patient till she's through,  
An' start to tell your side of it,  
She says, "Now that'll do, my son;  
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.

'F I should die before I wake—  
Maybe I ain't got any soul;  
Maybe there's only just a hole  
Where't ought to be—there's such an ache  
Down there somewhere! She seemed to think  
That I just loved to spill that ink.

—*Ethel M. Kelley* in *The Century*.

### The Business End of a Spiritual Monarchy

The business department of the Vatican—by which term is comprehended the immense yet delicate machinery of the Roman Catholic Church—is probably the least known and yet the most interesting bit of mechanism connected with that notable organization, than which, Lord Macaulay declared, none was more worthy of serious examination.

The receipts and the expenditures of the Vatican, like those of our own Government at Washington, vary from year to

year, so that it is impossible to give precise figures. It is estimated, however, upon good authority, that during the last years of the life of Leo XIII the annual receipts and expenditures amounted to about \$1,500,000. One estimate of the division of this sum places \$100,000 for the support of Cardinals and diplomatic missions abroad, \$500,000 for the maintenance of the Vatican and its library and museums, which, of course, includes the Vatican household expenses; \$400,000 for the Pontifical alms and the subsidies to the schools of Rome; \$300,000 to gifts and charities; and \$200,000 for miscellaneous purposes.

The revenues of the Church come from two sources, one known as the "Patrimony of Peter" and the other called "Peter's Pence." The Patrimony of Peter represents the invested capital of the Church. It is the interest on funds invested by former pontiffs, rents from buildings owned by the Church, fees for various services performed and documents that are issued in the course of every-day ecclesiastical business. Since the bulk of its property was seized by the Italian government, the Church realizes very little from its real estate holdings in the Eternal City. Peter's Pence is probably more important than the fixed revenues of the Vatican, for it represents the voluntary and often spontaneous offerings of the faithful.

The Pope has no personal salary. There is a reason: being a spiritual sovereign he cannot be a subject of or subject to any person on earth. This one thought contains, in a nutshell, the whole theory and contention of the Church as to the temporal power of the Pope. He not only protests against the confiscation of church property, but he declines to be an Italian subject, and is thus a self-immured prisoner in the Vatican. The Popes have followed Pius IX in steadfastly declining to receive the money voted for the maintenance of the Holy See by the Italian government. It is a grant of about 3,000,000 francs a year, and, as it has been refused for thirty-three years, the total is now about \$20,000,000 with interest. No tax is imposed on the Church for the support of the Pope. In this the Pope differs from every other minister of the Church. Rectors and curates receive specified salaries. The



bishops are supported by the pastors. Every parish sets aside a pro rata sum, known as "Cathedraticum," for the bishop. Cardinals are paid a salary of \$5,000 per annum, exactly the amount paid by our Government to each member of the United States Senate. Nuncios, legates, and delegates are paid prescribed salaries.—George Barton in *The Book-Keeper*.

### "The People's Joe"

There has rarely been in English politics a personality whom it is so difficult to read as Mr. Chamberlain. It is not that he appears to his admirers and to his adversaries to be two different people, for that has repeatedly occurred. As demagogue we rather respect Mr. Chamberlain, for he belongs to an unusual variety—the men who are not courting Demos, but intent on persuading Demos to court them.



BRUMMY JOE

"UP ON THE STUMP LEAPS BRUMMY JOE;  
IT'S TAKING FOOD THAT MAKES HIM GO."

This is by far the nobler form, and leaves us at least the chance that a man of genius may possess himself of the springs of authority. He is the Minister of a Sovereign more or less stupid, not his courtier. In this capacity our only reproach for him is that, like most ministers of absolute sovereigns, he hides many truths from his master, and grows by degrees too reckless in his methods of persuasion. It is as politician that we are inclined to underrate Mr. Chamberlain. He seems to us to have a kind of half-capacity for largeness of view. He is, for example, undoubtedly an Imperialist, but he thinks only of half the Empire. He remembers always the twelve millions of white Colonists, whom he wishes to bind more strongly to the central power, and who, we fully admit, are by far the more important portion, but forgets the hundreds of millions who are already bound. He openly treats the tropical Colonies as "great estates," to be worked for the trader's profit, and throughout his recent speeches has never once mentioned the effect of his policy upon the most magnificent and the most productive of our possessions. For him India might not exist. The white Colonies, indeed, he loves and solicits, but his notion of love-making is to offer bribes. Mr. Chamberlain's strength and feeblenesses are those of the people he addresses. He is as combative as they are, as insular as they are, and like them he usually confounds foresight with apprehension. To him, as to them, the foreigner is anathema—a man to be defeated not only when he attacks, but when he outstrips. Add that Mr. Chamberlain, though not a great orator, is one of the greatest of public speakers at a time when great public speakers are wonderfully few, that he has marvelous courage in a period when all his rivals are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and that he speaks in the English understood of the people, and we shall comprehend the potency of his personality. There will yet remain this—that Mr. Chamberlain

Punch





Punch

### JOE THE VENTRILOQUIST

PROFESSOR CH-ME-RL-N: "YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE TALKS JUST AS WELL  
EVEN WHEN I GO AWAY!"



is a man who dare lead, and that democracy would rather be led over the precipice than left without leadership at all. That is the truth which more aristocratic statesmen never can be induced to learn. They can quite understand, and often really expect, an "ugly rush" against a king, a ministry, or an institution; but the readiness with which the multitude forms rank behind the captain who says "Let us charge!" is still hidden from their eyes. Mr. Chamberlain is ready to lead—as we think, in a dangerous direction—and because he will lead, a great section of the community is willing at once to follow.—*London Spectator*.

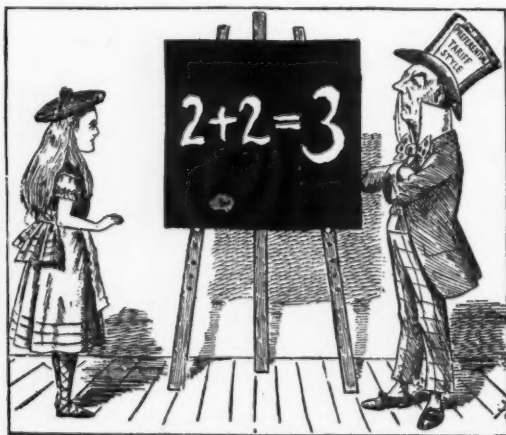
### Wonderland Figures

"But your figures are all wrong," said Alice rather contemptuously.

The Mad Hatter glared at her indignantly. "I only use figures as illustrations," he remarked. "I do not pretend that they are proofs; the proof will be found in the argument and not in the figures. I use figures as illustrations to show what the argument is."

"But," said Alice, "if your figures are wrong your argument must be wrong too."

The Mad Hatter glared more than ever. "My figures are the outcome of my emotions," he exclaimed with a tragic air. "Go away, Jam and Pickles!"



F. G. Gould in *The Westminster Gazette*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS THE MAD HATTER

"Why do you call me Jam and Pickles?" asked Alice.

"Because you're not sugar," replied the Mad Hatter loftily. "You're not worth considering?"—*Through the Looking Glass* (New Version).

["In this controversy which I am commencing here I use figures as illustrations. I do not pretend that they are proofs; the proof will be found in the argument and not in the figures; I use figures as illustrations to show what the argument is. . . . Sugar has gone—let us not weep for it; jam and pickles remain."—Mr. Chamberlain, at Greenock, October 7, 1903.]—*Westminster Gazette*.

### A Big Thing in Cities

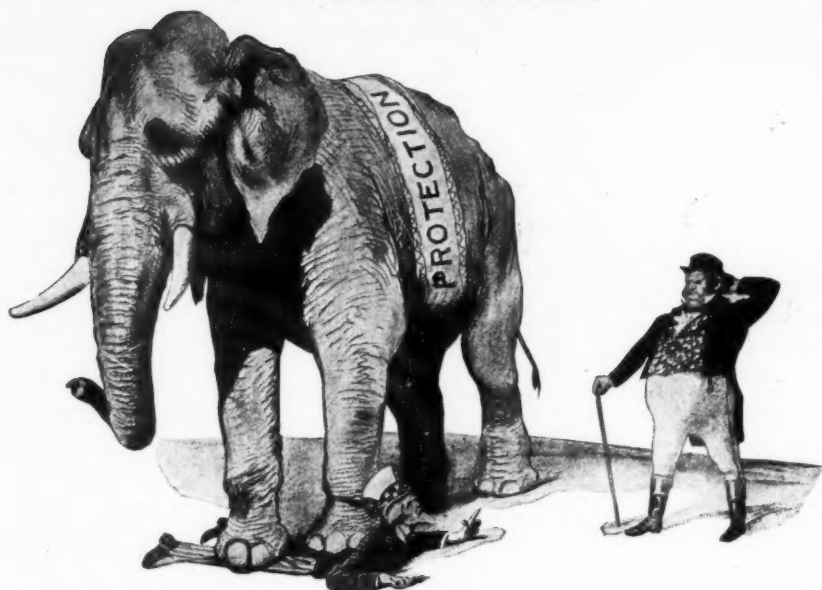
At the beginning of 1904 a continuous line of trolley-cars will connect the cities of the seaboard for five hundred miles. With every day's growth of facilities for transportation, the ties between Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York become more complete.

A thousand causes have tended to centre population around New York harbor, producing the phenomenal growth of New York City; this notwithstanding the many drawbacks of past and present. One chief cause of change will be cheap automobile transportation by public vehicles, relieving the congestion of the centres and carrying the population off into rural districts. There, one, two, or more acres will give the family all the health and pleasures of country life, and the economies which result from the high cultivation of small pieces of land for household use.

It is therefore not too much to suppose that, judging from the growth in country districts in the last ten years, in spite of comparatively poor transit facilities, we shall have in 1909 a continuous city along the Atlantic seaboard, five hundred miles in length—even to Washington.

Undoubtedly, by natural advantage and impetus, New York will eventually hold the social and business heart of a city containing fifty thousand square miles and





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UNCLE SAM: "I HEAR, JOHN, THAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN ELEPHANT. CAN'T YOU TAKE THIS ONE?"

twenty million inhabitants, stretching from beyond Boston five hundred miles along the Atlantic seaboard to Baltimore and Washington and running back one hundred miles into beautiful mountain ranges. Fifty thousand square miles brought within the reach of a great city means thirty-two million acres—that is, more than one acre and a half for each man, woman, and child of twenty millions of population. The meaning of rapid transit for future generations is acres, instead of rooms in tenements.—*John Brisben Walker in The Cosmopolitan.*

## The American as a Sportsman

Most Americans are thorough newspaper sportsmen. Now in England and her colonies they take their exercise more seriously than we do, and the majority of Englishmen even carry their interest so far as the greensward, and fight out their athletic contests under the blue sky. Pretty nearly every Briton, from the mill-hand to the peer of the realm, can handle a cricket bat, and he seldom lets his muscles get stiff from the lack of practice at his national sport. Of course some of us

Americans play cricket and golf and tennis and football, but the number is small. The average American citizen after he leaves school or college has not the time for real sport. For the most part he confines himself to the tabloid forms of exercise. Every morning he devotes all of five minutes to a violent, health-dealing "system" in his own room, and satisfies any extra sporting blood he may have by reading the sporting page of his morning paper, and he does this while hanging on to a strap on his way down town to business in an elevated railroad or trolley car.

But when the American takes up business he usually puts his sport aside as an evil thing, and tries to reach his place of business before the office boy has had time to sweep out. He generally remains to see that the office shutters are well barred for the night. He learns to regard a national holiday as a public nuisance, and it is only since the Saturday early-closing laws have been introduced that he has been forced to recognize the delights of Saturday golf. And so, while we find the Briton, either at home or in his many possessions all over the world, combining his work with a healthy dash of active





ROOTING FOR THE HOME TEAM

Outing

sport, the average American goes on about his business, reads his sporting page, and at great intervals pays to see some one exercise for him.

You cannot wholly eradicate an American's love for a three-bagger, and baseball and the races are about the only two things which will cause him to close up his roller-top desk before the sunset gun. Through his sporting page he follows the home team all over the circuit, and when he reads of its return to the local grounds, and if its average is not too hopeless, his sluggish sporting blood will begin to flow again, and he yearns for the sharp crack of the bat as it lines out a boundary hit. And so he hangs up his black alpaca coat, and, having given his secretary permission to sign his dictated letters, he takes the car marked "To the Ball Game," and for the nonce is a boy again. He sits on a hard bench or an equally hard cushion, and, if the weather gives him any excuse at all, he takes off his coat and unbuttons his collar, borrows a light for his cigar from his neighbor, and then "roots" for the home team. And when it is all over, and he has prayed and sworn and howled with the best of them, he goes home very happy, and wonders why he does not more often spend an afternoon in the open air

and see the game as it really is, instead of getting it second-hand from his sporting extra.—Charles Belmont Davis in *Outing*.

## A Great American Colonial Governor

Governor Taft leaves the Philippine Islands with the insular government not only self-supporting, but even lending money to provinces and municipalities. Under the Spanish rule the rich man imported champagne free of duty and the poor man paid a prohibitive duty on kerosene and wheat flour. Under the new insular government the tariff has been removed from necessities and increased on luxuries. The revenue, instead of decreasing, has shown an increase. Out of the surplus a coast-guard service has been established, which not only affords protection but also establishes quick communication between the islands. This coast-guard fleet includes twenty vessels, each 140 feet in length, manned by Filipino crews and American engineers. These boats carry mails and enforce the custom laws. This service was installed at a cost of \$1,000,000, which was a surplus out of the revenues of the islands.

If Governor Taft's offer to purchase the friars' lands is accepted, it will record his greatest achievement as governor. When he assumed the reins of government, the question of the friars' lands was the burning question in the islands. Governor Taft determined on a business course. He had the land surveyed and a fair valuation (approximately \$5,000,000) placed on it. He then heard both sides. He questioned the friars frankly about the charges of immorality that had been made against them; he questioned the people who hated the friars for acquiring the best land. It is Governor Taft's plan to buy the land and give first chance for ownership to the present tenants. His visit to Pope Leo was an evidence of his desire to act in harmony with the Church.

As president of the first Philippine Commission Judge Taft drafted the Civil Service act, and as governor he witnessed its successful operation. He required efficiency as the first qualification, and no drones were allowed. Heads of departments reported to him directly instead of





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Courtesy of *World's Work*

## GOVERNOR TAFT AT A NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT

to the head of the bureau. He encouraged the appointment of natives to offices of trust.

Governor Taft found an oppressive tax system. The poor man was paying a tax on his plow, which was a necessity, and the rich man who owned hundreds of acres paid no land tax. A land tax is now assessed and yields a large revenue.

The success of the constabulary, an armed native force of 6,000, has been a vindication of Governor Taft's confidence in the Filipinos. The desertions from the constabulary are fewer in proportion than those from the army now in the islands. Governor Taft has given his active co-operation to public education. Early in his life on the islands he saw that the natives were united on two things: a detestation of the friars, and a desire for education. During his administration 1,000 teachers were brought over from the United

States to teach English. Primary schools have been established in every province. There are numerous provincial secondary high schools, while at Manila there is an excellent normal school. One hundred Filipinos will be sent to the United States to get technical and university educations.

Governor Taft's administration has witnessed the introduction of a sound currency, the improvement of harbors, the establishment of cable service, and the taking of a census which cost \$1,000,000.

—*The World's Work*.

## 130 Miles an Hour!

The attainment of the speed of 130 miles an hour on the high-speed electric road from Berlin to Zossen, which has been duly chronicled in these columns, has probably caused many of our readers to wonder just how the men in the cab



felt when they saw poles and trees flying past. It happens that Dr. Reichel, one of the engineers who was in the car at the time it made its historical run, published in a Berlin weekly a very good account of the experience of those who conducted the experiments. We translate the more striking portions:

All preparations have been made; a brake test has been carried out; the engineers have climbed into the car; and the military posts along the road have been informed that the car is soon to start. The motorman turns the controller very slowly through a few degrees. Fourteen thousand volts shoot from the lines to the motors.

With a whirr the car starts on its memorable journey from Marienfelde. The overhead wires are swaying in a strong wind. A mile and a quarter has been covered. The speed indicator shows a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour.

Each second the speed increases. Just before the station of Mahlow appears a curve of 6,560 feet radius looms up. The speed is now 109 miles an hour. We seem to be leaping toward the curve. No bend can be seen; the track apparently ends abruptly. We know there is a curve, and yet we are anxious; we brace ourselves for a shock. Just as we reach the curve the track seems to bend into a gentle arc into which the car runs easily.

We climb a grade of twenty-six feet to the mile—slight, to be sure, and yet to ascend it at full speed we must expend 300 horse power more. The train is flying on faster and faster. We rush through Mahlow at a speed of 115 miles an hour. No vibration or shock is felt. It seems as if the car itself were not moving—as if buildings, poles, trees were flickering past. Only the humming of the wheels assures us that is we who are moving.

The finger of the speed indicator slips along to a mark which shows that the car is making 121 miles an hour. At every crossing a loud ringing note can be heard, caused by the wheels. Fragments of ballast as large as walnuts are sucked up into the air and fall back as the train rushes on. At first the speed is bewildering, almost stupefying.

We in the cab are much nearer the track than is the engineer of a steam loco-

motive. On that account it seems at first as if the car is literally devouring the road by the mile. Gradually we become accustomed to the new sensation. The feeling of safety and comfort which overcomes the first shock of amazement gives rise to the desire to travel faster.

After the 120-mile-an-hour mark has been passed the excitement in the car becomes intense. Not a word is spoken. Only the click of the wheels over the rails is heard. Every eye that is not fastened on the speed indicator is glued on the track.

Suddenly, at a distance of about half a mile, we see two men unconcernedly standing in the middle of the road calmly awaiting the car. The motorman jumps for the whistle string. As the danger signal shrieks, the two men on the track turn about with a frightened look and then flee for their lives. No power on earth can stop this 93-ton car within a mile.

Suddenly a smashing blow is heard against the window of the cab, as if a man brought his fist heavily down upon a table. It was a bird, *overtaken* in its flight and killed. The speed indicator finger climbs up past the 124-mile mark.

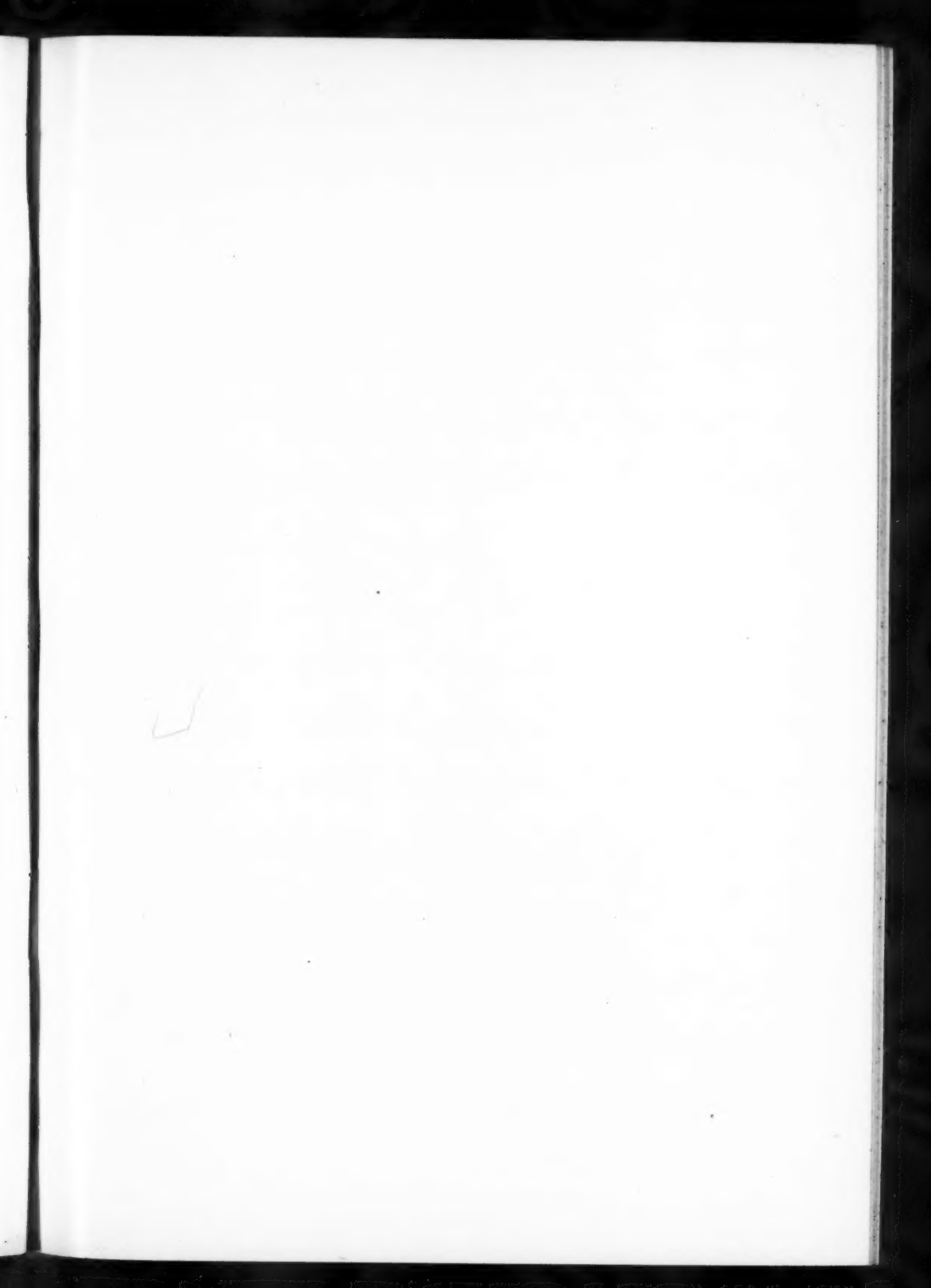
A quarter of a mile before reaching the curve near Rangsdorf we shut off the current and apply the full power of the brakes. The speed of the car drops to 102 miles. The curve is rounded in a noble swing. The brake is released, and the car glides along under its own momentum without any current whatever until Zossen is reached. In eight minutes we have leaped from Marienfelde to Zossen.

We crowd around the telegraph instruments, which have recorded a speed never before attained in the annals of railroading. The telegrapher can hardly attend to his instruments, so many heads are pressing about him. Finally he succeeds in reading off the record—130.4 miles an hour.

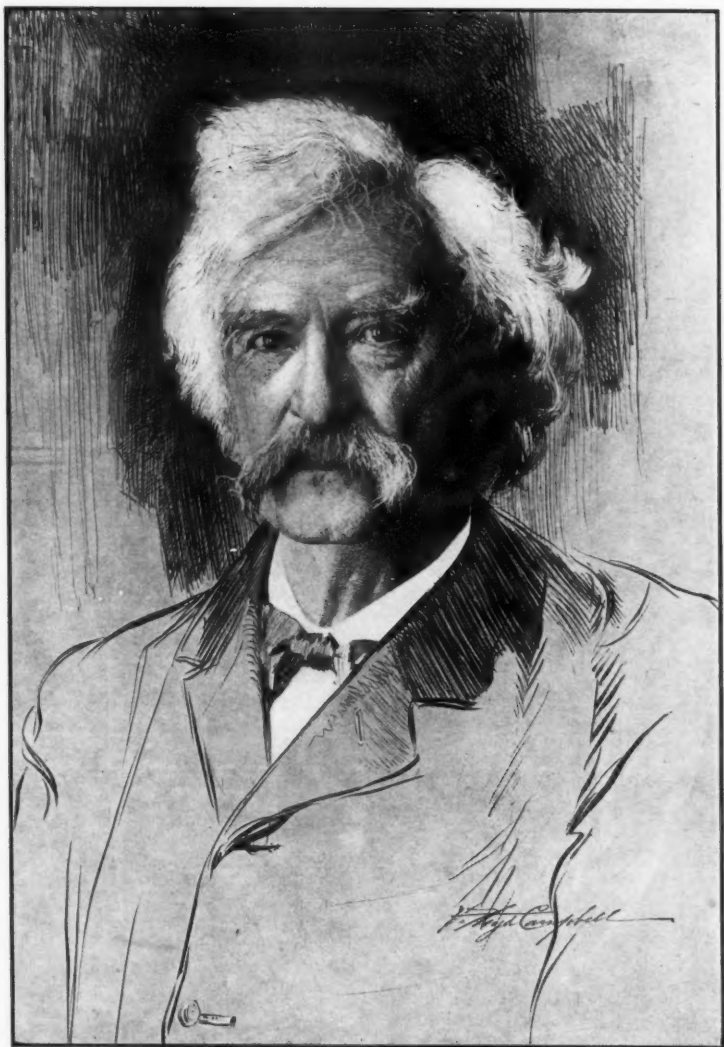
Every one smiles; hands are shaken, congratulations exchanged. An officer rushes off to the telegraph station to announce to His Majesty the Kaiser the feat which German engineers have succeeded in performing.

The front end of the car is covered with flies, bees, and small insects, crushed as if by a thumb against the iron and glass.—*Scientific American*.









Sincerely Yours  
S. L. Clemens  
— 2





## MARK TWAIN—Made in America

The virgin soil of America has produced in the last century a rich harvest of humor. The first fruits of this harvest appeared even in Colonial times, when the genial warmth of the Quaker City's atmosphere dissolved the ice of Puritanism around the heart of Franklin and interfused his inborn Yankee shrewdness with the kindly charity of his adopted home. The wars and dissensions of the Revolutionary era stayed its growth, but with the opening of the nineteenth century it broke forth again in the delightful creations of Washington Irving, whose masterpieces of humor, *Knickerbocker's History*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, in spite of their disguise of eighteenth-century English diction, are racy with the true flavor of the soil from which they sprang. And from Irving's day to our own this harvest, increasing alike in quantity, variety, and spontaneous charm, has been one of the staple products of our civilization. It has not been confined to any section of the country nor to any stratum of our varying levels of culture. The mining camp of the Rockies has borne fruit as well as the plantation of tidewater Virginia, the "poor white" Mississippi river-town as well as the academic center of New England.

We are not, it must be frankly confessed, a witty nation; in American literature the "wit" is a phenomenon, infrequent, and, as a rule, unappreciated. Wit, I fancy, is a plant that requires an older

soil and more deliberate culture than American life can often afford. But humor, that kindly, democratic, half skeptical, half sentimental, attitude of mind toward the universe at large, is indigenous. Every good American is a humorist at heart; and humor in all its forms, from screaming farce to genial character-creation, finds in America what is accorded to no other form of literature or art, a general, intelligent, and sympathetic appreciation.

Of all our humorists, alive or dead, Mark Twain is the most widely popular and the most typically American. It is not too much, I think, to say that he is the most popular because he is the most typically American. This underlying source of his popularity has, however, been more generally realized abroad than at home, where the fastidious niceness of the professional critic has too often been unable to perceive in the creations of our greatest humorist anything more than the contortions of the professional buffoon. It was but a few years ago, for example, that a solemn critic in our most decorous periodical refused him admission to the sacred circle presided over by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and declared that a circus-clown was as likely to attract the attention of the dramatic critic as Mark Twain that of the serious reviewer. And this a quarter of a century after the intelligent and sympathetic criticism of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had introduced the author of the *Jumping Frog* and the *Innocents Abroad* to the delighted audience of Europe!

The autobiographic element in the work



of Mark Twain has often been pointed out, but it is not perhaps generally realized that the interest of his books varies directly in proportion to the presence of this personal element. Where his work, to be successful, demands the exercise of the historic imagination, he fails lamentably, as in the luckless *Yankee at King Arthur's Court*. He is at his best when he is recording his own experiences; and in his happiest vein when he is transfusing them into a work of art, as in his crowning achievements of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. And this is because his life itself has been typically—one might almost say, uniquely—American.

Mark Twain, or to give him for once his true but almost forgotten name, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, spent the first years of his life in the little village of Hannibal, Missouri, "a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slave-holding Mississippi river-town." He appears to have been a boy very like his own Tom Sawyer, good-natured, mischievous, a truant, and a marvelous story-teller. He got little or no education in the village school, was apprenticed to a printer at twelve years of age, ran away from home, and followed his trade from town to town as far east as Philadelphia. He drifted back to the great river, planning a voyage of discovery to Brazil—a project which he soon renounced to take up the profitable craft of piloting. At the outbreak of the Civil War he abandoned piloting and enlisted in the Confederate army. He spent some three months in camp, was captured, escaped, and fled to the Far West as the private secretary of an older brother, who had just been appointed "to an office of such majesty that it concentrated in itself the duties and dignities of Treasurer, Comptroller, Secretary of State and Acting Governor" of the new Territory of Nevada. He soon caught the prevalent silver fever, discovered a fabulously rich mine or two from which, however, he secured nothing, except experience, and finally turned to journalism. He had the good fortune to serve his apprenticeship under two disciples of

Dana of the New York *Sun*, and managed in the course of his connection with his first paper to involve his superior in half a dozen duels by an over-free indulgence in humorous personalities. He accumulated a handsome fortune—on paper—only to see it crumble to nothing when the mining bubble burst. He became a reporter on a San Francisco paper, sailed to the Sandwich Islands as special correspondent, and made his *début* as humorous lecturer on the Californian platform. He returned to the East, discovered Europe and Palestine in the company of the immortal Innocents of the Quaker City excursion, and leaped into fame by his naïve record of this new Pilgrim's Progress. Since 1868 his life has been that of a man of letters. He has contributed countless articles, grave and gay, to our magazines; has some two dozen books to his credit; and has amused his leisure time by inventing articles of every description from a scrap-book to a buttonless shirt, by embarking in a publishing enterprise which failed for a colossal sum, and by paying off the debts in which this failure involved him, in a manner worthy of Sir Walter Scott. He is at present, it is not too much to say, the best known, the most widely read, and the best loved of American authors. A strangely varied life, and one which could not have been lived in any other country or any other age than our own.

Mr. Clemens' first printed article was, it appears, a fantastic burlesque of the paragraphs on river news contributed to the New Orleans *Picayune* by a patriarch of the piloting craft, over the signature of "Mark Twain." The parody so disgusted the old pilot that he entirely ceased to contribute to the press, and some years afterward departed this earthly life. "At the time the telegraph brought the news of his death," says Mr. Clemens, "I was a fresh, new journalist on the Pacific coast, and needed a *nom de guerre*; so I confiscated the ancient mariner's discarded one, and have done my best to make it remain what it was in his hands—a sign and symbol and warrant that whatever is found in



its company may be gambled on as being the petrified truth. How I've succeeded, it would not be modest in me to say."

It was over this signature that a number of humorous sketches appeared in the California journals during the middle sixties, one of which soon travelled eastward and attracted considerable attention. This was the famous *Jumping Frog*, the best known, perhaps, of all Twain's shorter stories. It is a very admirable example of what he himself has defined as the American humorous story, which depends for its effect not upon its matter, but entirely upon the manner in which it is told. The fun of the story consists by no means in the climax, but far more in the wholly serious fashion in which the author—copying, he declares, the old miner from whom he first heard the tale—narrates the absurd history of Jim Smiley, with his passion for betting, his rat terriers, his fighting cocks, his bulldog, "Andrew Jackson," and his trained frog, "Daniel Webster." And this fashion of blending false and true, this sober narration of preposterous nonsense, has been from Franklin's time, as Professor Wendell has well pointed out, one of the distinguishing characteristics of American humor.

Mark Twain's first book, apart from a collection of his early sketches, was the *Innocents Abroad*, and the immense success of this work, one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of which were sold within the first three years of its publication, established his reputation as a "funny man," a reputation which he has to this day found it very hard to live down. *Innocents Abroad* is not a great book; it is not one of those on which the author's fame will ultimately rest, but it is a very typical piece of work. Its fun depends upon its frank simplicity, its unflagging animal spirits, and its ludicrous contrast of civilizations. "There are a good many things about this Italy which I do not understand," the twenty-fifth chapter begins; and with a slight alteration—Old World for Italy—the words might serve as a motto for the whole book. No doubt if

the author had understood more he would have laughed less, but the gaiety of nations would have been proportionately diminished. The excursion itself was the prototype of the thousand-and-one personally conducted parties which have since then started out to discover the Old World. Who that has encountered one of these queer collections, rushing through their predetermined round of sight-seeing, can fail to recognize the truth of the picture that the humorist drew?

"None of us had ever been anywhere before; we all hailed from the interior; travel was a wild novelty to us, and we conducted ourselves in accordance with the natural instincts that were in us, and trammelled ourselves with no ceremonies, no conventionalities. We always took care to make it understood that we were Americans—Americans! When we found that a good many foreigners had hardly ever heard of America, and that a good many more knew it only as a barbarous province away off somewhere, that had lately been at war with somebody, we pitied the ignorance of the Old World, but abated no jot of our importance. Many and many a simple community in the Eastern hemisphere will remember for years the incursion of the strange horde in the year of our Lord 1867, that called themselves Americans, and seemed to imagine in some unaccountable way that they had a right to be proud of it. . . . We had cared nothing much about Europe. We galloped through the Louvre, the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Vatican—all the galleries—and through the pictured and frescoed churches of Venice, Naples and the cathedrals of Spain; some of us said that certain of the great works of the old masters were glorious creations of genius (we found it out in the guide-book, though we got hold of the wrong picture sometimes) and others said they were disgraceful old daubs. We examined modern and ancient statuary with a critical eye in Florence, Rome, or anywhere we found it, and praised it if we saw fit, and if we didn't we said we preferred the wooden



Indians in front of the cigar stores of America."

So long as the fruitful soil of our country continues to produce in bewildering multiplicity the counterparts of these travellers, the *Innocents Abroad* will remain a perennial fountain of laughter.

Some dozen years later, in 1880, Mr. Clemens published his second book of travel, *A Tramp Abroad*. This is, as might be expected, a somewhat riper book than the *Innocents*, and perhaps on that account it is hardly so amusing. It lacks something of the first, fine, careless rapture of the earlier work. And yet it is full of fun. One could spare, perhaps, the parodies of German legends and the prolonged farce of the ascent of the Riffelberg, but not the unforgettable sketches of Americans abroad. The embryo horse-doctor of Heidelberg, the innocent chatterbox of Lucerne, and "somebody's grandson," are types struck off with relentless accuracy, and yet with such sympathetic humor as to take all the sting out of the satire. No less delightful are the reminiscences of America—Jim Baker's story of the blue jay and the hole in the cabin, and Riley's tale of the man who put up at Gadsby's. Indeed, if it were not for one of the appendices, the opinion might almost be ventured that the best things in the *Tramp Abroad* were the tramp's meetings with his countrymen and his memories of his country. But this appendix contains the account of Mark Twain's epic combat with the "awful German language," and from its modest beginning, with the delusive scriptural quotation, to its triumphant close in the Fourth of July Oration in the German tongue, this extravaganza is a masterpiece. It is based, of course, upon a total ignorance of the laws of speech, and proceeds upon the absurd assumption that a language has been made, and therefore can be unmade, by the conscious volition of man. And yet the wild farce never wholly loses touch with reality. How true, for instance, the following description of the average style of a German newspaper is, only those can know who

have lost time and temper in struggling to extract information from these ponderous and polysyllabic sheets:

"An average sentence, in a German newspaper, is a sublime and impressive curiosity; it occupies a quarter of a column; it contains all the ten parts of speech—not in regular order, but mixed; it is built mainly of compound words constructed by the writer on the spot, and not to be found in any dictionary—six or seven words compacted into one, without joint or seam—that is, without hyphens; it treats of fourteen or fifteen different subjects, each enclosed in a parenthesis of its own, with here and there extra parentheses which re-enclose three or four of the minor parentheses, making pens within pens; finally all the parentheses and re-parentheses are massed together between a couple of king parentheses, one of which is placed in the first line of the majestic sentence and the other in the middle of the last line of it—*after which comes the VERB*, and you find out for the first time what the man has been talking about; and after the verb—merely by way of ornament, as far as I can make out—the writer shovels in *haben sind gewesen gehabt haben geworden sein*, or words to that effect, and the monument is finished. I suppose that this closing hurrah is in the nature of the flourish to a man's signature—not necessary, but pretty. German books are easy to read when you hold them before the looking-glass or stand on your head—so as to reverse the construction—but I think that to learn to read and understand a German newspaper is a thing which must always remain an impossibility to a foreigner."

*Roughing It*, Mark Twain's first book of American life, appeared some eight years before *A Tramp Abroad*. It is, in the author's happy phrase, a "record of several years of variegated vagabondizing," covering the period of his departure for the mines until his first trip to Europe. The book, I suppose, has never been quite so popular as the *Innocents Abroad*, but it is distinctly more important. The descrip-



tion of the old stage-coach journey across the plains, two thousand miles or so in twenty days; the pictures of the "flush times" in the mining camps, the incidental portraits, comic or tragic, of the "bad man" of the West, are contributions of the highest value to our knowledge of a now vanished phase of American life. There is plenty of fun in the book, ranging from truly humorous character sketches to the broadest burlesque, and at times to the stalest sort of comic paper foolery; but there is something more than mere fun. As the author himself apologetically remarks, "there is quite a good deal of information in the book." And he goes on to say: "I regret this very much, but really it could not be helped. Information appears to stew out of me naturally like the precious otter of roses out of the otter. Sometimes it has seemed to me that I would give worlds if I could retain my facts; but it cannot be. The more I calk up my sources and the tighter I get, the more I leak wisdom."

There is still another aspect in which *Roughing It* is a better book than the *Innocents*, and that is the side of the writer's character which it presents. Mark Twain's first book, it must be confessed, revealed in a strong light some of the most unpleasing traits which its author shared along with the average untutored American: his ignorance, his irreverence, his general self-satisfaction, and his occasional bumptiousness. But it is no uncommon phenomenon that the sort of American whom abroad one avoids like the plague is a very different character at home, and *Roughing It* shows plainly enough the presence in Mark Twain of certain qualities which one is glad to believe are typically American—unquenchable good humor even in the most trying situations, unflinching kindness towards one's fellow-man, unfaltering reverence for woman, versatility, energy, and honesty.

*Life on the Mississippi*, 1883, is a second work which may be ranked with *Roughing It* as a contribution to our knowledge of American life. Broadly speaking, the

book falls into two parts, the first dealing with the writer's own experiences as a river pilot, the second being little more than newspaper "copy" compiled during the course of an excursion twenty years later. There is some good stuff in the second part, but the first is gold without alloy. Here we have no brilliant set pieces of conscious joking, but a subtle humor of character, incident and situation, diffused throughout, and combined with a power of strong and sustained narrative such as no earlier work has shown, a power which even so severe a critic as the London *Athenæum* pronounced to be within the reach of few or no contemporary writers. If it were not too much like an Irish bull, one would say that Mark Twain's feet were nowhere planted so firmly upon the ground of remembered experience as when he is afloat upon the great river that washed the shores of his first home. Mention has been made somewhere of Mark Twain's tenacious memory for detail and his microscopic imagination; and it is no unfair assumption to suppose that these qualities are due, in part at least, to his long and arduous apprenticeship as a "cub" pilot. In these pages he tells us repeatedly and elaborately how he was "taught the river," compelled by advice, warning, abuse, and mockery to remember all its varying marks and depths and bars in daylight and darkness, in fog and storm, at low water and in flood.

"I think a pilot's memory is about the most wonderful thing in the world. To know the Old and New Testaments by heart, and be able to recite them glibly, forward or backward, or begin at random anywhere in the book and recite both ways and never trip or make a mistake, is no extravagant mass of knowledge, and no marvellous facility, compared to a pilot's massed knowledge of the Mississippi and his marvellous facility in the handling of it. I make this comparison deliberately, and believe I am not expanding the truth when I do it. Many will think my figure too strong, but pilots will not."

Mark Twain's first experiment in fiction



was made some thirty years ago in company with Charles Dudley Warner. Their joint work, *The Gilded Age*, is an incoherent and sensational satire on the era of speculation and political corruption that followed the Civil War. Probably no living American was less fitted to pull in double harness than Mark Twain, and it would have been hard to find a more unsuitable mate for him than the gentle, bookish, and somewhat dreamy Warner. No wonder, then, that the book has failed to take rank among the masterpieces of either author. Yet it contains at least one episode, the steamboat race, and one character, Colonel Sellers, that are real additions to American literature. We are not likely to go wrong in assigning both of these to Mark Twain. The material for the episode he found, of course, in his own experience as a pilot, and Colonel Sellers had in all probability his origin in some of the genial liars with whom the author came in contact during his Western life; but both episode and character have been passed through the crucible of his imagination until they have been transformed into something far superior to mere accurate reporting or burlesque exaggeration. Listen for a moment to the Colonel as he expounds to a credulous hearer one of his schemes.

"I have a small idea that may develop into something for us both, all in good time. Before many weeks I wager the country will ring with the fame of Beriah Sellers' Infallible Imperial Oriental Optic Liniment and Salvation for Sore Eyes—the Medical Wonder of the Age! Small bottles fifty cents, large ones a dollar. Average cost, five and seven cents for the two sizes. The first year sell, say, ten thousand bottles in Missouri, seven thousand in Iowa, three thousand in Arkansas, four thousand in Kentucky, six thousand in Illinois, and say twenty-five thousand in the rest of the country. Total, fifty-five thousand bottles; profit, clear of all expenses, twenty thousand dollars at the very lowest calculation. The second year, sales would reach 200,000 bottles—clear profit, say, \$75,000.

The third year we could easily sell 1,000,000 bottles in the United States.

"And then it would begin to be time to turn our attention toward the *real* idea of the business. You ought to know that if I throw my time and abilities into a patent medicine, it's a patent medicine whose field of operations is the solid earth! its clients the swarming nations that inhabit it! Why, what is the republic of America for an eye-water country? Lord bless you, it is nothing but a barren highway that you've got to cross to get *to* the true eye-water market! Why, Washington, in the Oriental countries people swarm like the sands of the desert; every square mile of ground upholds its thousands upon thousands of struggling human creatures—and every separate and individual devil of them's got the ophthalmia! It's as natural to them as noses are—and sin. It's born with them, it stays with them, it's all that some of them have left when they die. Three years of introductory trade in the Orient and what will be the result? Why, our headquarters would be in Constantinople and our hindquarters in Further India! Factories and warehouses in Cairo, Ispahan, Bagdad, Damascus, Jerusalem, Yeddo, Peking, Bangkok, Delhi, Bombay, and Calcutta! Annual income—well, God only knows how many millions and millions apiece!"

It is, I think, hardly too much to say that in such work as this we find for the first time distinct evidences of Mark Twain's real creative power.

*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, 1876, is the first in date of the trio of stories dealing with ante-bellum life in the slave-holding towns along the Mississippi, on which it now seems fairly evident that Mark Twain's fame will ultimately depend. Of these three it is the lightest, brightest, and most simply entertaining. The flood of animal spirits still runs bank-high through the book, breaking out at times into a foam of farce. There is, indeed, a bit of rather lurid melodrama woven into the texture of the story, a villainous half-breed, a bloody murder, buried treasure.



and other stock properties of the penny dreadful. Though this matter is artfully arranged to give some striking scenes, it is to such a little masterpiece of pure comedy as Tom at the white-washing job, wherein the hero sells to his friends the privilege of doing the work for him, that we turn in grateful remembrance. The dialogue between Tom and his first victim, Ben Rogers, is inimitable:

"Say—I'm going in a swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work*—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said: "What do you call work?"

"Why ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly: "Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move. "Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to white-wash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. . . . Presently he said: "Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little." . . .

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand—that can do it the way it's got to be done." . . .

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here— No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face but alacrity in his heart.

We hardly need the author's assurance that most of the adventures in *Tom Sawyer*

really occurred, for the story breathes conviction from every page. The scenes in the schoolroom, the Sunday-school, and the village church reproduce for us the atmosphere of the little inland town as persuasively as Mr. Aldrich's *Bad Boy* does that of old New England. And as a study in child-life, as a revelation of the soul of a boy, *Tom Sawyer* beats all rivals out of the field. One admirer has even gone so far as to declare it a very proper basis for a system of pedagogy. This, I fancy, would be an honor that the author never dreamed of.

*Huckleberry Finn*, 1885, shows a very distinct advance over *Tom Sawyer* in seriousness and power of composition. The real heart of the book is, of course, the narrative of Huck's flight down the Mississippi with the runaway nigger, Jim; and the successive incidents of this flight unroll for us a panorama of life on the great river in a series of pictures whose variety, reality, humor, and occasional tragic power, it is almost impossible to praise too highly. To quote Andrew Lang's apt words, it is "a nearly flawless gem of romance and humor." We feel that the author is standing on familiar ground, and dealing with the characters and scenes that surrounded his own youth. Consider, for example, this picture of daybreak on the Mississippi.

"Two or three days and nights went by; I reckon I might say they swum by, they slid along so quiet and smooth and lovely. Here is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there—sometimes a mile and a half wide; we run nights, and laid up and hid daytimes; soon as night was most gone we stopped navigating and tied up—nearly always in the dead water under a tow-head; and then cut young cottonwoods and willows, and hid the raft with them. Then we set out the lines. Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we set down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only some-



times the bull-frogs a-cluttering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side; you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness spreading around; then the river softened up away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along ever so far away—trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaming; or jumbled up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by-and-by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off of the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log-cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t'other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there, so cool and fresh and sweet to smell on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way because they've left dead fish laying around, gars, and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it!"

Notable in this masterpiece, *Huckleberry Finn*, is the power of characterization. It is not too much, I think, to say that Jim is the best portrait of the negro slave in English literature, from Oroonoko to Uncle Remus. We need only compare him with the idealized figures in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—white gentlemen with faces blackened for the occasion—to see the difference between work based upon understanding and that which is merely the product of the unaided imagination. The ignorance, superstition, humility, kind-heartedness, and grateful devotion of the slave have never been so vividly portrayed. Huck himself is an even more subtle study. It is no small task

for the author of a book written throughout in the first person to keep himself out of the picture, to refrain from speaking in his own voice through the mouth of the supposed narrator. Even Thackeray has not wholly succeeded in disengaging himself from Henry Esmond. But Huck Finn is altogether objective; more objective, I think, and more individual than even his brother-in-arms, Tom Sawyer. Nothing in all the author's work shows so clearly his power of putting himself in another's place as this careful and loving portrait of a village outcast—dirty, idle, thievish, lying, and yet at heart so conscientious, so loving, and so true.

*Pudd'nhead Wilson*, the last of this group of stories, has an artistic unity which the others lack. Curiously enough this sombre story took shape in the author's mind as a farce, which turned into a tragedy under his very hands. In one of the most amusing glimpses of a literary workshop that an author has ever given us, Mr. Clemens tells of his trouble with the tangled story. The farce and the tragedy, he says, obstructed and interrupted each other at every turn, and created no end of confusion and annoyance, until he finally pulled the former up by the roots and left the other, "a kind of literary Cæsarean operation."

The result of the operation, however, is by no means wholly gratifying. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is a tragedy, but a very sordid one. There is no trace left of the light-hearted gaiety of *Tom Sawyer*, and very little of the genial humanity of *Huckleberry Finn*. On the contrary, the book is marked by a strong dash of ironical cynicism which finds utterance mainly in the *obiter dicta* of the titular hero, prefixed as mottoes to the various chapters. "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you; that is the principal difference between a dog and a man," says one of these. That is not the sort of thing that the Mark Twain of *Innocents Abroad* would have regarded as a joke, and it runs counter to the experiences of Tom with Muff Potter, and of Huck



with "nigger Jim." It is, perhaps, a result of this bitter mood that there is no one figure in the book capable of arresting and retaining our sympathies. Tom Driscoll, the slave who takes his master's place, is a monster of meanness, cowardice, and ingratitude; the mulatto, Roxana, is a strongly conceived, but rather repellent character; and Pudd'nhead himself is, till the very close of the book, a mere lay figure on which to hang the author's own philosophizings. And yet the work is by no means devoid of power. It is a strong, direct, and simple piece of narrative; it has an ingeniously constructed plot and a startling climax; and like its predecessors it is a genuine and realistic picture of that phase of American life with which the author is most familiar. Had any one but Mark Twain written such a book it would no doubt have been more generally recognized as the grave and powerful piece of art it really is.

*The Prince and the Pauper*, 1880, is the first of a trio of stories dealing with mediæval life. All of these, but especially the first, have a certain intellectual kinship with *Innocents Abroad*. In that book Mark Twain reported his discovery of Europe; in *The Prince and the Pauper* he proclaimed his discovery of the historic past. And apparently he was as much surprised to find that the past differed from his own age as he had once been to discover that they "managed things better in France." But he is by no means ready to admit that they managed things better under Henry the Eighth. Indeed his point of view is very much that of Charles Dickens, whose caricature of Henry as a cross between Blue Beard and Giant Blunderbore is probably responsible for the current misconception of that great king. It would, no doubt, be a somewhat harder task to point out such glaring inaccuracies in *The Prince and the Pauper* as occasionally disfigure the *Innocents*; but any one who has studied the social life of England under the Tudors, from contemporary sources, will feel before he is half way through the book that the colors are

laid on too heavily. And the curious mingling in the diction of the stock phraseology of the historical novel—the gad-zooks, by-my-fay style—with the fresh and racy vigor of Mark Twain's natural idiom, jars heavily upon the ear.

But after all *The Prince and the Pauper*, taken simply as a story, is a good story—simple, sweet, and interesting. And to those who care for something more than a mere story it will always have a peculiar charm as the fullest and frankest revelation of some of the author's noblest qualities, his sympathy with the poor and the rejected, his love of justice and mercy, and his hatred of cruelty and oppression in all their forms, whether in naked brutality, or cloaked under the delusive garb of law and established custom.

*The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, 1889, is to my mind the least successful of Mark Twain's novels. The conception on which it rests is, indeed, a capital one for a farce. But unfortunately the growing seriousness of the author's view of life did not permit him to handle his conception farcically. A great part of the book is occupied with a polemic, direct or veiled, against feudalism and chivalry—two very different institutions, by the way, although here perpetually confounded. And, after all, the age of feudalism and of chivalry is past and gone; there is no longer need of a Cervantes; why therefore beat the bones of the dead?

*The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, 1896, is by all odds the most considerable work of this group. It is based upon more careful study, it holds closer to the truth of history, and it is a sincere attempt to re-draw without distortion or caricature the features of one of the most striking personalities of all times. One thing at least the shrewd Yankee found desirable at King Arthur's court—a good woman; and it is highly creditable to the Yankee's creator that the one thing which Mark Twain has found love-worthy in the despised Middle Ages is the pure and gracious figure of the Maid of Orleans. As every one knows, this story appeared



anonymously in *The Century*, amid much debate as to its authorship. Really there was no question for debate; the first installment of the story contained at least one scene that no one but Mark Twain could have written; and several of the characters are familiar figures from his works, transplanted to the France of the fifteenth century—the Paladin, for example, is one of Mark Twain's genial braggarts, La Hire one of his golden-hearted ruffians. Yet it must be acknowledged that *Joan of Arc* is, perhaps, the least characteristic of Mark Twain's works. It is notably deficient in the fresh and vigorous dialogue which occupies so large a space in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Pudd'nhead Wilson*; it contains almost none of those superb bits of narrative which seem to bring a scene to life before our eyes; if the truth must be told, it is at times open to one charge that can be brought against none of his former works, the charge of dulness.

Since *Joan of Arc* Mark Twain has not produced any work that calls here for special consideration. Following the *Equator* is a relapse into the early manner of *Innocents Abroad*, without the fresh gaiety of that work; *Tom Sawyer Detective*, and the *Double-Barrelled Detective Story* continue a line of work first begun in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, where the mere plot interest is superior to that in character or setting. *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* is a satire on Yankee hypocrisy and greed that would be wholly admirable, if it were not for the tragic catastrophe imposed so inaptly upon a climax of roaring farce. In addition to these we have a number of short stories, literary and critical essays, and impressions of travel. None of them is without the hall-mark of Mark Twain's peculiar genius, but none of them constitutes any very distinct addition to his fame.

It is too soon to attempt any definitive estimate of Mark Twain's work. Mr. Clemens is still so far from old age that we may confidently look forward to fresh work which must be taken into

account in any final summing up. But there are one or two points, touched on for the most part already in the course of this review, which may here be brought together with a view to obtaining at least a partial appreciation of his work. Enough has been said to show that Mark Twain is by no means the mere "funny man" of popular conception, but a humorist of extraordinary powers, wide range, and deep human sympathies. He is a past master of farce, burlesque, and grotesque exaggeration; but he is also an inimitable story-teller, and at his best an unsurpassed delineator of character. His humor does not depend upon bad spelling or worse grammar, although he knows better than any man alive, perhaps, how to use dialect to heighten his effects. He is not, in the old sense of the word, a literary man. He does not connect with any of the established traditions of humor, but represents a new force, "as simple in form," to borrow Mr. Howells' fine comparison, "and as direct as the statesmanship of Lincoln or the generalship of Grant." And like these great Americans—both it may be noted, representatives of his own section—Mark Twain has devoted his great powers to the service of the right. His work is characterized by a sweet sunniness, across which no shadow of impurity ever falls. It is no small thing for us, as Americans, to be able to record that our greatest humorist has never written a page that can offend true modesty. His sympathy has always gone out to the poor, the despised, and the oppressed; and his unrivalled powers of ridicule have been steadily directed against conventionality, hypocrisy, affectation, and humbug. It is not, I think, too much to prophesy that, when the time comes for a final estimate of Mark Twain, he will be recognized as one of the most national of American authors, and one of the peculiar glories of American literature.

T. M. Parrott



# THE PROTECTION POLICY IN ENGLAND

## WOULD IT HURT US?

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may win or lose in his colossal attempt to alter the fiscal policy of the British Empire—some eleven million square miles, four hundred millions of population, and seven billion, five hundred million dollars of trade exports and imports together. This is about a fifth of the habitable land, about a quarter of the world's population, and about a half its frontier trading. For this vast fraction of the world's affairs Mr. Chamberlain proposes to reverse the settled policy of two generations. He intends to substitute for the individual growth of this vast congeries of lands and peoples in the Empire a common mutual use of mutual demand and consumption, to secure a mutual advance. For over a century since Burke's act, reorganizing English colonial relations, accepted the lesson of the loss of America, British policy has sought the growth of the whole by giving the parts a free individual development. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to develop the parts by giving the whole a mutual development. Where each part has been left free to take care of itself, he proposes that the whole shall arrange its affairs to take care of each part. Where each has had its tariff, treating all other British lands as foreign, he urges that preferential tariffs shall unite the scattered portions of the British Empire in one vast tariff-ring fence of mutually related tariffs.

These territories are now within the

same political boundary and under the same flag; but they enjoy a complete freedom. Each makes its own rates to suit itself. By mutual arrangement, not by legislation at Westminster, Mr. Chamberlain plans to introduce three changes. First a low duty on foreign food is both to shift the production of food for English consumption to the colonies and increase the home-grown product. In time, though Mr. Chamberlain does not now urge this, a like preferential duty would do the like for colonial-grown raw materials. Second, duties on foreign manufactures in the colonies and the mother country are to aid the colonial market for English goods and exclude some share of the foreign manufactures entering England. Third, both England and the colonies are together and jointly, by conceding reductions, to use this advance in tariff rates to require foreign countries to make like concessions in their tariff rates on English and colonial products and manufactures.

This stupendous reversal and revolution of the economic policy of a fourth of the human race, like all such changes, is an effect and not a cause. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain may achieve or fail, he, his policy, and the economic changes he urges are only the outcome of the rising tide of British imperialism. A fiscal revolution is the first flotsam this rising tide throws on the beach of human affairs; but the tide is more than its flotsam. It is not preferen-



tial tariffs which are to unite the Empire. It is because the Empire is more closely united that preferential tariffs are proposed. They are discussed because preferential trade already exists. It took sixty years of our tariff before a protective tariff was seen to be a national necessity to secure national industrial independence. The German high protective tariff, of 1879, succeeded and did not precede German unity and the German Empire.

Mr. Chamberlain has held the ear of the British Empire not because his voice is loud but because the Empire is ready to listen. From the time of the American colonies to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule measure there was a steady movement towards the devolution of autonomy, responsibility, and practical independence. Each year saw the loosening of the bonds of rule and the bands of empire. When Mr. Gladstone proposed to give Ireland much less than Canada has, the tide turned. Looking back nigh a score of years, it is clear now that Mr. Gladstone was the unconscious victim, as Mr. Chamberlain is the more conscious mouthpiece, of the broad movement towards imperial unity. Preferential tariffs come because a preference for the Empire has arrived, just as it was no accident that the same party raised the flag over the seceded States and raised the tariff on our frontier.

British trade has already recorded what British policy proposes to enact. In the last thirty years, 1872 to 1902, British exports, less coal and ships, to Europe and the United States have fallen \$495,000,000 from \$705,000,000, a shrinkage of two-thirds. British exports to British colonies and possessions in the same score of years have risen from \$295,000,000 to \$525,000,000, or nearly doubled. Thirty years ago, British investments in the colonies were relatively small. Today, of British investments in foreign lands, three-fourths are in British possessions under the British flag. For all this fact that the trade of other great nations has

relatively grown faster than that of Great Britain, the absolute superiority of English trade remains unchallenged. The trade of the United Kingdom is the largest the world knows; but the constituent portions have shifted. In 1872 the colonies were taking less than a third as much of English manufactures as the rest of the world outside of the Empire. By 1902 they were taking two-thirds. The United States supplies its own market. Germany does the same. Both pour a great stream into markets where Great Britain is dispossessed. She still holds her foremost place because her exports go to her colonies. British manufactured exports to the world outside of the British Empire had not grown from 1882 to 1902. Such increase as had come had gone to the colonies.

Politics follows trade. Political platforms are first written in ledgers. All political majorities are added first in some mercantile balance sheet. Our own Civil War had been won in the trade of the North before it was fought on the battlefields of the South. English trade and English investments had shifted English interests to the Empire before imperialism became a party cry. The sales of American securities held in England have been, as every one knows, enormous in the past ten years, yet English investments abroad have grown \$460,000,000 from 1890-91 to 1901-02. In twenty years these investments have doubled, yet through most of that period our securities have been coming to this country. The reinvestment has been in the colonies.

This movement of trade and investments caused the political change which halted the further separation of the Empire, and began—first in 1887, and again in 1897—the alterations in sentiment and interest which now take shape in a new economic policy. Adopted now or in the future, if the British Empire remains a going concern, it is certain, like the United States, to succeed its consciousness of political unity by some form of protection, exactly as a like consciousness brought protection



first in the United States and next in Germany.

The world, as is its noisy manner, will talk of the economic change in tariffs, but the real change will be in political conditions. These will affect the United States far more than preferential tariffs. No tariff rate can keep out cheap goods. Nothing can prevent the effect of a change in political conditions. The growth of the markets within the Empire is already strengthening imperial bonds. Canada faces insuperable odds in its shape, its climate, and the distribution of its industries. Every fifth child born in Canada comes to this country to live. Canada loosely connected with England could count for little; Canada closely connected must deeply affect the United States. The gravitation of trade has for years been drawing the fragments of the British Empire closer to the United States. Aroused to imperial relations, this will cease. Canada will be a link in the shortest route to Australia. It already owes its steamship lines, and will owe the solvency of the Canadian Pacific, to imperial aid. Our diplomacy has worked freely over this hemisphere, from Alaska to Panama, because English attention was in the East. This freedom will cease as the British Empire comes to feel itself.

There is room enough in the world for both the English-speaking nations, but there is the greatest difference in the position of the United States facing a British Empire united only by the tie of a common sovereign and colonial secretary, and one brought into close relations by tariff-deals and tariff-concessions. This ends not only the prospect of special reciprocity arrangements with Canada, Newfoundland, and the islands of the Antilles, but it risks future collision. In China Australia will have more and more to say; and British outposts in Borneo hedge in any future expansion from the Philippines—but for this bar the best base for an insular empire held by any country.

The moral might of the United States will be scarcely less influenced than its

political and diplomatic conditions. The Boer War forced the junior member of the firm to assume the responsibilities of the senior partner, and in China and elsewhere the United States has for five years led in deciding the policy and determining the conduct of international affairs. At the Hague Peace Conference, in the advance on Peking, in the Chinese settlement, in the "open door," in the issue before the Hague as to the collection of international claims by force, and at Panama, the United States has led the way. Russian development is still far away, and no European power approaches the position of the United States. But if there once sits in London a body—call it what you will—which adjusts tariffs in India and Australia, decides what duties Canada or Jamaica shall impose, and settles the give and take of the two score constituent bodies of the British Empire, its capital by an economic revolution will enjoy a political renaissance.

These political changes, which will only dawn on men as they take place, will outweigh the effect of mere changes in the tariff. Such changes have a prodigious internal effect. Their external influence is small. Who has been conscious in this country of the changes in the German tariff which have advanced the duty on wheat from ten marks a metric ton, in 1879, to fifty marks, 1887-92, and thirty-five marks for eleven years since? The average price of wheat has fallen in Germany through all this period, our exports have been maintained, and Germany has stimulated its cereal product while England's wheat yield has withered. Argentina will this year export one-half as much wheat as the United States. Our own free share for export diminishes. From 1880 to 1890 we increased our farm area one-half (fifty per cent.), but our cereals only one-fourth (twenty-seven per cent.). Our population doubled (ninety-two per cent.). In twenty-five years, if our population goes on growing as for the last ten years—a diminished rate—all our wheat will be needed at home. At present, we supply two-thirds of the imports of Great



Britain—for five years sixty and one-tenth per cent.—and half its consumption. A new supply will be necessary as our crop is consumed at home, a consumption today maintaining prices. As this takes place it is for England to decide whether the new supply shall come from Argentina and other points, or under preferential duties from its own colonies. A small tax would decide this; and it would make no difference to us, as our exports shrank, where their place was supplied, as we became like France a land consuming all its wheat at home, and importing little or none. So in provisions, and other food, our export does not keep pace with our product. Except in fresh beef, we have passed the largest exports. Here again, a new supply must soon be developed. Argentina and New Zealand, two little countries, send to England alone more fresh beef and mutton by one-half than we export to all countries. High meat prices, due to our free consumption, are forcing aside our exports.

If by a differential England turns its new meat consumption to New Zealand, a consumption we no longer meet, what difference will it make to us? In ten years we grow half as many new mouths as England and all Europe. We fill these mouths. They are empty abroad. Ten and twenty years ago our food exports were half our entire exports. They are hardly a third now. Their share grows less. It will be of small moment to us whether England draws its new supply from its own colonies or elsewhere, and Mr. Chamberlain's policy comes at the very moment this change must be met. At some particular year and juncture the new English policy may be felt; but not in the sweep of years.

Cotton faces a different condition. Two-thirds of the world's supply is grown in this country. Unless the boll weevil cuts off our crop, this will continue to be the case. Even here our consumption has doubled in twenty years—1,964,000 bales in 1882, and 4,083,000 in 1902—



From drawing by F. C. Gould

CHAMBERLAIN'S DREAM OF EMPIRE



while that of England is stationary. Our imports of cotton goods grow little. What England once sent here goes now to its colonial possessions. England in the Soudan has a vast area where cotton grows wild. Were the new policy to preference Egyptian and Indian cotton, and to start the industry in the Soudan, the resulting reduction in the amount imported by England from this country would reduce both prices and profits in the cotton-belt. Our wool and our hides we consume at home. No change in English policy could alter their world demand. In round numbers, not one quarter of our exports of agricultural products, and not a tithe of their total product, would feel the effect of English preferential duties. Men often forget that the United States is as self-sufficing as a planet.

Manufactures twenty years ago gave a tenth of our exports; ten years ago, a sixth; today a third; tomorrow, half. As food relatively diminishes, manufactures increase. One-half our total exports, much more than half our exports of manufactures, goes to the British Empire, and about one-third to Great Britain itself. But here, also, the proportion going abroad is small. Out of thirteen billion dollars of manufactures in 1900 only four hundred and thirty-three millions were exported—less than four per cent.

A duty, even a light duty, on English imports of manufactures would affect our trade; but it would affect it very much less than is commonly supposed. In copper, for instance, where the supply is—one might say—habitually greater than the demand, the American producer would have to pay the differential by which the vain effort would be made to develop a new source of supply. In iron and steel, for ten years the product of English pig-iron has been stationary, and exports of iron and steel have been unchanged in value for twenty years, though increased in amount. Both have been checked by our own development and Germany's—countries which under protective tariffs have gained at the expense of England.

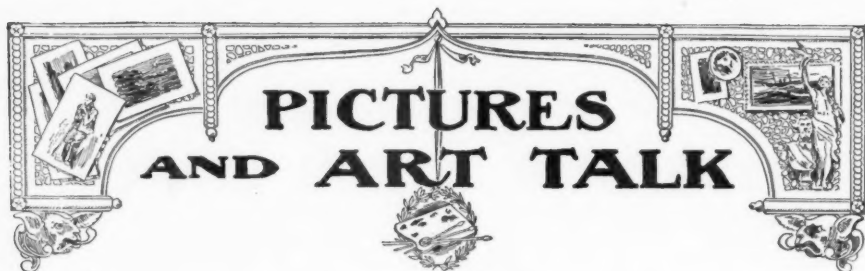
But there is this difference between our position and England's, when facing competition due to a protected industry: nearly half the English product goes abroad—three millions, two hundred thousand tons of pig-iron, wrought and unwrought, out of eight millions. The actual proportion is larger because, of "iron and steel, wrought and unwrought," much goes abroad from England in forms not covered by exports reckoned by weight. In this country only one-seventh in value—one hundred and twenty-two million dollars out of eight hundred and thirty-five millions—of iron and steel goes abroad. A still smaller proportion of other manufactures is exported. Of this share, less than half goes to England. In round numbers, taking our entire manufactured product, it is to be doubted if three per cent. would be affected. This would not seriously influence price, product, or profit.

If England adopts Mr. Chamberlain's policy of preferential duties, a share of our exports of manufactures now going to England would seek other markets, and a share of English manufactures now in this market would turn to the more favorable demand of English colonies. The same movement which for thirty years has diminished English manufactured exports outside the British Empire, and increased them inside, would be accelerated.

As always in protection, the internal effect on the manufactures, trade, and exchanges of the British Empire would be very great if Mr. Chamberlain's policy were adopted—greater than anyone now imagines. The external effect on other nations would be small. The chief visible outer fruits would be political and not economic. The British Empire would become fitly framed together—an economic unit. Three great areas, the Russian, the American—including dependencies united as Cuba is—and the British Empire, would develop an internal trade. Europe outside of Russia and Great Britain would be side-tracked.

*Salvatore D. S. S. S.*





# PICTURES AND ART TALK

French art is, more than any other, a national expression. Its national character, perhaps the outcome of the French social genius, gives unity to the rival factions that unceasingly wage healthy civil war in the name of art. No academic restraint is placed on the individual artist, but he is encompassed about with theories from which he can no more escape than from his material atmosphere. The work of Jean Geoffroy, the famous child painter, illustrates this permeating influence. He is an idealist working with the tools of realism. The subject, the literary content, of his pictures shows the man; the treatment reveals the time. It is hard for an artist to serve two masters, but Geoffroy has succeeded in satisfying both the public, athirst for a story, and the critic, scorning all but technic.

Geoffroy's most noted work is his *Visiting Day at the Hospital*, exhibited at the Salon in 1889, and now in the Luxembourg. The choice of a hospital-scene stamps him a realist. But men of many moods march under that banner; this picture is worlds, studio-worlds, asunder from such a triumph of naked realism as the famous dissecting-table picture of M. Gervex. The patient little sufferers, in the row of narrow cots, are enjoying the double sunshine of the day, their gleam of joy more intense from the pervading dark background of pain and weary waiting. The drawing, if a little stiff, is exact, and the composition easy and natural. With much skill the varying shades of white in

coverlet, wall, and window are contrasted with each other, and with the strong, abrupt note of sombre color in the foreground. There is a world of pathos in that averted figure of the anxious father gazing on the helpless little sufferer.



The art-loving visitor to England who confines his attentions to the customary round of London's galleries and exhibitions, misses much that is most significant in present-day English art. In England, unlike in France, the provinces still count in art, not swallowed in the great maelstrom of the capital. In the last forty years the enterprise of the great corporations of Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool has established galleries of more than municipal importance and influence. Each is, in varying degree, an independent center of artistic activity.

In the exhibitions of these centers one of the most prominent figures is Mr. W. J. Hennessey. Mr. Hennessey finds his home and his chief fame in England, but was born in Ireland and educated in America. To complete the cosmopolitanism, his favorite subjects, as in his *Spring and Autumn*, are the peasants of Normandy. The bareness of this autumn scene brings not dreariness, but reverie. The picture is instinct with a quiet dreamy suggestiveness, to which the handling of the atmospheric effects notably contributes. The composition is graceful and the tone delightfully harmonious.





## VISITING DAY AT THE HOSPITAL

By JEAN GEOFFROY





THE CATECHISM

BY JULES MUENIER



The Luxembourg at Paris, it is well known, serves as an anteroom to the Louvre. There the pictures by living artists, which the State has bought, are hung till ten years after the painter's death, when they may be transferred to the Louvre's more permanent hall of fame. Among the recent acquisitions of the Luxembourg is Mlle. Breslau's *The Sisters*. It is a work of quiet charm, and of convincing, if not sufficiently assimilated, reality. Mlle. Breslau is a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and a frequent exhibitor at the Champ de Mars, the radical salon which has this year joined forces again with the more conservative salon of the Champs Elysées, after a schism lasting since Meissonier's day.

The great current of naturalism that surged through French art of the past half century is perceptible not only in the main stream, but in countless eddies and by-washes. The painter of *Pommes de Terre*, José de Souza-Pinto—Portuguese by birth, French by inspiration—is not a naturalist. He is an artist of dilettante aims, condescendingly interested in humble life if it happens to be picturesque—a practitioner of that genre which is the homage that classicism has ever paid to reality. Yet even he on occasion, as in this idyll of the potato-patch, is carried out of himself by the current, his art broadened and vitalized, and a genuine feeling for nature awakened. He does not reach the level of the artists whose love of "high truth and lowly men" was more constant and integral than his, but for once his reach exceeds his grasp.

A kindred spirit to Geoffroy is the painter of *The Catechism*, Jules Muenier. He, too, is a mild revolutionist, a realist of the second generation. He studied in Paris twenty years ago under Dagnan-Bouveret, but Paris did not hold him long. Back in his beloved Franche-Comté he paints the quiet country life of that secluded corner of France.

*The Catechism*, painted in 1891 when the artist was twenty-seven, is of his best. Its outlines are firm and precise almost to primness, its coloring a compromise between the old canons and the new. The characterization is admirable. There is a world of experience, of good and bad, crystallized in the wrinkles and twinkles of the curé's humorously grim face, with its promise of solace for the troubled and of trouble for the evildoer. Each of his young parishioners is individualized,—the unfortunate youngster on the rack, uneasy in his sabots, the eleventh-hour student beside him, the damsel with consciousness of knowledge writ clear in her prim face, the trifter two moves from danger. There is a good deal of human nature displayed in that little *presbytère* garden of Franche-Comté.

Although in painting Americans can scarcely be said to have an art of their own, they are first in the art of almost every other nation. Whatever the explanation be—whether it is that our national bent towards adaptation rather than creation finds expression here, or that our young country has not yet attained the social solidarity that makes French art homogeneous—the fact remains. Of that fact Mr. Gari Melchers is a foremost illustration. Born in Detroit forty-three years ago, he had by thirty assimilated the best of French teaching and mastered his masters in many fields. At first, under the influence of his classicist teachers Boulanger and Lefebvre, his work, though robust and sincere, had a fatal, hard, arid matter-of-factness. Later it broadened and softened, till in *Motherhood* he produced a picture that reaches to the heart of things. Here is the primitive mother, close to the earth, high only in her motherhood, full of strength and tenderness and hope for the staring, serious youngster nestling in her arms. The wealth of color in the woman's cloak and cap is essentially in keeping with the elemental directness of the whole theme.





THE SISTERS

BY L. C. BRESLAU





POMMES DE TERRE

BY JOSÉ DE SOUZA-PINTO





## MOTHERHOOD

By GARI MELCHERS





SPRING AND AUTUMN

By W. J. HENNESSY





FATHER HUNTINGTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER



# PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE

## THE NEW AMERICAN SCHOOL

The word "portrait" is a most elastic one. By many it is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of likenesses, from a Coney Island tintype to a Mona Lisa. But this vague usage is unsatisfactory. A distinction certainly exists between the mere likeness and the portrait. Just what establishes this distinction is difficult to put in words, yet every one recognizes it even though he may not always choose the proper term.

We are all familiar with the ghastly effigies of departed officials that adorn the walls of banks and public offices. By the production of such as these, painstaking craftsmen eke out an existence. Unfortunately, our standards in the direction of what might be called "semi-public" art are far from high here in America. We take no interest in that kind of thing; our time is too occupied. So what is more natural than that we should turn the job of painting our rector, our mayor, or the head of our business over to the best advertised artistic hack, or to some one in whom we have a purely personal interest? But it is not only the craftsman of no reputation who turns out these monstrosities, with their smug, pink faces and wooden poses; painters of considerable fame have not been guiltless. In late years, also, a number of distinguished gentlemen from France and Italy have fattened at the expense of society, and particularly of New York society. It becomes the fashion for My Lady to be painted by Monsieur This or Signor That, and the trifling honorarium of five or ten thousand dollars is all too little to pay for the satisfaction of exhibiting the result to one's friends, tastefully

adorned by ten inches of gold frame. The worst of all this is found in its effect upon popular and indiscriminating taste. There is nothing to choose between the totally inartistic painted likeness and the "handsome gold-framed crayon enlargement" of the department stores. One comes as near as the other to being a portrait in the true sense. But after all, what is the distinction between the likeness and the portrait? Is it merely the distinction between good and bad painting? No; for a canvas may be a work of unquestioned virtuosity without possessing the slightest portrait quality; or may be full of the uttermost ego of the sitter, and so a portrait of portraits, while totally lacking the essentials of careful and workmanlike painting. And here is the distinction. A portrait, to be anything more than a likeness, must go beneath the skin, must be saturated with the personality of the subject. It is character that is required; not merely the character that may exist in a strongly modeled nose or chin, but that which shows itself in the set of a man's shoulders, the lift of a head, the turn of a hand, and in that indefinable thing which, for want of a better term, we call expression. Every painter knows that the customary allotment of features which make up the countenance of a sitter may be copied with infinite accuracy, one by one, and yet that the resulting whole may bear practically no resemblance to the subject; or, possessing a resemblance in detail, will be only a mask which must be endowed with life. This, then, is the ultimate object of good portraiture—the portrayal of all the subtle factors that make up character.





DECORATIVE PORTRAIT

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KASEBIER



But there are other desiderata if the resulting likeness is to be really a work of art, really a portrait; it must be artistic, or pictorial—with all that the word implies—good in composition, in tone and balance, and in color. Further and lastly, it must possess the quality that is known as restraint; it must stay in the frame, or better, “go back” from the frame through its tone and envelopment. The person of uncultivated taste praises this or that picture because the head or figure “stands out,” and too many painters who should know better attempt to produce this effect, instead of placing the figure within or behind the frame. As Whistler put it in his famous Proposition No. 2: “The frame is indeed the window through which the painter looks at his model, and nothing could be more offensively inartistic than this brutal attempt to thrust the model on the *hitherside* of this window.”

There are many portrait painters of today, as there have been many in the past, who have, to a greater or less extent, solved these problems; but the fashionable painter of the moment is too apt to evade their solution, and to present instead his own individuality of expression, regardless of the character of his subject. Imagine the dashing, bravura style of Boldini applied to the portrayal of a Carlyle or a McKinley!

That these general observations may be considered as applicable in any degree to photographic portraiture is not generally realized, and yet a little reflection will show that this must be the case. A portrait is a portrait by whatsoever means it is produced, and is conformable to the artistic rules which govern the general subject. Only comparatively recently, however, has portrait photography reached a level high enough to make it worthy of really serious consideration. From the days when Daguerre, Fox Talbot, Niepce, and the rest, worked out the wonderful discovery that light itself could be forced to record images upon sensitive substances, the object of nearly all scientific workers in this field has been to develop the purely technical side of photography. Only

recently has the artist realized that it could be applied to his ends. The professional photographer of even ten years ago—with his gallery, his ornamental backgrounds, and his head-rests—learnt his trade as he might have learnt that of bricklaying. The idea that art-training could be necessary or desirable for him was one with which he was never troubled. Even today this attitude is unfortunately that of the rank and file of so-called portrait photographers. If one of these is sufficiently alert as a business man to subscribe for one of the trade journals, he may read, along with a series of articles on the conduct and management of the Reception Room and Show Case, an occasional dissertation on the correct method of obtaining “Rembrandt Lighting.” This, it seems, can be infallibly realized by the use of three or four screens and a most complicated arrangement of the skylight shades, all of which is set forth in a couple of diagrams. By these simple means the “operator” may turn out masterpieces by the dozen which are calculated to cause the great Dutchman to turn in his grave.

But there are today a number of people of artistic instincts and training who have taken up photography as a means of artistic expression, realizing that in skilful hands the camera, plate, and print may be so treated as to render results in portraiture which, except for the lack of color, rival the best canvases of the masters of portraiture of all time. For, strange as it may seem, the camera in the hands of an artist is in some respects a more elastic medium than the brush. The greatest painter is unconsciously handicapped at times by the style that he has made his own, and which may be quite unsuitable to certain subjects, as the art of Boldini, already mentioned, would probably fail in the attempt to set forth dignity and repose, however well adapted it might be to a dashing or “smart” subject.

The man of equal powers, working with camera and plate, may work out his portrait composition almost without limi-





RODIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN



tations so far as his process is concerned. It is evident, also, that the rapidity with which exposures may be made gives him a considerable advantage over the painter, not merely because of the saving of time effected, but because of the greater spontaneity of pose and expression which may be attained. Less hampered by the mechanics of his medium than the painter, his brain has freer play.

It has been urged against photography that it falls short as an artistic medium because of the alleged impossibility of pictorial selection. It is claimed that the lens, as a coldly scientific appliance, must perforce record all that is before it, and that unnecessary and obtrusive detail may not be eliminated. This, however, is not the case. The advanced worker of today, with the multiplicity of lenses and processes which science has placed at his disposal, may suppress or accentuate detail virtually at will. Thus an almost unlimited field is open to the photographer of artistic feeling and training, and there can be no question as to the merits of his results.

But it must not be thought that I would belittle the skill required to produce these results. There is no royal road to proficiency in this branch of art. No amount of feeling for the beautiful will atone for a lack of technical knowledge, and only hard work and study will put one in a position, in photography as in painting, to reduce to pictorial form the beauties which he may see in nature.

It is a curious fact that in the judging for exhibition purposes of this new photography, when—as has occasionally been the case, painter and photographer have served together on a jury—it has always been the photographer who has set the higher standard. The painter in his own branch of art is too apt to condone the absence of one quality because of the presence of another, as bad composition may be overlooked in a work which glows with color. So, in the judging of photographs the painter will be frequently prejudiced in favor of a print because of some attractive quality of tone or perspective that it may

possess, while to the more critical eye of the photographer it may lack qualities of vastly greater importance.

Those who are in the van of this new movement in photography know that the recognition which they have gained is not yet absolute. They desire and expect for their work the fullest and most complete recognition, and they realize that this may be attained only through the maintenance on their part of the highest standards and ideals.

The very interesting portraits which have been chosen for the illustration of this article are nearly all by leaders of the so-called American School, the success of which has been the feature of all recent European exhibitions. It is unfortunate that the limitations of space, and in some cases the difficulty of satisfactory reproduction, have made it impossible to show here examples of the work of all those who have made the American School famous. Even in this limited showing, however, it is possible to observe something of the individuality of the workers. For a very distinct individuality does exist in these prints. No one who follows the subject at all closely will fail to distinguish at a glance a Käsebier from a White, or a Day from a Steichen; and there are several others whose work is just as characteristic—fairly good evidence, if evidence be needed, that photography, as these people practice it, is no longer a merely mechanical process.

In conclusion, then, the position that we take is this: Art is not the *result* of a medium, but is superior to all media and processes. A photographic portrait, or a photograph of any other subject, may be as absolutely a work of art as a painting or a statue. It is subject to the same general rules and should be judged by the same standards; not by the taste of the moment, but by the great fundamental principles which have endured, and will endure, as long as Art itself.

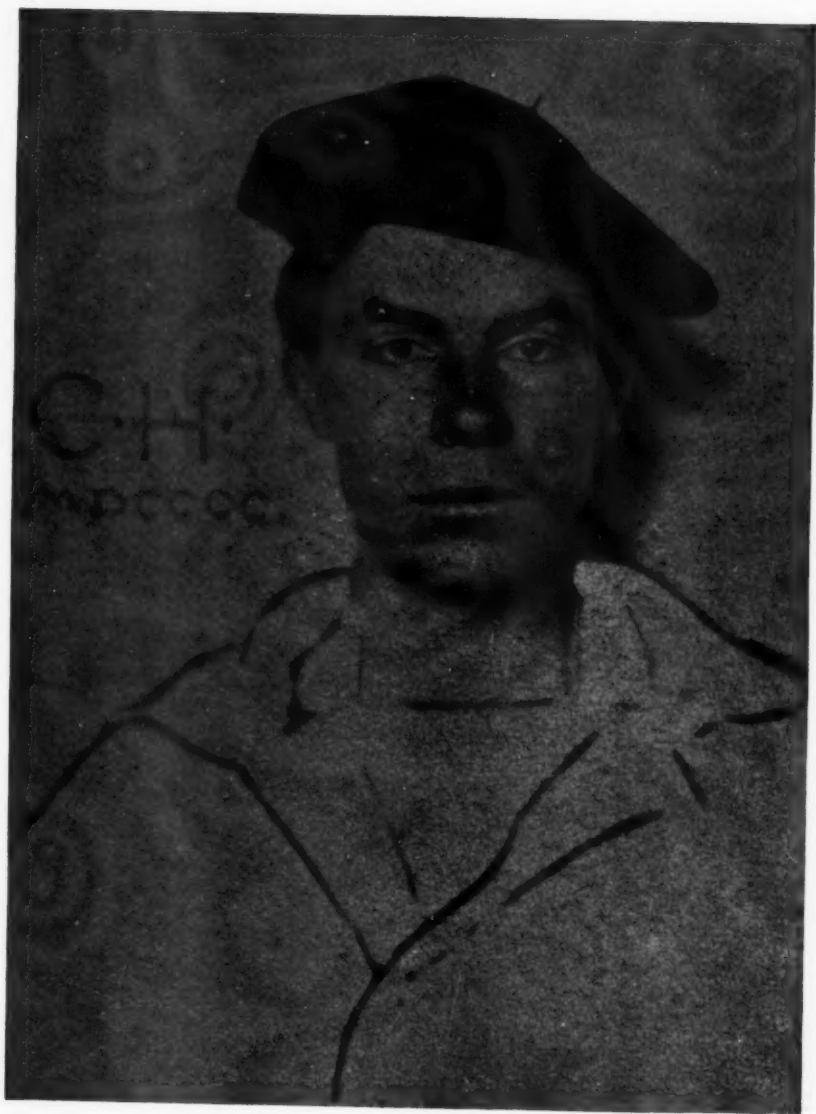
Gyannell Abbott





MOTHER AND CHILD  
PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KASEBIEB





PORTRAIT—C. H.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. DEVENS





AN ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVA WATSON SCHÜTZE





## THE DYING FIRE

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT





A. BESNARD

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN





THEOBOLD CHARTRAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN





PORTRAIT—MRS. C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLEN DREW COOK





PORTRAIT OF MRS. E. D. GILLESPIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHILDE WEIL





COSTUME PORTRAIT—"TRELAWNEY"

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT





HYDRANGEAS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHILDE WEIL



# THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT ART

## MODERN STAINED GLASS WORK

A generation ago the making of stained glass windows was lamented as a lost art. Today the craft has attained a perfection and a popularity unknown for centuries. In reality it was not the art that had been lost, but the artists. The divorce that existed in those pre-Morris days between artist and artisan was fatal to excellence. The designing of windows was usually in the hands of convention-crusted employees of commercial firms. The few genuine artists who were working in this direction were out of touch with their material. They provided the design, with little heed of the way it would look when the workmen had executed it in glass. The influence of oil painting had led to the virtual abandonment of the legitimate stained glass window in favor of painted windows. In the stained glass window the countless small pieces of colored glass that go to its making are colored in the melting pot; in the painted window the color is not in the glass but on it, coming from enamels fused to the surface by heat. In the one case the pieces of glass are virtually the artist's pigments, which are put together in a framework of leads to form the picture; in the other case they are a quasi-canvas, on which the pigment is to be applied. In actual practice, it is true, each method borrows something from the other. The greatest purist has recourse to painting for his flesh tones; the most unregenerate devotee of the false idols of paint makes free use of glass untouched by brush.

The true scope and necessary limitations of the art become clear when the technical process is understood. There is nothing

complicated about it. The twentieth century American follows without important variation the simple methods of the French monk of eight centuries ago. The first requisite is the design. The artist makes a small water-color sketch to show the general design and color scheme, accompanying it with detailed studies. From this two large drawings or "cartoons" are made, the exact size of the desired window. One cartoon shows where the "leads" will be placed—the thin strips of lead, hollowed on both sides and looking in a transverse section like the letter **H**, which form the framework to bind the pieces of glass together. Another drawing gives the size and shape of each piece of glass. This cartoon is cut into its component pieces by a pair (or triplet) of three-bladed scissors, which leave between their parallel blades a space sufficient for the leads. These cut-out patterns are put together again on a large glass easel, to which they are attached by wax, and the spaces between are blacked in, to give the effect of the leads. The easel is then placed against a window where the light can stream through it. The artist or his substitute replaces each paper pattern on the easel by a piece of glass of exactly the same size, cut from a sheet of glass of the color called for by the color sketch. The sketch is not followed slavishly; experiment with the actual glass will suggest improvements. To a greater or less extent this stained glass is supplemented by painted glass, on which the colors are fired as in china painting. When all the pieces have been cut, they are transferred to the "leading" drawing; the flexible





*From design by William Willet*

#### MARRIAGE OF ISAAC AND REBECCA

leads are twisted into shape and soldered at the joints, and a special cement applied to make the whole water-tight. The window is now complete, ready to be put in position, where it is made secure by copper wires fastened to the transverse bars of iron.

Essentially this has been the method in use since the first noteworthy development of the art in France in the twelfth century. In the beginning both art and method sprang from the needs and limitations of the time, just as every later variation, for better or for worse, was the inevitable outcome of its changed day. That we have

the art at all we must thank the builders of Gothic cathedrals, in which almost the whole wall surface was given up to windows. It was imperative to fill this window space with colored glass, or else the interior would have been flooded with a garish light out of keeping with the whole spirit of medieval architecture. Glass in that day could be blown only in small pieces: it was necessary then to fasten many of these together to make a large window. Thus inevitably the mosaic of transparent glass took shape. The leads, a necessary evil, were turned to good account by being given an artistic function—





*From design by William Willet*

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATER LILY

to form the framework of the design. But medieval religion tolerated art only as her hand-maiden. Mere beauty of color, meaninglessly decorative, was not enough; the window must tell a story, for the glory of the saints and the edification of the faithful. With figures to draw and faces to characterize, the craftsman felt his material inadequate. He had recourse to painting, at first only to give detail in the face or to help the modeling of the drapery, but finally, as the downward path grew steeper, without discrimination. A questionable blessing in the shape of large rolled and cast sheets of glass gave the brush free field; oil painting and mural painting, then in the flush of their power, swept all the lesser arts in their train. Then came the Renaissance when all things Gothic were held in scorn as the work of barbarians. From the sixteenth century the art fell into decay. The vandalism of the Reformation destroyed much of the finest work of the past; the false ideals of the mural painters on glass forbade adequate replacement.

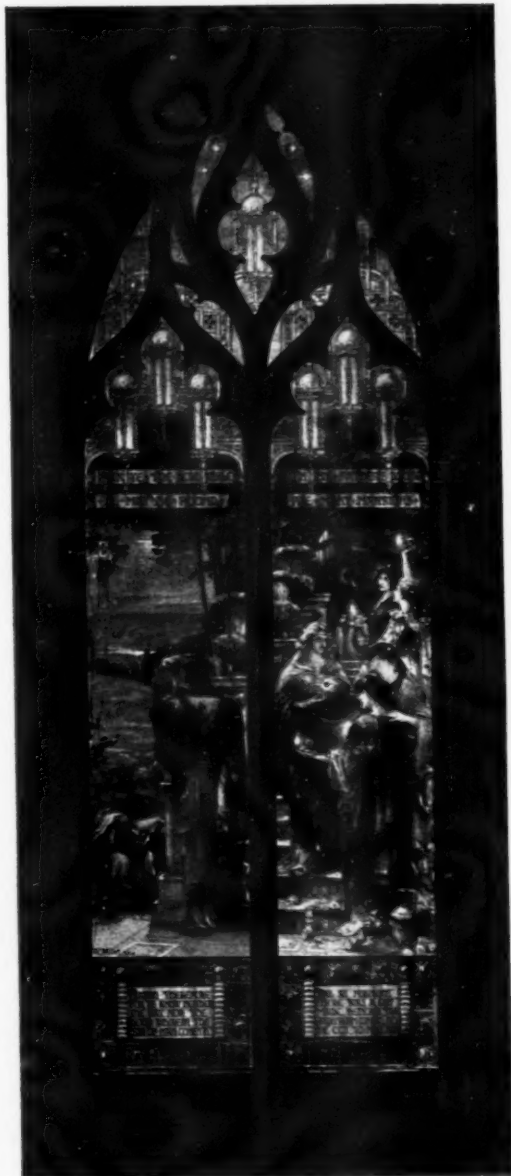
It should have been obvious that the axioms of stained glass are as wide asunder as the poles from those of oil painting. The primary object of a stained glass window is to transmit light, modifying not obscuring it. There is no room for the realism of the opaque painting, no possibility of solid figures. Perspective and distance are equally out of the question. Imitation must be limited to suggestion. Glass, again, is a less neutral medium than cils. A blue which would harmonize perfectly with a red on canvas is a fatal neighbor in glass, seeming to over-



spread the red, changing its hue and almost its shape. An even more essential point is the often neglected consideration of the relation of the window to its surroundings. An easel picture stands by itself; a stained glass window is an integral part of the architecture, and should be subordinated to the general effect.

Half a century ago this art awoke from the long slumber into which it had fallen. Gothic in its first birth, it shared in the resurrection of all things Gothic brought about by the medieval-mad romantic movement. The homage paid the past was often only too faithful—slavish imitation of eccentricities of drawing or leading, naïve in the thirteenth century, ridiculous in the nineteenth. England especially profited by the study of early work. William Morris preached many chapters of his gospel of honest craftsmanship in windows that were beautiful harmonies of color. Westlake and Holiday did notable work, much of it to be seen in this country. The leading practitioner of the revived art was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, successful chiefly in charm of design and skill of draftsmanship. His coloring, however, is more neutral and subdued than either early example or today's taste approves. Of late years perhaps the most notable, though not the most commendable, innovation has been the work of that daring artist, Frank Brangwyn. His windows are too pictorial, but have a breadth and sweep of line and a rich vitality of undeniable attraction.

Across the Channel stained glass windows are especially in demand for private houses. French artists, however, still fail to realize that the glory of glass lies in the crystal sheen of translucency, not in the false



*From design by William Willet*

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH VIRGINS





MR. WILLET AT THE EASEL

beauties of surface paint. The passing vagaries of French oil painting have all been re-echoed in glass—straining after naturalism, echoes of Watteau shepherds and travesties of Japanese landscapes, wondrous fantasies where symbolist-clouds and poster-women run riot. Heretic though she is, France has contributed in one important way to the modern tendency to discard painting even in figures. A

Parisian artist has recently succeeded in obtaining very fine flesh effects by using layers of plain and colored glass fused together with powdered glass fluxed between.

Americans may be justly proud that the most notable share in the revival of the art has been taken by this country. The advance has been in two directions, one parallel to the Burne-Jones movement in



England, the other along a path unblazed before. The more original development was the earlier. When, a quarter-century ago, John La Farge and Louis C. Tiffany, with their co-workers, endeavored to revive the art, they found themselves compelled to recreate it. They had resolved to discard as far as possible the use of painted glass. Unpainted, the glass they found to their hands was crude and weak in color. There was nothing to do but begin at the beginning and make glass to their liking. By reverting to the old process of making it in small quantities, and using heavier charges of colored oxides, they produced glass infinite in variety and rich in happy accidents of color. Opalescent glass, with its changing hues and vivifying power, was an opportune invention. For drapery effects they adopted the plan of rolling molten glass flat and twisting the edges with tongs, so that when cooled it showed a wide variety of flowing curves to choose from. Still another technical device was the use of plating, superposing one shade on another, thus opening the way to endless combinations of color.

This wealth of material was turned to artistic advantage. Windows aglow with rich, radiant color made the crude utilities of painted enamel henceforth impossible. But there was danger in the very richness of effect. It tempted towards reliance on color alone and disregard of form. Too often the result has been careless drawing, to which not even the blaze of color can blind us. This glass shows to best advantage when used in purely ornamental work, like the early mosaics. For figure design it seems, in other than master hands, too vivid and realistic, lending itself to pictorial and poster effects.

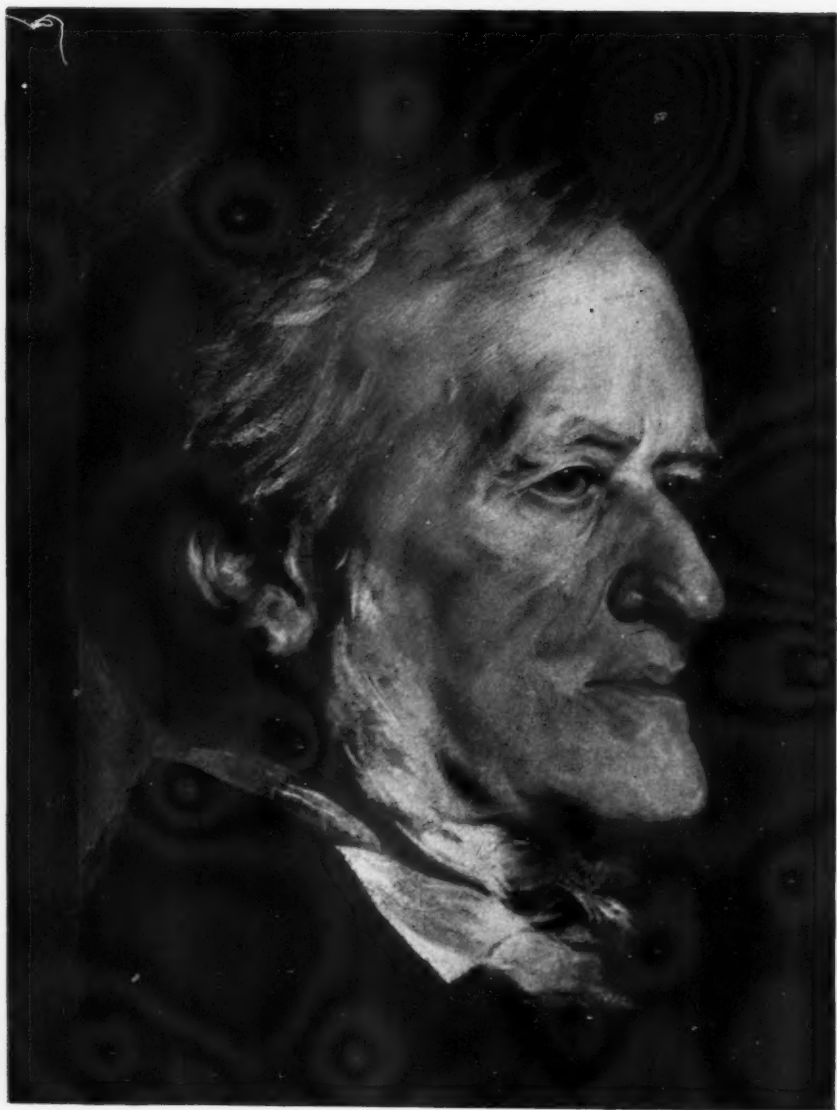
The present tendency in American work is to return to the methods which produced the glorious windows of the old French cathedrals. Antique glasses, imported from France and Germany, take the place of the newer American glasses, which, for all their first brilliancy, are often found less durable. The most prominent representa-

tive of the new school is Mr. William Willet, of whose work some recent examples are given here. Like many other workers in stained glass, Mr. Willet began as a portrait painter, but was impelled by his instinct for design to turn to decorative work. It is this feeling for design, joined with a subtle appreciation of color, that makes his work notable. It is not the least of the lessons that may be learned from a study of the cathedrals of Chartres or Rheims, where each window is felt to be a part, not a whole, built for its place in the complete design.

The design for the *Spirit of the Water Lily* memorial window, in the home of Mr. George I. Whitney, of Pittsburgh, shows exquisite draftsmanship and mastery of symbolism. There is a haunting fascination in the face and figure of that young girl, on the brink of the unknown waters, pressing on without fear or hesitation, gazing in rapt, mystic reverie into the future. In the *Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca* the artist had more scope for color, both in the gorgeous raiment of the chief actors in that old-world idyll and in the ornamental accessories.

The finest work of this new school is undoubtedly the window recently erected in the Third Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh, depicting the parable of *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins*. The background is the marble stairway leading to the palace where the marriage feast is being celebrated. On the right are the five wise virgins, their lamps all trimmed and burning. First goes Faith, followed by Joy and Peace; Pity and Surprise mourn the blindness of their foolish sisters. The five foolish virgins Mr. Willet has daringly typified by two figures—Remorse standing erect, and her dejected sister prostrated at the bend in the stairway. The masterly composition and the drawing of the single figures, the charm of the distant landscape bathed in silver moonlight, the glory and harmony of color, make this window one of the most notable of recent times. It bears brilliant witness to the vitality and promise of American art.





*From the painting by Hermann Torgler*

RICHARD WAGNER



# WAGNER AND HIS MUSIC-DRAMAS

BY GUSTAV KOBBE

At the Metropolitan Opera House the other evening, just before the curtain rose on a performance of *Tannhäuser*, one of the attachés of the establishment remarked to me that there seemed to be a good-sized audience "for an old opera." Yet this "old opera" was the work of a composer around whom but a quarter of a century ago there was still raging one of the fiercest musical wars ever waged, a man whom I myself had seen bustling about Bayreuth, and had heard making speeches before the curtain of his own theatre.

But the attaché of the Opera House was right. *Tannhäuser* is an old opera, older than many operas that are now considered old-fashioned—by twenty years older, for instance, than *L'Africaine*—and older than *Rigoletto* and *Trovatore*. *Tannhäuser* was produced in Dresden in 1845. But though it has been before the public fifty-eight years, long enough to be ranked as a classic, no one thinks of it as such, or otherwise than as a work belonging to the modern school of music. Who, while listening to a performance of *Das Rheingold* or *Die Walküre*, can believe that they were composed in Zurich, the former as long ago as 1854, the latter in 1856? To realize how far in advance of his age Wagner was, consider that when *Tannhäuser* was brought out Mendelssohn still was composing those polished platitudes that made him for a long time the most popular musician in Europe, and that he considered himself called upon to give the *Tannhäuser* overture at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic "as a warning example"; and that when Wagner was completing the score of *Die Walküre*, Schumann, who

declared that Wagner was "not a musician," still was living. *Die Walküre* is approaching its semi-centennial. Yet it is new every time it is heard.

So is everything of Wagner's, from *Tannhäuser* to *Parsifal*. His works stand just as much apart today as when they were first composed. Half a century has passed over some of them; Wagner himself has been dead twenty years; yet his music-dramas still form the most advanced, and the most realistic, profound, and powerful expression of emotion in music which we have. As I write today, the most exciting topic in music is the impending production of *Parsifal* at the Metropolitan Opera House. People are not coming to see it from all over the country simply because it is the first performance of the work outside of Bayreuth, but because they know that, although it was



Illustrated Dramatic News, London, 1877

WAGNER COMPOSING





Copyright by A. Dupont

DAVID BISPHAM AS KURWENAL



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ERNEST VAN DYCK AS TANNHÄUSER



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JEAN DE RESZKE AS TRISTAN



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ERNEST KRAUS AS SIEGFRIED





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LILLIAN NORDICA AS ISOLDE



*Copyright by A. Dupont*

LILLIAN NORDICA AS BRÜNNHILDE



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JOHANNA GADSKI AS BRÜNNHILDE



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EMMA EAMES AS ELSA





THE MUSE

FROM THE DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOURE



brought out as long ago as 1882, they will hear a work as fresh, as new, as up-to-date—if I may be pardoned the expression—as if it had been composed but yesterday by a genius the equal of Wagner.

He is to-day just as modern and just as commanding a figure as when he reached the goal of his ambition, and saw the doors of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth open for the first performance of his *Ring of the Nibelung*. Of all the composers who have been heard since Wagner's death only Richard Strauss appears to have obtained anything like a hold on the public. As with Wagner's music, his will not down, no matter what the Philistines say and write against it. In the technique of composition Strauss is Wagner's worthy successor; but his music does not thrill us like Wagner's, because he is not as lavishly endowed with the divine gift of melody. Every music-drama score of Wagner's is a weave of melodies—or leading motives, if you prefer that term—and it is woven with unerring skill about the drama that is being enacted upon the stage.

It is almost superfluous to point out that Wagner is the author of the dramas which he set to music. What he wrote are not librettos, or "books of the opera," in the ordinary sense. I believe it was Voltaire who said that what was too stupid to be spoken was sung. Wagner's dramas are proof against that sneer. They are real dramas. Written in alliterative, unrimed verse, the language sometimes strained or



The London Hornet, 1877

WAGNER IN 1877

involved, they nevertheless abound in poetic imagery, and, what is more to the point, they fairly palpitate with dramatic energy. I am of the opinion that, stripped of their music, they still would be found to be effective acting plays. For these dramas are founded upon the primal impulses, the basic passions of our race. Siegmund and Sieglinde are borrowed from mythology. But you watch them in the first act of *Die Walküre*, that wonderful act in which only three characters are introduced, yet which does not flag in interest for an instant, and you say to yourself: "These are my ancestors. This is the stock from which, in ages past, I have sprung. I understand their actions, their impulses. Barring the blood relationship, which is mythological license, there are men and women today who are meeting the same problem in the same way and, blinded to fate through their love, are going to their doom."



Kikeriki, Vienna, 1883

PURSUED BY CRITICS ALL HIS LIFE





THE RHINE DAUGHTERS (The Rhinegold)

FROM DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOURE

Wagner also shows his skill as a dramatist in the wonderful atmosphere of reality which he creates as soon as the curtain rises. Leaving his Meyerbeerian opera *Rienzi* out of consideration, his plots, with the exception of *Die Meistersinger*, are legendary or mythological. Yet we feel that we are looking upon life—a life recalled from a remote past, but as real as our own. With Brünnhilde's first barbaric "Hojotcho!" we are ready to accept her as a reality; while, as for Wotan, if he sometimes is a good deal of a bore, are there not still plenty like him? Or take the purely human story of *Die Meistersinger*

von Nürnberg. Does it not perfectly reproduce the medieval life of that city with rare fidelity lightened by delicious humor?

Character drawing is another strong point of Wagner as a dramatist. Every figure on his stage stands out from the rest. The moment Hunding enters, his towering form, his forbidding manner, his sombre visage cast the shadow of coming tragedy over the scene. Your instinct tells you that it is through him Siegmund will meet his doom. Take, for the opposite extreme, Hans Sachs in *Die Meistersinger*. What an epitome of kindly humor and whole-souled philosophy! Then the stage settings which form such perfect surroundings for the action, they too are Wagner's creation, and are as minutely and graphically described in his stage directions as if they were parts of a novel.

Moreover, the fact that underlying each of Wagner's dramas there is a moral significance, that in each of them some problem of existence

is philosophically worked out without detriment to the dramatic action, adds vastly to their effectiveness. Tannhäuser is saved from Venus, who is typical of evil passions, through the love of a pure woman, Elizabeth. Woman's insatiate curiosity wrecks Elsa's happiness. Brünnhilde's self-immolation, and the return by her of the fateful Ring to its rightful owners, the Rhine daughters—causing thereby the race of the gods to pass away and the human era to dawn upon earth—is Wagner's dramatic summing up of Schopenhauer's Renunciation of the Will to Live. Through the four music-



dramas of the cycle, from the theft of the Ring by Alberich to its return by Brünnhilde, the action works up to this climax, which is the final scene of *Götterdämmerung*. From first to last it advances with the portentous, undeviating tread of Greek tragedy.

Isolde's "Love-Death" is a revival of the ancient creed by which a soul at death re-commits itself to illimitable space, there to meet and to be reunited with its kindred soul—in Isolde's case that of the dead Tristan, upon whose body she expires. In *Die Meistersinger* we have new ideals contending with, and finally triumphing over, the old. The former are typified in Walther von Stoltzing—Wagner himself; the latter in the old-fogyish Mastersingers, and especially in the malignant Beckmesser—Wagner's enemies; while Hans Sachs, who occupies middle ground, represents that enlightened conservatism which accepts the new without discarding what is worth preserving from among the old.

Finally *Parsifal* presents us, in the form of drama wedded to music, Wagner's confession of religious faith. For this reason Wagner did not call his last work a music-drama, but a "Stage-Consecration Festival Play." The difference, however, is in name only, since *Parsifal* is in every sense a music-drama. It is not his masterpiece, as some, doubtless carried away by the rapturous atmosphere of Bayreuth, have claimed. Compared with the *Ring*, it lacks virility; compared with *Tristan*, passionate expression. But even so, it is a marvelous creation for a tone-poet in his declining years.



ASCENSION OF SANTA AND THE HOLLANDER

FROM DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOURE

(The Flying Dutchman)

In it he again gives us a drama, effective as such, yet turning upon a moral problem; full of the atmosphere of reality, and with characters instinct with life. Again and again it has been argued that Wagner has not in this work put Christ upon the stage, nor Mary Magdalen, nor the Last Supper. But if Christ and Mary are not specifically named in the cast, and the Last Supper is not so called in the stage directions, no one can see the performance of this work without recognizing Christ in the character of Parsifal, the Magdalen in Kundry, and the celebration of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion—even to the passing





THE EVENING STAR (Tannhäuser)

FROM DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOURE

around of the squares of bread, the pouring out of the wine, and the partaking of these by the Knights of the Holy Grail—in the last scene of the first act and in the finale of the third. If Kundry, in the third act, washing the feet of Parsifal and drying them with her hair, is not Mary of Magdala anointing the feet of the Saviour, then why is the scene made directly applicable to the life of Christ by being called the “Charfreitag Zauber” (Good Friday Spell)?

No, Wagner’s *Parsifal*, “enlightened by pity” and then redeeming the Brotherhood of the Grail from the consequences

of their leader’s sin, is the Saviour symbolized on the stage. Kundry, at first the seductress, then the penitent, is the Magdalen. The two scenes which I have referred to are nothing less than the Sacrament of the Communion. Having said as much, let me add that I never have heard these symbolic representations criticized as blasphemous, or even as irreverent, by any one who has seen a performance of *Parsifal*. On the contrary, the work visibly presented on the stage is calculated to deepen one’s faith.

Wagner the dramatist, as distinguished from Wagner the composer, hardly has received his deserts, and that is the reason why I have thought it wise to call attention to the underlying truth, beauty, and realism in the dramas that form the foundations of his scores. Whatever the defects in diction, the drama is there in every case. It penetrates the mask of words, it makes itself felt even irrespective of the music.

This great man—for in spite of personal foibles he was great in all that pertained to his art—never sacrificed an ideal for the sake of gain. An exile because of his participation in the Revolution of 1848—the multiplicity of his activities was simply marvelous—and in the midst of grim poverty, he worked on scores which he knew to be so at variance with generally accepted canons that he never expected to see his music-dramas on the stage. He brooded long and faithfully over each work before he took up its writing and composition. Weissheimer, one of the conductors of the Opera at Mayence, was an intimate friend of Wagner, and saw him almost daily when



he was living in Biebrich, across the Rhine from Mayence, in 1862, and engaged in the composition of *Die Meistersinger*; and he relates that during a visit of Hans and Cosima von Bülow, Wagner explained to them in detail his plans for *Parsifal*, adding, with deep emotion, that it would probably be his last work.

"Tears came to Mme. von Bülow's eyes," writes Weissheimer. "There ensued a pause. I went softly out upon the balcony and Hans von Bülow joined me, whispering the prophetic words: 'However slight the hope and however slender the prospect that his plans will be realized, you nevertheless will see that he will reach his goal and complete *Parsifal*.'"

Remember, this was in 1862. The poem of *Parsifal* was not published until 1877, the music of the first act was not sketched out until 1878, and not until 1882 was the work produced at Bayreuth. But Von Bülow's prophecy was realized. If, however, Von Bülow's words were prophetic, so were Wagner's. *Parsifal* was his Ultima Thule. For early in 1883 he died in Venice. The woman who wept at his bier, who cut off her long blond hair that he had loved, and pillowed his head upon it before he was lowered into his last resting place, was that same Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt, who had been moved to tears twenty years before in that little room in Biebrich.

The fact has been overlooked that it is since the success of Wagner's music-dramas upon the stage that the revival of interest

in folk-lore and legendary literature has occurred. *Das Nibelungenlied* is read in our own schools, not only in translations, but very frequently in the form of stories from the Wagner music-dramas of the *Ring*. Thus these Wagner dramas are becoming, in a way, as much a part of our literature as his scores have become a part of our great and rich musical heritage from abroad.

He was a German of Germans among composers. His revival of the old German epics did much to stimulate German national pride and patriotism, and to make the new German Empire and German unity something more real than a mere compact among princes. Germany's victory over France he celebrated with the *Kaisermarsch*, in which the Protestantism of the new realm was symbolized by his use of Luther's hymn, *Eine Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*, as the main theme. Wagner was in fact, like Bach, a Protestant among composers. In his music-dramas it is always a purely human sacrifice, not churchly absolution, which brings salvation. As in the old sixteenth century ballad, so in Wagner's drama, Rome rejects Tannhäuser; it is Elizabeth who saves him.

There was something deeper than mere words, something far more profound than mere bars of notes, in whatever Wagner wrote or composed.

Gustav Koblé







RELIEF MAP MODELED BY THE SURVEY



# OUR NATIONAL SURVEY

## THE ROMANCE OF SCIENTIFIC PIONEERING

By H. FOSTER BAIN

The much-needed Reclamation law, enacted by the Fifty-seventh Congress, has been justly characterized as "the most important constructive legislation since the Reconstruction period." It marks the beginning of serious effort on the part of the general government to reclaim by irrigation the vast arid region of the west, the great national reserve which constitutes about two-fifths of the land within the United States.

General charge of the work is entrusted to the Secretary of the Interior, and he has consigned the reclamation service to the Geological Survey, a corps of scientific men primarily organized for scientific work. In doing so he has carried out the apparent intent of Congress, as evidenced by previous laws charging this bureau with the gaging of streams, the survey of reservoir sites, and similar duties. The money available for the reclamation service amounts to between three and four million dollars a year. The placing of the expenditure of such a sum in the hands of a body of men selected without any political bias is a radical change in American administrative methods. It is the largest trust that science has ever had in America, and the Geological Survey is on trial before the public. That bureau is given every opportunity to attain success. The funds are ample, public sentiment is favorable, and the law is liberal in tone. If the experiment proves a success, it may be the forerunner of a general movement by which

the collective business of the people, as carried on by the government, shall be altogether taken out of partisan politics—a plan for which there have been many advocates.

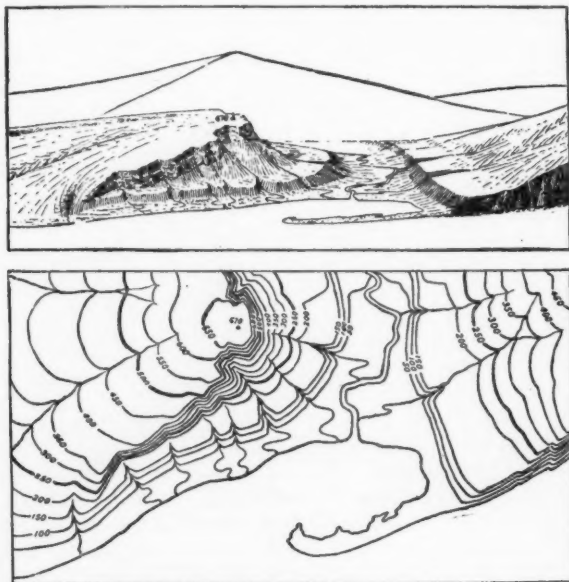
The Geological Survey is the outgrowth of the ownership by the general government of extensive tracts of unoccupied land. Its work was at first confined to the "public domain," but now covers the whole country. Its principal work is defined by law to be the making of a geologic map of the United States; but before a geologic map can be made, some sort of a base must be available in order that mistakes shall not be made in representing on the map the rocks and veins. The making of this base-map is in the hands of the topographic branch. The map is being made piece by piece in the form of atlas sheets. When completed the entire map, if the sheets were joined, would be of imposing dimensions—about half the size of an ordinary city square.

Field surveys are necessary in each "quadrangle"—the name given to a square degree of the earth's surface. In order that the various sheets may fit together these surveys must be made with great care, for a mile on the ground is represented by only an inch, or a half-inch, on the map. The entire system of mapping is controlled by careful triangulation and by many determinations of latitude and longitude. Since triangulation involves making long sights from high points,



mountain-climbing is a regular part of the topographer's work. Of thirty mountains in the western States above fourteen thousand feet in altitude, the heights of all but three were first determined by the present Geological Survey, or by its predecessors. Far up above the timber line, up indeed where the snow never melts, the topographer sets up his instrument and waits while the minutes become hours, and perhaps the hours days, for the fortunate rift in the clouds or the brief minutes of clear sky at early sunrise or late sunset, when the far distant peaks will show above the valley mists.

Within the great triangles, which are thus accurately laid down, lines are measured, levels are run, and finally with the plane-table the whole area is carefully traversed and the details are plotted. The topographic map, as published, is that actually made on the ground, the field sheets being merely inked in and lettered by hand. The reproduction of the work is mechanical. In this way the greatest accuracy is obtained, and all possible errors in copying are eliminated.



IDEAL SKETCH AND CORRESPONDING CONTOUR MAP

The finished map shows not only the roads, towns and land lines, the streams, lakes and seas, but also—by lines known as "contours," and usually printed in brown—the position and shape of each hill, and the distance above sea level of every point within the area. The relation of such contour lines to the landscape is shown in the figure below. Each contour represents a line connecting all the points which are of the same altitude, and the altitudinal interval between contours is invariable on any map, though it may differ on different maps. As a result, steep slopes are shown by many contour lines near together, while the lines representing gentle slopes fall farther apart. In the illustration the sharp terrace along the stream is represented by three nearly parallel contours, and from the figures it may be seen that the terrace is a hundred feet high.

A good topographic map serves not only the geologist, but from it the hydrographer figures the storage capacity of the lake which might be made by constructing a certain dam; the engineer determines the length of a proposed canal; the railway builder determines the approximate location of his line without the expense of making a preliminary survey. So well recognized is this value that, in several instances, railway and mining companies have volunteered to pay the entire cost of making such maps in specific areas, when official funds were not immediately available. Of the 3,025,000 square miles of the United States, about thirty-one per cent.—929,712 square miles—have been so far surveyed, though not everywhere on the same scale.

Upon the completed topographic map the geologist spreads colors to represent the areas underlain by the



*Photograph by Chapman*

## CINCHING UP FOR A DAY'S JOURNEY WITH THE PACK TRAIN

rock formations; and on the edge of the map, or on a separate sheet, he makes diagrams or "cross-sections," as they are called, which show the thickness and dip of each bed and the general structure of the region. By custom, and by agreements brought about through the Congrès Géologique International, the colors and symbols used on all official maps are the same, so that one does not need to know the language to read a German, French, Italian, or even a Japanese map. Blue, for example, is the color used for carboniferous rocks, which happen to be coal-bearing in most parts of the world. Green is quite as uniformly used for cretaceous formations.

The uses of a geologic map are very numerous. By means of such a map and the accompanying structure-sections the deeper copper mines of the Lake Superior region were located far out beyond any known outcrops of the copper-bearing ledge, and in perfect confidence the mining companies spent in some instances one

and even two hundred thousand dollars in sinking big working shafts to the ore. So regular is the dip of these particular beds that the engineers' estimates have time and again been found correct within a very few feet. In the South African gold field the mines known collectively as "the deeps," which will be yielding gold years after those located on outcrops have been abandoned, were in the same way located by means of geologic maps.

Some years ago when the Northern Pacific Railway was selecting coal lands in the densely forested regions of Washington, the geologist in charge, having measured and calculated the dip, said: "Jim, take your drill crew over to section thirteen and see if you don't find coal about the middle of the section." Jim, who knew the geologist had never visited section thirteen, went off on what he considered a wild-goose chase. When he arrived on the ground the deep cover of undergrowth and soil, effectually precluding any examination of the rocks, increased his





SILVERTON AND THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS

SOME OF THE MOST NOTABLE RECENT WORK OF  
THE SURVEY HAS BEEN DONE IN THIS REGION



disgust. He set to work, however, and in a short time the drill went into a good bed of coal, hundreds of tons of which have since been used to haul trains across the mountains. After that experience Jim would have drilled upward into a cloud if the geologist had told him to do so, in absolute confidence of tapping anthracite.

Of course, it is not always possible, even with the best geologic map in hand, to locate mineral thus accurately, for the rocks themselves often change within very short distances. In many cases it is only possible to discriminate the areas within which ore will be found—if present at all—from those which offer no encouragement whatever for prospecting.

This has been done with notable success in the Lake Superior region. Much of the iron land of that area is completely covered by swamps or thickets. In the early days there were no roads, and all the travel was by means of canoes through the numerous lakes of the region. Over the portages the canoes were carried on men's heads and the camp outfit on their backs. It happens, fortunately, that much of the iron is magnetic or is associated with magnetic minerals, and that the remainder is found only in connection with certain rocks which are fairly constant in each district. In making the surveys, the country was laid off in half-mile squares and mapped by tramping along each boundary line. First came an axman, who cut a path through the brush; next a compass-man, who kept the direction by means of a compass set by the sun, and the distance by counting his steps; last came the geologist, who broke off pieces from each rock ledge and recorded its location. He also made at short distances observations with a dipping needle—a compass which points downward toward any body of magnetic mineral. The rock

samples obtained in the course of the survey were ground down to thin sections and examined under the microscope. From the whole series of observations were plotted certain narrow belts within which the iron was predicted to occur. Although these belts were in places only a hundred feet or so across, in all the drilling which has since been done no ore has ever been found in the surveyed areas outside the belts indicated.

The use of the dipping needle is, unfortunately, possible only in locating magnetic minerals. Contrary to popular opinion the common ores of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc have no magnetic properties. In locating ores of these

metals the geologist must carefully plot all outcrops both of vein matter and of country rock, and then from measurements of the dip and strike of the rock calculate the position of the vein in the covered territory. This work naturally takes him into the roughest country, since it is there that the most outcrops occur. Long tramps, dangerous climbs, and much hard physical labor are all in the day's work. Camp life under

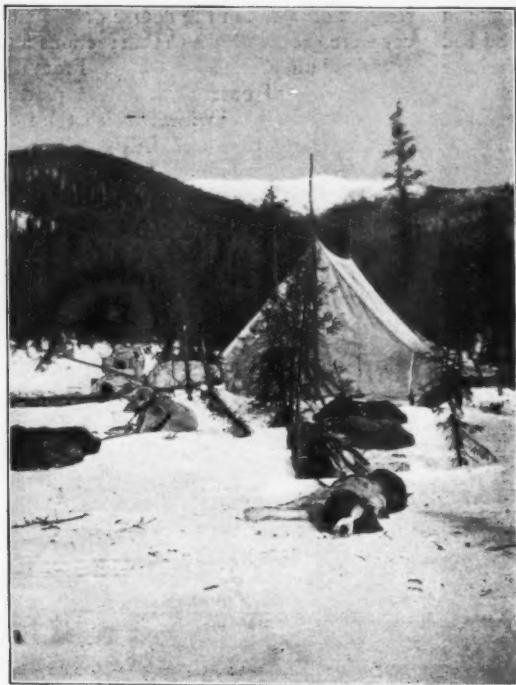


A NORTHWEST BOUNDARY MARK

a wide variety of conditions, and travel in many curious fashions, fall to his lot.

Probably no division of the Survey has more picturesque, albeit exacting and dangerous work, than the Alaskan. Between the lines of the official reports one may read many a tale of danger and heroism, and occasionally some member of the corps gives a vivid picture of the incidents of the work. The trip of the Brooks party in 1902 from Cook Inlet to Mt. McKinley—which, with its twenty thousand feet of altitude, is the highest mountain in North America—and on to the Yukon at Rampart, was the longest cross-country survey ever made in Alaska. Every one of the eight hundred miles traveled in those one hundred and five days had its peculiar





CAMPING OUT—40° BELOW ZERO

hardships, if not danger. The little party made its way without guides, and with no glimpse even of natives except at the crossing of the Tanana, through the lowland swamps with their terrible plague of mosquitoes, through Rainey Pass, along the front of the great Alaskan Range, over a beautiful high plateau with its herds of mountain sheep and moose—so tame that even the shot of a carbine failed to put them to flight—down to the Tanana, and finally through the dense thickets between that stream and the Yukon. Many were the mountains climbed, for the party must survey as well as explore, and many were the swift, icy rivers forded or rafted. In one week five were crossed by rafting and six by building bridges. Several times the topographer or the geologist became separated from the main party, and made a lonely bivouac under the spruce trees. Once the leader was lost from the party

for two nights and three days, living in the meanwhile on hard-tack, ptarmigan (shot with his revolver and roasted over an open fire) and a little rice boiled in a tin can. In the latter part of the journey the horses began to succumb to the hardships of the trail and the endless attacks of mosquitoes. One by one they failed; and were shot, until, when the party caught the last steamer of the season going down the Yukon, only eleven of the original twenty pack-horses remained.

Probably no other hardship of the northern work equals that due to mosquitoes. The soft blanket of damp moss offers an ever-present breeding ground, and night and day they harass both men and horses. Building smudge fires and blanketing the horses afford only partial relief; and at times the horses go mad, charging off through the wilderness, oblivious of trees and branches, until utterly worn

out they hopelessly drop their heads and patiently endure the suffering. The men, more fortunate than the horses, are able to protect themselves to some extent by using mosquito-proof tents, heavy gloves, and hoods of mosquito netting; but in all instrumental work, and in many other occupations, they must work with hands and feet exposed to the biting of the insects. It is said that "strong men, after days and nights of almost incessant torment, at last break down and weep with vexation."

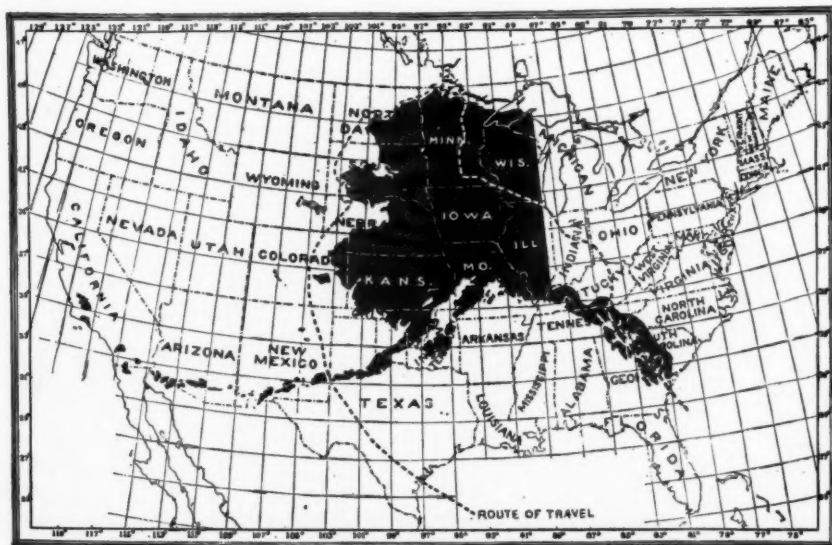
There is, however, a pleasant as well as a disagreeable side to the life, and Mr. Brooks has given a charming account of how George, "whose great ambition in life was to cook" and who "could not regard anything as fuel which did not require splitting with an axe," achieved the following, in one of the most inaccessible points on the continent, with nothing better than green willow for fuel:



Pea Soup  
 Mountain Sheep à la George  
 Rice Potatoes  
 Mince Pie Stewed Apricots  
 Johnny Cake  
 Tea Cocoa

All the pluck and daring of the explorers was called into requisition in the course of another of the Alaskan expeditions—that of the Peters-Schrader party in 1901. The topographer in charge, W. J. Peters, proved himself so well fitted for northern exploration that he was chosen, on recommendation of the National Geographic Society, to take charge of the scientific work of the Ziegler Polar Expedition. This was quite as noteworthy a piece of exploration as any other made in America, and it reflected the highest credit on every member of the party. Starting from the White Horse in February, they traveled with dog sledges ten hundred and fifty miles to Bergman, near the Arctic Circle, camping on the way in light canvas tents, though the thermometer at times registered forty

degrees below zero. In June, when the ice in the Koyukuk broke, a little river steamer carried them up the river to Bettles. From this point was begun a journey of three hundred and fifty miles by canoe up John River, across the Endicott Mountains by a five-mile portage to the Anaktuvuk, and down it and the Colville River to the Arctic Ocean. This part of the journey was accomplished by August 18, topographic, surveying, and geologic observations being carried on along the entire course. From the mouth of the Colville a coast survey was made some hundred miles to the west. Since the season was then nearly gone, it became necessary to drop the work at this point and push for home. A trip of four hundred and fifty miles to Cape Lisburne was made along the coast in native sailboats made of skins. As the Cape was rounded the hearts of the party were cheered by the sight of smoke near the shore. The boat was quickly turned toward it, and soon the smoke was found to come from a belated steamer coaling for the final run to Nome. Thankfully the surveyors



ROUTE OF ALASKAN EXPEDITION OF 1901

THE MAP OF ALASKA IS SUPERPOSED ON THE UNITED STATES TO GIVE A CONCEPTION OF RELATIVE DISTANCES





OVER ALASKA'S ICY MOUNTAINS

climbed on board and said good-bye to the natives who had brought them so many miles along the wintry coast. In a few hours anchor was weighed, and then began the long return journey, terminating at Seattle, October 19th.

In the course of this exploration four hundred and thirty-two miles of linear surveys were made, an important mountain

range was crossed for the first time, and twenty-six hundred and forty square miles were mapped. A graphic representation of the length of the journey is given in the sketch map on the preceding page.

Not all the work is exploratory. Much of it is in the relatively settled portions of the United States, and in developed mining camps as well as in those just discovered. The annual output of the mines of this country is now worth more than a thousand million dollars, and it is part of the work

of the Survey to stimulate this development. To this end complete statistics are yearly collected from all of the sixty thousand producers, either by personal visit or by correspondence. The mines themselves and the mining camps are studied with the greatest care. The Mother Lode, the Comstock, Leadville, Butte, Cripple Creek, Bisbee, Tonopah, and very many



A SURVEY PARTY CROSSING THE PRAIRIE



others have been surveyed or are under survey by this bureau.

While the work is directed rather to the discovery and formulation of the general laws governing the origin and occurrence of ores than to the location of particular beds, it has often been of the highest practical and immediate benefit. In Cripple Creek the president of one of the largest mining companies stated last year that the survey made in the early history of that camp did it more good than any other one



Photograph by Johnson

HYDROGRAPHER USING PLANE TABLE



IN THE GUNNISON CANYON

A SIX-MILE TUNNEL IS PROJECTED TO DIVERT THE WATERS OF THE GUNNISON RIVER FOR IRRIGATION

thing which had ever happened—and in Cripple Creek, in the language of the West, “there’s something doing all the time.”

Another pleasing recognition of the practical value of the work was the naming of one of the largest ore-carriers on the Great Lakes the *Charles Richard Van Hise*, in honor of the chief of the division which studied and mapped these bodies of iron ore, the greatest in the world.

Not only the topographers and the geologists, but the hydrographers as well, come into contact with a wide variety of conditions of work and of interesting problems. For the present the hydrographic branch is mainly engaged in preliminary studies of the water resources of the country, and in making estimates of the cost of the various engineering works by which these resources may be turned to account in affording suitable water for city supply, in the generation of power, or for





IN THE CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT

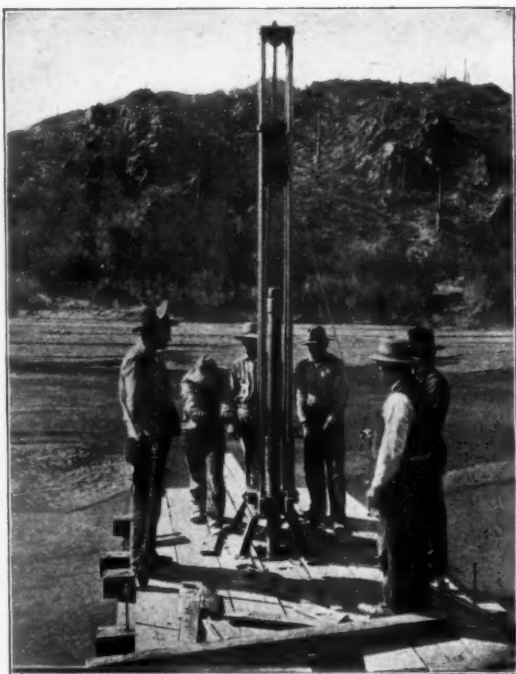
A MINING PRESIDENT SAYS THAT THE SURVEY MADE OF THIS CAMP DID IT MORE GOOD THAN ANY OTHER ONE THING WHICH EVER HAPPENED



irrigation. It is necessary, first of all, to know how much water is available; and to that end the energetic chief engineer, Mr. Newell, has for several years been establishing hundreds of gaging stations along the streams of the whole country. At these stations the depth of water is determined day by day. It is necessary also to measure the rate of flow, in order to calculate the amount of water which is going past the station. One method of doing this is by means of the current-meter, to observe which the hydrographer has often to work from a swinging platform hung from a cable stretched across the stream.

At points where it is proposed to use underground waters it is often necessary to put down drill holes, and a number of complete drill outfits are kept busy in this work. The water which such a well will yield is occasionally determined by a pumping test, in which a steam pump in connection with a measuring weir is employed.

Though so recently established the reclamation service has already begun the construction of certain large dams, and has under consideration among other projects a six-mile tunnel for diverting the Gunnison River in Colorado, so that the waters may be used in irrigation. In the planning and carrying out of these great works the officers of the service will have unexampled professional opportunities, not only because of the size of the works themselves, but on account of the freedom given the engineers in planning and building them. The supervising engineer will report to a board of consulting engineers, each of whom is thoroughly familiar with the difficulties of such work, instead of having to win, as in private work, the approval of a board of directors largely unfamiliar with his difficulties, and



*Photograph by Lippincott*

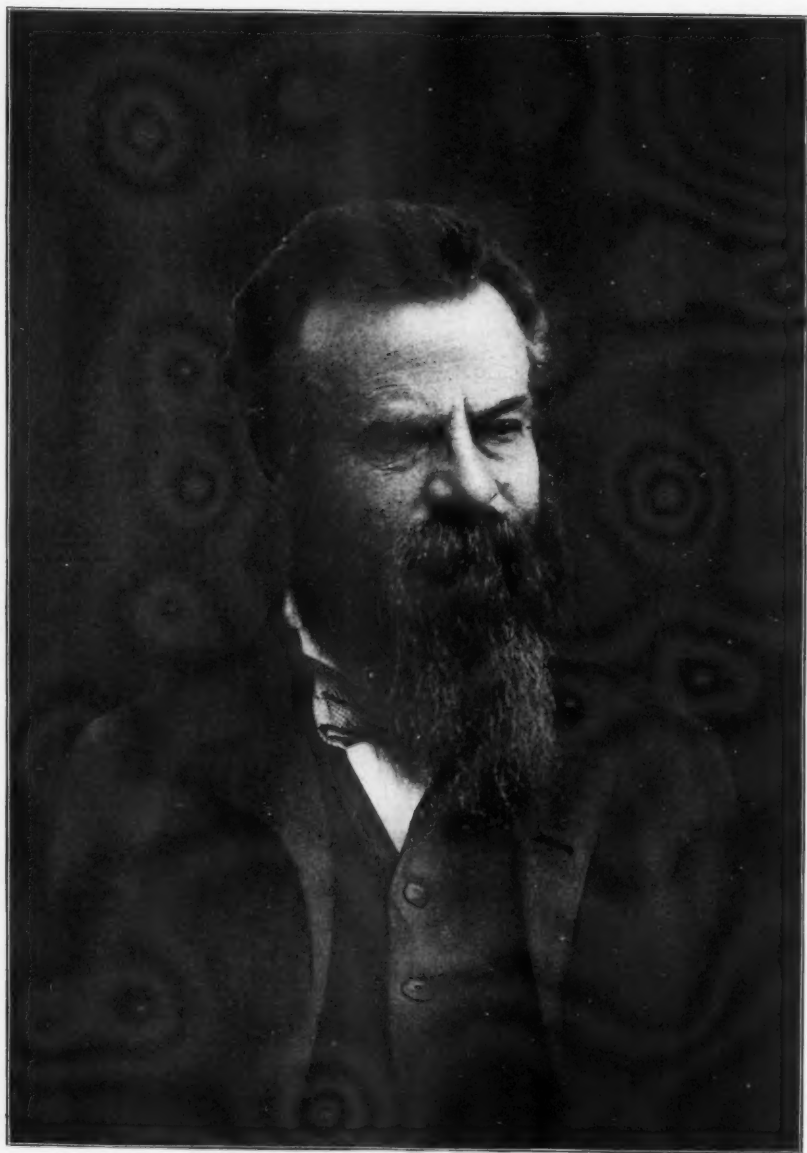
#### DRIVING CASING FOR DIAMOND DRILL

concerned mainly with completing the work at the lowest possible cost.

It has been estimated that ultimately sixty to one hundred million acres, which are now worth perhaps fifty cents an acre, will be converted by irrigation into farming and orchard land worth from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars per acre. The law carefully provides that this shall be sold in small lots to actual settlers, so as to accomplish the main purpose of the whole work—homes for our rapidly-increasing population and opportunity for the young men and the children equivalent to that which the older generations enjoyed.

The topographer, geologist and hydrographer make their observations and collect their data throughout a wide field, but field work covers only a portion of the activities of the Survey. The study of the material collected requires extensive laboratories, and its proper presentation necessitates a





MAJOR J. W. POWELL

DIRECTOR OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, 1881-94



force of photographers, draftsmen, artists, engravers, and printers. Photographs taken in the field must be developed, and enlarged or reduced, and blue prints and drawings must be reproduced. So perfect is the work of the photographic laboratory that black and white prints of large size are furnished at any time within fifteen minutes of the receipt of the drawing or blue print.

Geologic maps make difficult printing. Minute areas must be carefully depicted or the map loses its chief value. The Survey maintains its own map-printing establishment, and maps are made on which are printed as many as twenty-eight colors. Some appear only in very small dots or hair-like lines, but each must register perfectly.

The laboratories of the Survey are equipped not only for the analysis or assay of every rock and common mineral, but for making determinations of the most minute quantities of the rarest elements. In them also rocks can be manufactured artificially, which is one way of determining the exact conditions under which rocks are formed in nature. At present the whole series of feldspars is being made up and crystallized; and it seems likely that results of high scientific value will come from the experiment.

From the foregoing view of the present working-organization one naturally takes a retrospective look at the history and personnel of the Geological Survey. As has been mentioned, it is the outgrowth of the ownership by the people at large of extensive tracts of unoccupied land. As early as Jefferson's administration, and at his suggestion, Congress appropriated money for the exploration of the Great West. The Lewis and Clarke expedition was the first of a long series sent out to determine the extent and character of the public domain. Up to 1867 these expeditions were, in the main, military or geographical reconnaissances. A geologist was attached to the party to make such a report as circumstances might permit. At the close of the Civil War more systematic study of the western country was taken up, and was continued through the era of Pacific Railroad building. A number of separate

organizations were created to carry on this work. Of these the principal ones came to be known as the King, Powell, Wheeler, and Hayden Surveys. Starting under different auspices, and with somewhat different purposes, they eventually came into conflict, with the result that there was much confusion and some duplication of work. In 1878 Congress referred the whole problem of the exploration and survey of the Territories to the National Academy of Sciences, with instructions to report a plan of operation. The plan formulated by the Academy, and adopted by Congress, involved the consolidation of all the existing surveys into one organization under the name of the United States Geological Survey.

By appointment of President Hayes, in March, 1879, Clarence King became the first director of the Survey. He was a man of parts, an experienced executive, and a mining engineer of the highest reputation. While Mr. King's greatest reputation is founded chiefly on his work as a mining engineer, he made many highly important contributions to pure science. In his early years he discovered the first glacier found in the United States; and a short time before his death he published a paper in which the estimate of the earth's age, as deduced by Lord Kelvin from terrestrial refrigeration, was given greater precision. In 1872 he exposed the great Arizona diamond fraud; and it is said that "his prompt action and unshakable integrity alone averted a financial disaster which threatened to rival that of the Mississippi Bubble." For one year he devoted to the new survey all his well-known talent and energy, and then, having organized the work, he resigned to enter the more lucrative field of private practice, a field he occupied with distinction until his death in 1901.

Mr. King was succeeded by Major J. W. Powell, the intrepid veteran of the Civil War, so well known for his daring exploration of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—a nine-hundred-mile passage through the fearsome unknown, under-



taken and carried through in the face of difficulties comparable only to those met by Stanley when he disappeared into the Dark Continent to find Livingstone. Major Powell, like Mr. King, had been director of one of the organizations which were merged in the present Survey, and he brought to the work highly trained executive ability as well as a deeply philosophic mind. His peculiar talent lay in the ability to classify facts, and so carefully did he arrange the work of the Survey in all its departments, even to the form of accounts, that its growth since has been through natural development rather than by radical change. Under his long administration, extending from 1881 to 1894, the work of the Survey grew greatly both in scope and in the confidence of Congress. It was in this period that its field was extended from the West to the whole of the United States, and that studies looking toward the assumption by the general government of the duty of irrigating the arid

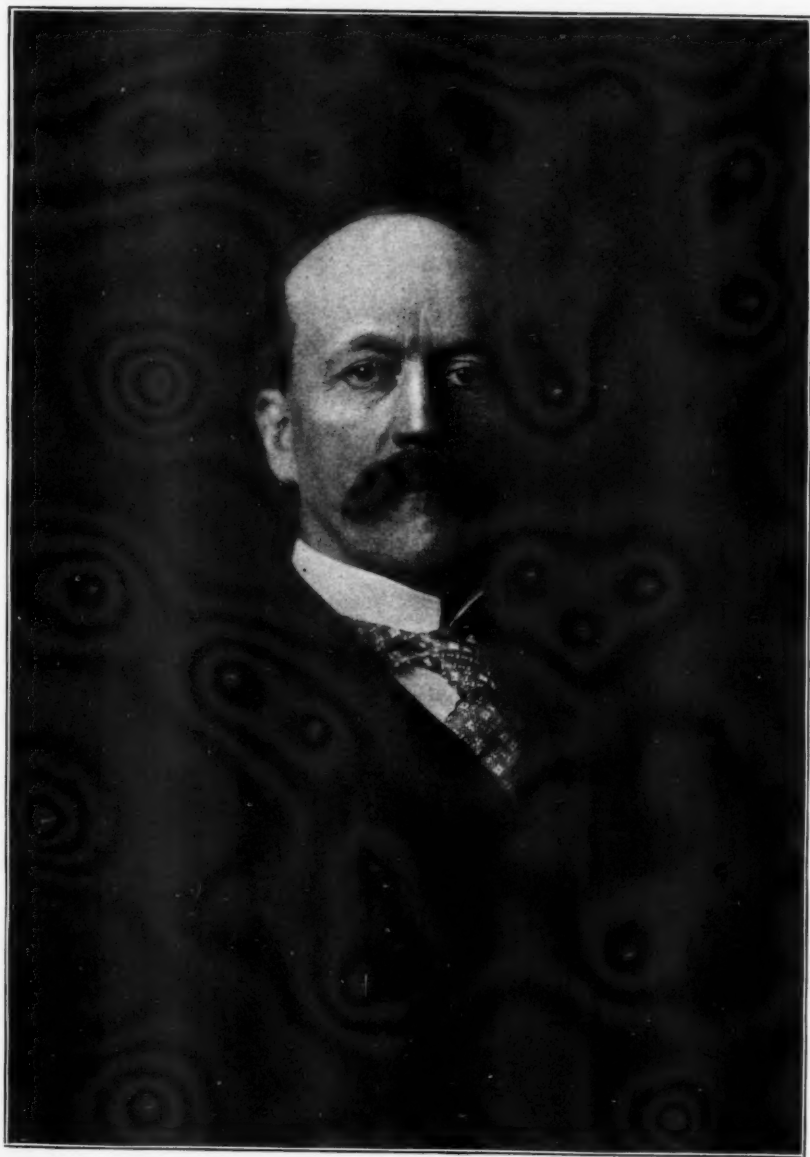
lands were taken up. These irrigation investigations and projects proved to be in advance of public sentiment, and the ensuing conflict did much to embarrass him in the last years of his administration. In 1894 Major Powell retired from the directorship to concentrate his energies on the more congenial duties of superintending the Bureau of Ethnology, with which he had been connected since 1879. He remained with that bureau until his death in 1902.

The successor of Major Powell, Charles D. Walcott, the present director, has grown up in the service, having joined the corps as assistant geologist during the first field season of the present organization. He was long known mainly as a paleontologist—one of those whom the Philistine sees devoting their lives to "counting the stripes on a trilobite's tail." But this young paleontologist has shown himself to be an executive of the highest order. His ability, called into service in the reorganization of the National Museum, has been further recognized in his selection for the secretaryship of the Carnegie Institution. Under his administration the Survey has grown very rapidly in scope, in number of workers, and in resources. The Alaskan division has been organized, the divisions of hydrology and hydro-economics have been established, and the reclamation service has been founded. The corps now includes nearly seven hundred employees, and all, except temporary assistants, are under civil service rules. The total annual appropriation at present amounts to \$1,377,470, aside from the funds available for the reclamation service. The attractive features of the service have drawn to it some of the most experienced American engineers, and



GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO  
FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING POWELL'S DARING EXPLORATION





CHARLES D. WALCOTT

PRESENT DIRECTOR OF THE SURVEY

*Photograph by Moore*





A DIRECTOR IN EMBRYO

many ambitious and capable young men, who see here an opportunity for permanent and agreeable work.

It has been common for many years to bewail the fact that America has made no contributions to pure science. An impartial review of the facts of the case would probably show that American contributions to pure science have been, and are now, of great importance both in number and in quality. The reverse appears true because of the great number of applications of science to practical purposes made in this country. Be that as it may, the chemical and physical laboratories of the Geological Survey illustrate excellently the effort made throughout the work of the bureau to add to knowledge of the fundamental laws of nature, as well as to apply them. As a result of the many analyses

made, important refinements in methods of analysis have been developed, and out of the work have grown also Mr. Clarke's papers on the constitution of the silicates; those of Mr. Barus on the compressibility of liquids and the mechanism of viscosity; those by Mr. Hallock on the flow of solids, and the various papers on high temperature observations which afford almost the only data for the study of certain phases of volcanic action. The hydrographic branch is not only concerned with building dams and digging canals, but studies in detail the flow of underground waters, from both the practical point of view, as exemplified by Mr. Darton's work on the artesian waters of the great plains, and from the scientific point of view, as illustrated by Professor Schlichter's mathematical investigations.

In the geologic branch not only formations are discriminated and mapped, but the whole basis upon which correlations may be made is fully discussed in a series of correlation essays more complete than anything previously attempted. In the pre-Cambrian work Mr. Van Hise has mapped iron ores, and has produced a treatise on metamorphism which is the first comprehensive attempt to determine the principles of that difficult subject. From the practical study of igneous rocks a serious attempt to build up a classification, on a quantitative chemical basis, has recently been made, and of the four joint authors of the system three are, or have been, Survey men.

From the study of mining regions resulted the simultaneous formulation by Messrs. Emmons, Weed, and Van Hise of the doctrine of secondary enrichment.



This was at once a curious psychological phenomenon—three independent discoveries of the same thing—and a law of very great scientific and practical value.

In attempting to map and interpret the boulders and drift which the glaciers scattered over the northern portion of the United States, Professor Chamberlin has been led from the smaller problems of the glacial period to the general one of all past climates. Thus he was led to consider the early condition of the earth; and he has not only thrown serious doubt upon the nebular hypothesis, but by constructive work of a high order has developed the alternative meteoroidal hypothesis.

At first the work of the Survey was confined to the so-called public land States and Territories of the West. Later its work was extended to the whole of the United States; and in the recent era of expansion it has at times been called upon for work outside this country. Thus, Mr. Cross has made studies of the volcanoes of Hawaii. Mr. Hayes accompanied the Nicaragua Commission, and later, with Messrs. Spencer and Vaughan, was detailed for geologic reconnaissance work in Cuba. So closely did geologic work follow the skirmish line in the Philippines that Mr. Becker was actually under fire. Mr. Willis is now exploring China under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, and Messrs. Becker in South Africa, Emmons in British Columbia, Weed and Hill in Mexico, and Lindgren in Australia, have made observations of great importance while examining mines, on leave of absence. Under the law controlling the Survey, no member can have any personal interest in mineral land, nor execute private surveys. This, while a wise provision,

entails occasional hardship; and from time to time members of the force, tempted by an offer of two or three times their official salary, have resigned to enter consulting practice. In general the attractions of the service, with the opportunity to make technical studies under the most favorable circumstances, have proved stronger inducements than the increased pay, and a thoroughly loyal corps has been brought together and maintained.

The study of the earth has always been stimulated by two fundamental passions of humanity—cupidity and curiosity. The first we dignify by calling it the desire to develop our natural resources; the second is the foundation of science, the mainspring of the effort to increase the sum of human knowledge. In the service of these primal instincts the geologist travels on foot through the villages of the East, by horse across the Ozark Mountains, by wagon train over the prairies, on pack-mules high up in the Rockies and the Cascades, with a naphtha launch among the islands of the Alaskan archipelago, with dog sledges over the limitless snowfields of the frozen North, in a frail canoe down the swift Alaskan rivers, in risky native sailboats along the barren coast, in the iron bucket of the aerial tram simulating the eagle's flight to the high rocky ledge where some mine pours forth its wealth, or in rubber coat and with candle down into the deep places of the earth. From the sheltered valleys of New England to the barren sandy wastes of the Painted Desert, from the palmetto groves of the South to the icy capes that look off over the lonely stretches of the Arctic Ocean, the plane-table and the hammer are carried by these pioneers of civilization and science.







EUGÉNIE AS A BRIDE

*From the painting by Winterhalter*





# An Imperial Wraith

By Clara Morris

Now and again the papers announce that to some startled member of the imperial Hapsburg family has appeared that "ghostly woman in white," whose dread presence always signifies death or disaster to a Hapsburg. Less frequently we hear of the appearance of "the black-robed ghost" of the Hohenzollerns—presaging death to one of that imperial family. But there is another ghost in Europe—imperial, too—whose occasional appearance causes no thrill of dread; whose trailing draperies of crape drag after them neither misfortune, shame, nor death; but pallid, silent, tragic, she haunts the city that saw her triumph and her fall. This third imperial ghost is Eugénie, whose stately head has been thrice crowned—for has she not worn the crown of Beauty, the crown of France, and, alas, a crown of Sorrow?

Whenever I see her name I recall the funny, bristly, old Frenchman, ex-soldier, who used to be over in Fourth Avenue, and whose greatest boast was that, standing sentry at the gates that day, he had been the first one at the palace to hail her Empress, on her return from that almost incredible drive to Notre Dame.

For a favored few this old man built such riding habits as no tailor in New York could approach, furiously declaring each to be the last; vowing it did not pay him, and he would only work on liveries and uniforms. Still, I ventured there. Though I had been warned, "He will not hear you out!" still I ventured. And surely the stars in their courses must have fought

for me, for even as I entered the hallway I faced an unusually fine picture of Eugénie, and, knowing nothing of the old man's weakness, I said: "Oh, what a lovely picture of the loveliest head in the world!"

The old man, who had frowned at me, suddenly sprang forward, caught my hand, pressed his bristly white mustache upon it, and cried: "To zee zancum! A-ah! to zee zancum!" "Madame!" and at that cry his wiry, black-eyed, little madame had hurried forth and received an order, "Open zee zancum—at once, please!" I was too nervously anxious about my own affair to wonder at this order, and while still upon the stairs I faintly asked if he would please make me a habit; and with his shoulders at his ears, with his eyes upturned, with the extravagance of his nation, he declared: "Mademoiselle, I will make you zee habit Amazone while I shall live! I will make zee habit of your father an' your mother!" And then I was waved into the sanctum, and I said, "Oh!" and stood still, and he said "A-ah! a-ah!" and skipped like a young lamb.

The walls, the mantel, the tables, the desk—look where you would, you found pictures, and yet pictures, of his adored Empress—never "Ex" to him! Taken alone, with the Emperor, with the Prince Imperial, with both of them! Some funny to the laughing point, for many were taken in the early days of photography and while the fashion in street dress would have made





THE LAST EMPEROR OF FRANCE

*From the painting by Flandrin*



the angels weep. Two, though, were in riding habit, standing, and oh, showing such sweeping lines of beauty, from splendid shoulder to slender foot, fine and true as the lines of an Etruscan vase. In one large picture she wore the crown; and there was a haughty sadness on her face, such as may have been there when the Castiglione made the third obeisance before her, while with bold eyes she paid her homage to the Emperor alone.

There were souvenirs of many kinds in a locked cabinet! From among them he brought me a large gold locket, and opening it reverently he showed me a morsel of heavy white satin with a stripe in it, and some silver brocading. Tears were in his eyes as he murmured, "Her wedding-dress, mademoiselle! Oh, yes, it is one true scrap—zee you here!" and he produced a list of names of those through whose hands the bit of satin had passed to his. "And now she wears that!" said he, pointing excitedly to a bit of black crape in the opposite side of the locket, with the one word "Chiselhurst" engraved beneath it.

Ah, that pathetic scrap of Beauty's wedding gown! It was like finding a faintly glimmering trace of almost impalpable powder shaken from the wing of a butterfly!

Another picture, taken in very early married days, was gentle in expression; but it, too, was very sad; and I asked: "Do you suppose she was grieving for the lover she had lost?" The old man flung wide his arms and cried: "Ah, I see, mademoiselle has zee love for my Empress! Yes—yes! or why shall she remember zatt—while all the world else forget it—ch?" And he excitedly rubbed his head the wrong way until each short white bristle stood straight on end, and made him look like an angry old cockatoo.

Then swiftly he returned to my question, and told me that he did not believe that the beautiful Eugénie had grieved simply over the loss of her lover, since she was rather cold to her adorers, but that she had suffered cruelly from her sister's treachery—that sister whom she had admired, whom

she had loved to the verge of idolatry! and that the wooing of an Emperor might well be as a balm to her hurt pride. "But for the heart?—well, I do not know! It was vère true that zee Empress was sad—aye, even for one little minute—one leetle, l-e-e-t-l-e minute on that ver-y day of her wedding!"

He said that from the first the people had been won by her beauty, but when they had brought the immense sum of money they had raised among themselves—the price of the splendid jewels they wished to confer as their wedding gift—she had lifted her stately head, and all her face was gentle as a little child's as she entreated those in authority that not one jewel should be bought for her, but that the money should go back to them in the form of a great hospital, to be built as soon as might be, where in sad and suffering hours they might find free shelter, rest, and care, and so be reminded of her love for them! She had her will, and the common people bowed down and worshiped her, their vanity flattered by her beauty, their hearts touched by her thought of them—while quickly the Emperor saw the political value of the gracious act, and smiled on it and her!

And so the old man went on with his rhapsody. Those market-women! Did mademoiselle know of those creatures, who never yet kept in when they wanted to get out, or kept out when they preferred being in? No? As in the hate they make of themselves a terror, so in the love they made of themselves a nuisance—on that great day of wedding! As the bride wears no jewel of their giving, they appoint a committee to select and purchase some flowers, and to see that they reach the palace promptly, to be a greeting to the Empress! After that—well! they surge, they shout, they are everywhere—particularly where there is a cordon to be broken! And through all the thunder of the cannon, the chiming of the bells, the blare of the trumpets, the snapping of the flags, the trampling of the horses, the shouting of the crowds—through all and everywhere were heard, high and



shrill, the piercing cries of *les dames des halles*, drunk with joy and maddened with excitement!

Then the roar in the distance increased in volume, and presently at the palace gates was seen the splendid procession, like a great serpent dragging its glittering length slowly back; and when in the imperial carriage the people caught a glimpse of that white loveliness, from thousands of throats there came first a long A-a-ah! like a sigh—then broke the hurricane of vivas!

And she was superb! No shrinking—no *gaucherie*! Smiling but stately, she might have been the daughter of a hundred kings! So, robed in white, half veiled in lace, all fragrant with orange blossoms, with the glitter of diamonds and the milky gleam of pearls crowning her lovely brow, she entered the palace a bride, and the Empress of France!

And those market-women? They boiled over! They yelled and pushed and crowded into the palace gardens. They screeched and screamed, "The Empress!" "L'Impératrice!" until at last a window opened and Eugénie stepped out on the balcony. Ever eager to please, she held in her hands a great mass of the violets the market-women had sent her. An officer was at her side at first, but she stopped suddenly and the gentleman went back—perhaps her train or veil had caught on something—so for a moment she stood alone, and in that moment like a mask fell down all the smile—the light! The very life seemed to go out of that so perfect face! One instant she leaned her head wearily against the window frame, the eyes cast down like a beautiful *Mater Dolorosa*—and then her sadness creeps, chill-like, over every one, as might a puff of damp air from a tomb!

Many crossed themselves and said low, "It is an omen!" And then, all suddenly, an old fishwife shrieks out at those of the committee: "Pigs! Idiots! It is the flower of sorrow you have sent her!" While quick another raves out: "It is the color of mourning that you send the bride of our Emperor! Violets—purple violets

—to a bride! Pigs! Idiots! Devils! It is an omen—a sign of evil!" And then the fight begins! Oh, *mon Dieu*! they are terrible! They tear each other like wild beasts! The soldiers, the gendarmes, they try hard to make order. They fail. Then a voice above us, clear and gentle, says, "Oh, gendarmes, don't hurt them!"

The idea that any soldier on earth could hurt a *dame des halles* was so funny that everybody stops the fight to laugh! Then they laugh and laugh, and wipe off the blood, and slap the gendarmes, and say, "Don't hurt us, messieurs—don't!" and they dance and shout; and the beautiful Empress, she stands by the Emperor and bows, and throws some violets to the people who are not of the market-women stamp, and all cry, "Vive l'Impératrice!" And she smiles and smiles, and so retires! But that old witch was right—aye, though the violet was the flower of the Bonapartes, it was the flower of sorrow, not fit to send a bride. It was an omen, and, given at the Tuileries, it pointed to Chiselhurst!

And ascending the throne had not affected the memory of the Empress in the slightest degree, the old man declared. Many stories he told tending to show her kindly remembrance for the friends she had risen so far above. One was amusing. It was the case of a young woman whom a reckless father had dragged down from elegance and comfort to that cruel state of poverty where effort is made to keep up appearances in spite of an empty stomach. Through one in her personal service Eugénie had gently and deprecatingly suggested that she would like to do something for her former friend—to make her a gift perhaps—for the sake of old times. She must have been greatly taken aback by the almost frantic eagerness with which the young woman seized upon the offer. Oh, yes, yes! wrote she, she had a wish—one great overwhelming wish! If that could be gratified, she would never ask anything of anybody again—never! Poverty? Anxiety? Bah!





THE EMPRESS IN IMPERIAL ROBES

*From the painting by Winterhalter*



They were nothing! Life could give no greater joy if, for one transcendent moment—in her own street, standing before her own home—she could see one of the imperial carriages!

And that was why, one week later, every resident, man or woman, in that street so narrowly escaped death by apoplexy; for, said my excitable old man, it was about three of the afternoon when a splendid equipage had appeared in the street. Some had declared to him it was "a chariot sustained by clouds," but he had preferred the more conservative version which placed great stress upon the beauty of the horses. This marvel of painted crowns, and coats of arms, and glittering glass and varnish, stopped suddenly before No. —, and down to common earth there stepped a superb creature, with silken calves and splendid raiment, who advanced haughtily and placed in the trembling hands of the almost groveling concierge an envelope of such size, such whiteness, and such perfection of seal as had never been known in Rue — before. Then the vision returned to his place; there was a whirl, a glitter, a splendid blur at the corner, and the imperial carriage disappeared, followed by shrieks of laughter from the upper chamber of No. —, where the favored young lady was laughing and choking her way through as pretty a fit of hysterics as ever tortured nerves brought to woman. When she was calm enough, she opened the note and read: "Your wish is granted, my friend. An imperial carriage stops at your door. It is empty, *chérie*, but in that respect it is like too many imperial honors!"

One might think that this old man, being French and of the common people, was exaggerating the beauty of the Empress; yet one whom the world regarded as bitterly cynical, who had been secretary of our legation at Paris, described her to me in this fashion:

"There were few women of high social position at that time who looked their best by daylight; but Eugénie, always beautiful, was never so radiantly lovely as when riding

or driving in a blaze of sunlight. The world well knows how she favored all Americans at her court; and it came about by chance, and by her gracious condescension, that once I escorted her to her carriage and stood a few moments at her side. And now I see her as clearly as I saw her then. She was greatly addicted to wearing all the varying tones of lavender; but one shade of mauve—a pinkish mauve—she seemed passionately fond of. She wore it that day. The sun was shining brilliantly; the air seemed full of that *gaieté*, that suppressed excitement, peculiar to Paris. The Empress' gown was of a transparent stuff women call 'organdie'—a white ground with a wonderfully natural-looking flower on it. At home in America we call it 'blue flag,' but in France they call it 'fleur de luce' or 'fleur de lis,' *symbole de l'honneur virginal de la France!* Then this thin flowered stuff was worn over an under-slip of mauve silk—there seemed to be yards and yards of it; it billowed all about her and fairly filled the open landau.

"Her slender little feet rested on a cushion, and they were gleaming in mauve silk and narrow-strapped, open sandals of black satin. From the vague, rosy-purple mass of drapery the clear lines of her stately body rose; round waist, superb shoulders, queenly head, the pale blond hair crowned with a bonnet composed entirely of violets, a great bunch of violets upon her breast; and over all a tent-like sunshade of mauve satin, flounced all over with white lace, lined with white silk; while cunningly between mauve-outside and white-inside was stretched a pink silk inner lining, so that when the sunlight struck fairly upon the parasol an evanescent pearly-pink tint fell upon the fair face beneath it. And when the great open landau rolled swiftly toward the Bois, it was as if the carriage was full, filled with the plummy extravagance of the lilac's bloom—the poignant perfume of violets massed beneath the loosely petaled opulence of the purpled fleur de luce! From this tremulous mass of perfumed bloom her lovely



face smiled forth, as though the prodigality of Spring had been personified in her!"

And this from a bitter and hardened man, who had seen her many times and knew her comparatively well! Both men were much moved when they spoke of the terrible misfortune and sorrow that had come to the beautiful woman, little dreaming that she was yet to sink to lower



*Photograph by Downey*

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

depths of anguish; for at that time, though uncrowned and widowed, she still lived, loved, hoped, and aspired in the person of her princely son, that promising young Louis!

Ah, poor Beauty! She was an unhappy woman in spite of her seeming spectacular success! She knew well it was not from love alone that the Emperor had lifted her to his side. Wife and Empress she was, but none the less was she his cynical revenge! She felt that he was flinging her as a beautiful insult into the indignant faces of those imperial and royal parents who had declined any matrimonial alliance with the French Empire, and had curtly

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refused him the hand of even the very plainest princess in their plain ranks. So he had returned to France a rejected suitor, knowing all Europe was laughing at him.

Well! all Europe laughed with him in his marriage and at those who were compelled to acknowledge the young Empress! But it must have been a little bitter to the bride! A woman of many mistakes all her life long, a proud and haughty spirit, she soon knew herself a wife betrayed. Neither saint nor stoic, she resented the outrage passionately at first; then suddenly became indifferent; then abandoned utterly and



*Photograph by Downey*

THE EMPEROR IN EXILE

forever all hope of domestic happiness, and gave herself up, heart and soul and mind, to political ambition!

Her acquirements were inadequate, her temper too swift, her heart too tender! She was vain, religious, excitable—these were the strange qualifications of the woman who hungered to act as Regent of France. Yes, a woman of many mistakes and bitter sorrows, but of such flawless



*Recent photograph by Downey*

## EUGÉNIE IN ENGLAND

beauty that it will live in poetry and story. So should that sweetest incident of her life, as reigning Empress, when England's Queen and Prince Consort—as guests of the Emperor and Empress—were crossing to Calais in a yacht. The handsome Prince Consort had to make a bit of a speech, and the plump, pink and white little Victoria trembled so perceptibly with fright for him that she hid her hands beneath the table—when, forgetting all formality, all etiquette, the lovely Empress slipped her hand under, too, and in a moment five icy little fingers were clinging to the warm ones, and never let go until

the speech came to a successful close. Then joy reigned supreme, and from that moment a tender bond of sympathy united the hearts of those two women, so highly placed as to be isolated by their very grandeur—a bond that never weakened through all the years of widowhood, when each dared whisper to the other of the husband and the son waiting in the dim beyond. Widows both—one the powerful sovereign of a mighty empire, surrounded three generations deep with her descendants; the other, then as now, alone, pallid, tragic, crownless, throneless—Eugénie, the Imperial Wraith!



# WHAT WE ARE BUYING AT PANAMA

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR

In undertaking to complete the Panama Canal, the United States is purchasing a property which has thus far involved its owners in enormous losses. Nevertheless we take it over in the calm belief that, by virtue of our improved machinery and the ability of our engineers, the two oceans will be joined at the Isthmus of Panama within ten years, resulting in a reduction of the maritime distance from our Atlantic ports to our Pacific ports of ten thousand miles, and a saving to the commerce of the world of an annual sum equal to the entire cost of the work.

The world is familiar with the story of the old French canal company, organized in 1883, which, backed by the capital of two hundred thousand stockholders, expended six years of ineffectual and deadly toil upon the Isthmus; then failed in 1889, and transferred its rights and the wreckage of its visible property to a new company in 1894.

The public is less familiar with this second company, which has, with a relatively small capital, preserved as far as possible the physical property as it received it, and has continued to employ a force varying from nineteen hundred to thirty-five hundred men, in order to fulfil the conditions of its concession from Colombia.

Even less clearly has it been set forth thus far what Uncle Sam has actually bought or contracted to buy. Let us take account of stock. These are the items:

30,000 acres of ground at terminals and along the route.

2,431 buildings, including offices, quarters, storehouses, shops, hospitals, and terminal sheds.

An immense collection of dredges, tugs, barges, excavators, cars, locomotives, and other machinery and appliances, not considered of much present value.

Work done by the old and the new French companies, with an estimated removal of about 36,000,000 cubic yards of material at a cost of a little more than \$88,600,000, this sum representing about sixty per cent. of the entire Isthmian outlay, according to the French canal report of 1900.

Maps and drawings, and the records gathered by the French engineers, valued at \$2,000,000.

The Panama Railway, including three steamships.

For these several items the second, or new, French company is to receive \$40,000,000. Twenty-four millions of this amount, less obligations, will be turned over to the old company, which had spent at the time of its collapse nearly \$250,000,000, largely in promotion.

The Republic of Panama is to receive immediately \$10,000,000, and annually, after nine years, the sum of \$250,000. The United States receives from Panama the grant of a strip of land five miles wide upon each side of the canal. We are also to become sponsors for the continuance of good order throughout the new republic.

The total excavation yet to be done is estimated at about 95,000,000 cubic yards, not including the work at the Bohio dam and the Gigante spillway. The completion of the canal to a depth of thirty-six feet from ocean to ocean, a distance of forty-nine miles, is expected to cost about \$145,000,000. Vessels will navigate this

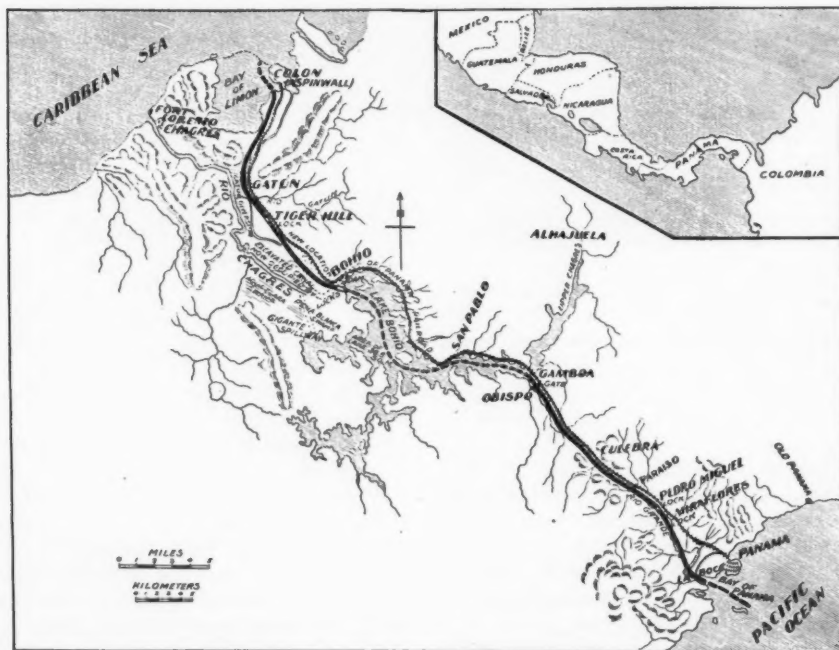


channel at a rate, including lockage, of four miles per hour. All sailing craft will be towed not only through the canal, but upon the Pacific side for a long distance out to sea.

The aggregate probable tonnage—as compiled by Professor Lewis M. Haupt, member of the Walker Commission, from numerous authorities—is placed at about 10,000,000 tons. Of this business he believes that twenty per cent. will consist of coal. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the whole interoceanic traffic will be from points north of the meridian of the canal to other points north of the same meridian. To what extent the canal will prove profitable, above the cost of administration, cannot now be stated. The Suez Canal, under British control, repays its cost every five years.

As the visitor to the Isthmus approaches Colon he notes that it is set upon a small

island along the eastward curve of a deep bay, around which are broken groups of hills. It is only by favor of moderate weather that this so-called port, exposed as it is to the open sea, can be reached. If a norther break, craft make haste to get away seaward until it is over. The rambling, palm-dotted town is built upon land belonging to the Panama Railway Company. It is better known in America as Aspinwall. This place came into being coincidentally with the railway, as its Atlantic terminal, nearly fifty years ago. It is a sad little spot; even its solitary monument—a fine figure of Columbus, presented to the town by the Empress Eugénie—stands as a reminder of bankruptcy and death. The railway, sweeping out of town southward, soon finds the sinuous, treacherous Chagres river lurking in its dense thicket of swamp, and keeps company with it for some twenty-two



MAP OF THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE PROPOSED LAKE BOHIO





A TYPICAL SCENE ON "THE DITCH"

miles. Coming in from the north, at Obispo, the Chagres is low and feeble in the dry season, but a devouring lion when in flood. More than any other factor in the problem, the Chagres and its vagaries must be reckoned with. The railway crosses the Culebra summit, the spine of the Isthmus, and winds down to the coast at Panama, coming to an end at the costly new La Boca iron pier, one thousand feet long, from which a ship canal extends out to deep water.

Panama—picturesque, dirty, and deadly—dates back to the wild days of Morgan the pirate, who, somewhere about the year 1671, burned Old Panama, five miles eastward; whereupon the inhabitants migrated to this small peninsula, because the guns of the buccaneers could not reach it.

One may still hear fearsome tales of the work of death among the forces of the railway builders, where every tie is said to have cost a human life. A certain con-

tractor sent four hundred laborers down from New York; ten only lived to return home. Hardly less greedy was the destroyer among the canal diggers in the eighties. It is now, and always will be, one of the most dangerous regions in the world, especially for a prolonged stay of the unacclimated visitor; although this statement has been denied by some recent writers.

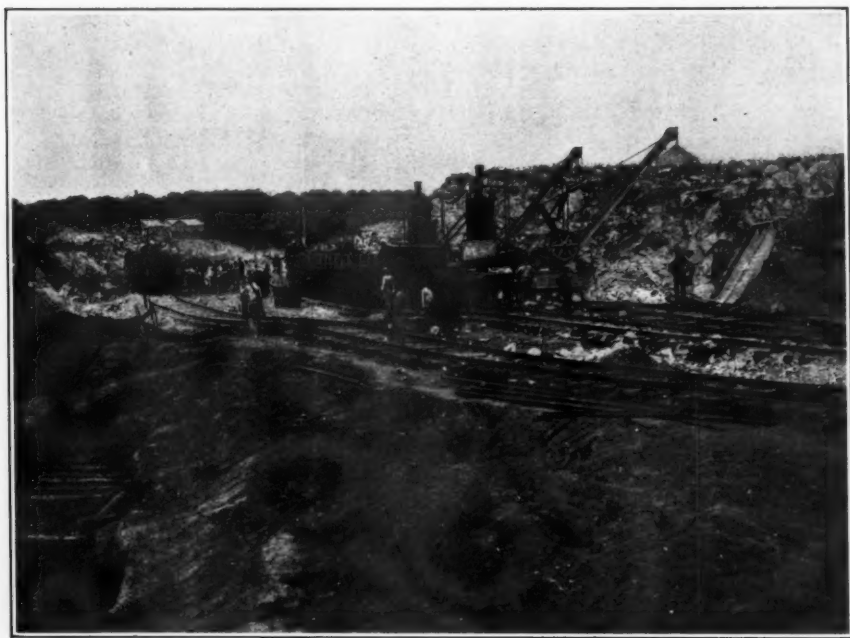
The ditch which extends inland from Colon through the lowlands fifteen miles—or as far as Bohio—and the chain of scars upon the ridge, wrought there by the French, are in the same direction and in close company with the railway. Comfortable launches run upon occasion up and down the ditch. It is pleasantly bordered with dense tropical foliage, and is supposed to be twenty-nine feet deep; but there are many places where the silt from the river has flowed in and so filled it that even rowboats must pick their way. The sum



to be applied to this section of the canal is about \$12,000,000. At Bohio, at the foot of the lake to be created, are to be located two great double locks, having a combined lift of ninety feet, estimated to cost above \$11,500,000. When the French arrived at this point of difficulty, they drilled for a foundation until they came to clay, and "let it go at that." The American commissioners drilled to a depth of one hundred and twenty-eight

above Alhajuela, and the creation thereby of a second lake, for a more perfect control of the waters of the upper Chagres. Eminent engineers hold strenuously that it is possible to convert the turbulent Chagres "from a menace into a most useful friend," and to make it supply all the water that can possibly be needed for public traffic for centuries to come.

Lake Bohio, which will result from the barrier of the wall and its locks, will fur-



AT BOHIO

feet below sea level before they came to bed rock. Upon this must be set the vast masonry wall across the pass, which is to hold the gates of the locks in their place. In the face of such a piece of work all figures are but hazards. The *Comité Technique*, an international body of engineers of the highest authority, after unbiased and exhaustive studies, strongly recommended the "two-lake project." If this is eventually adopted, it will mean the building of a dam a short distance

nish a fine inland anchorage and deep water for a dozen miles. A sum of nearly \$3,000,000 is to be used here. This inner lake, nearly as large as the upper bay in New York harbor, and about midway between the Caribbean Sea and Panama Bay, will be the natural meeting-place of steamers. The passage of the waterway—consisting of a central lake and a canal at each end extending to the sea-coast—will require altogether from ten to twelve hours. Ships starting from either termi-



nus early in the morning may traverse the whole route by nightfall; those starting at noon can anchor at twilight in the sheltered lake, ready for an early morning start. Guard gates at the head of Lake Bohio are designed to preserve its level, irrespective of the Culebra section. The summit division begins here; the deepest cutting is at a point five miles southeast from the gates, where the bottom of the canal will be two hundred and eighty-six feet below the nat-

along a series of double-tracked benches; and all goes well unless, as has frequently happened there, a landslide occurs. Electricity, generated from the upper waters of the Chagres River, will probably supplant steam power.

At the Pacific pair of locks, known as the Pedro Miguel locks, conditions for a foundation are better than at Bohio. These also will be double locks, having four chambers with a lift of forty-two feet each.



NEAR OBISPO

ural surface. Here, in the famous Culebra cut, more men, money, and effort have been expended than upon the entire balance of the route. Of the 43,000,000 cubic metres which it was necessary to remove, the French were able to displace but 1,000,000 metres each year. This will partly explain why their machinery, much of which has been kept in fairly workable condition, is not regarded as of any value. The Americans expect to move 5,000,000 cubic yards each year. The cutting is done

They are to cost a little more than \$9,000,000.

A final lock at Miraflores, one and a third miles below Pedro Miguel, will drop ships to the sea level, with eight miles to run down the Rio Grande valley to open sea. At the Pacific end the canal has been excavated about four miles inland. It is a curious fact that when a ship, coming from the Atlantic Ocean, reaches the Pacific, it is twenty-two miles further east than when it started at Colon,



At La Boca, the river mouth upon the inner bay at Panama, a channel has been cut three miles seaward through the coral rock, which here forms the shallow bottom of the bay. This work will necessarily be enlarged and carried to the thirty-six-foot line.

Among the vast number of conditions presented in reports by the Walker Commission, and orally by its members for the consideration of Senator Morgan's committee, the testimony of Professor Haupt regarding Panama Bay is most interesting. He stated that this great body of water, which is situated just north of the thermal equator, is in the region of calms so constant that the occasional sailing ships which visit this region require from two to three weeks to reach the open sea and find a breeze to send them upon their errands. Practically there are no clearances of sailing craft from Panama, for this reason. The usual and most economical course for a sailing ship, *en route* from Panama Bay to San Francisco, is southwestward as far as the Galapagos Islands upon the equator, then westward fifteen hundred miles, then shaping a reach direct for destination.

The large modern fore-and-aft sailing vessel is the most economical of carriers, and especially desirable for the transportation of petroleum to China and Japan, as it reduces the danger of fires. But if a ship of this class must be towed hundreds of miles seaward, and drift nearly two thousand miles further, before getting any nearer San Francisco than when she catted her anchor, it argues a serious objection to the Panama route as compared with that of Nicaragua, where—at Brito—these conditions of calm are not usual. The argument has less force when applied to carriers bound for China or the Philippines.

Generations which have come and gone have been stirred by the prospect of an Isthmian waterway. The idea is older than our civilization. It was urged by a Portuguese navigator in 1550. Nearly eighty years ago the Nicaraguans petitioned the United States to assume the task. In 1829 the Netherlands proposed to try it.

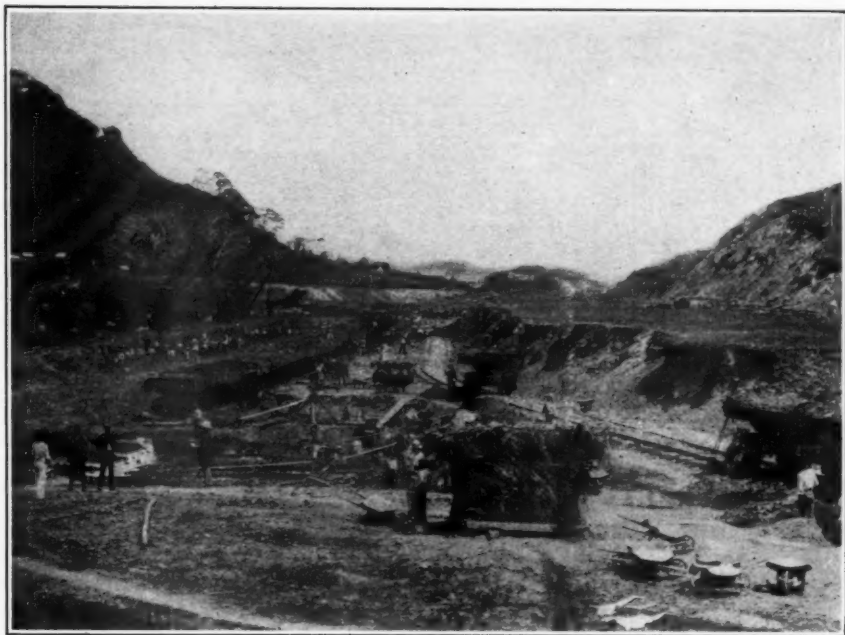
In 1838 a concession was granted to a Belgian company. The subject has been discussed and urged in nearly every court of Europe. New Grenada granted permission to build a railway across the Isthmus in 1849; and it was finished by American capital in six years.

In 1849, too, the Hise treaty was signed, and Cornelius Vanderbilt formed the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company. Walker and his filibusters killed off this enterprise. Secretary of State Lewis Cass closed a treaty for a Nicaraguan canal in 1857. Between 1851 and 1864 Frederick M. Kelley, a wealthy New York merchant, exploited a Darien route, expending a fortune in his efforts. In seven years from 1870 constant engineering expeditions went out, came home, and made reports. In 1884 President Arthur submitted another treaty; it was pigeonholed by our Senate the following year.

The French movement began with a concession carried to Paris in 1875 by Lieut. Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse. The De Lesseps were drawn into the project. The senior De Lesseps, coming to Washington, was informed by President Hayes that whoever might build the canal America must control it; but this was not made public in France. Four great New York banking houses were heavily subsidized. The Isthmus was attacked blindly. In 1885 many trained writers predicted French failure. It was estimated that Culebra hill would absorb the labor of fifty years. The bubble burst three years later.

This enumeration teaches that a treaty does not necessarily imply a canal. But the prestige of the richest and most aggressive of the nations, the honor of its dominant political party, and the future reputation of our ultra-energetic Chief Executive now depend upon a joining of the seas across Panama. The world is already watching the moves made by those who are playing the game. It will be unsparing in its derision if they fail to "make good." Americans do not fail. The annals of our past achievement cry





THE CUTTING AT PARAISO

out against such a possibility. When the great events of this new century are catalogued by the historian of the future, the creation of the Panama canal by the North Americans, as a contribution to the welfare of the world, will be near the top of his page, and written in bold, enduring sentences to the lasting glory of the generation which accomplished it.

When the work is done, and when the first laden ship glides safely and speedily through this jungle-bordered channel, the rate sheets of the world's commerce will be re-written. A new world will be opened to the hustling American drummer. The influence of the temperate nations, the example of their peaceful methods of conducting and perpetuating their governments, will fall upon the hot-blooded but receptive people of the Latin republics, and will, in time, end their cruel and wasteful epidemic of revolutions. The school-book and geography will reach remote plantations under the shadow of the Andes,

and be found in the thatched huts of palm-crowned isles. Our doctors, whose skill and research have banished yellow fever from Cuba, will safeguard the workers upon the great canal against the ravages of one of the most deadly climates in the world, and will thus teach the people of tropic ports that it is possible for them to exercise sanitary control over one of the most serious obstacles to their prosperity.

The prejudice of the Spanish-speaking nations toward the aggressive people of the North, which has prevailed from the beginning, will dissolve as the full import of this world-work becomes understood by them; and, in the fulness of time, Central and South America will concede to *Los Estados Unidos del Norte* that confidence and good will which should naturally bind together all the Americas.

*Frank B. Taylor,*





"I'LL NOT BEG. AND I'LL NOT DENY!"





# CONTRARY to PRECEDENT

A Story by Susan Keating Glaspell

## I

In spite of the tight feeling in her throat, the tingling of her hands, the awful humming in her head—the dreadfulness of it all—she was conscious of a desire to laugh. She caught herself thinking it was like a play, and a rather cheap, melodramatic play at that. It flashed through her mind that some time she would make a story of it, only it was such a highly-wrought situation, so wild, that she did not believe she could dispose of it to any of the best magazines. There flitted before her blurred vision the cover design of a periodical which might take it; and then she grew very sick, while something seemed hammering it into her head, into her heart, into every bit of her, that the future of her dreams and toils was sinking to black nothing.

A half-hour before she had come there more light of heart, more full of hope, more joyful than she had ever been in all her life. And now joy and hope and happiness would never come flooding into her heart again. The sun would shine, the trees wave, the birds sing, and yet—oh!—it was strange.

The coldness of her hands was spreading down to her feet, her throat was getting tighter, the buzzing in her head louder. And it was all growing funnier! She could feel herself about to give way to a long, loud laugh when she heard the voice of the woman saying:

"I think I had better give you some whiskey."



She rather resented that, and so she sat up and said in so quiet and even a voice that it frightened her: "Oh no, thank you. I don't need anything of that sort. I'm going now."

But she did not go. She merely slid forward in her chair, grasped one hand in the other, thinking whimsically that perhaps there was some law of physics whereby two cold hands could warm each other, and then she looked around the room.

"You have a beautiful home," she said, after the manner of one making a simple observation.

The woman looked at her keenly, a touch of alarm in her face.

"You have seen it many times before," she answered.

"Oh yes," said the girl vaguely, "before."

Then she rose and stood in the arch between the library and the hall and looked all about. Despite the hammering at her head, the sick feeling that was all over her, it came to her again that it was like a play. Her mind was running a good deal to plays just now because she was hoping that after awhile some one might want to dramatize her book. And so she looked all about, and considered that the scene would be very effective. The shades were drawn just right, the colors were good, and the house was so rich and quiet and beautiful. Even the costumes were right, she thought: the woman in her wine-colored morning gown, and she—the girl—in her white linen shirt-waist suit, and her little black hat with its pert sort of quill. Yes, that was surely correct.

She walked to the door and opened it. The woman came and stood there beside her, and they looked out at that vista alive with the sounds and smells of the spring. Two of their friends drove by in a runabout, and they both nodded and smiled at them. The girl even waved her hand, wondering as she did so whether it would ever grow warm again. "I suppose they think we're deep in what we'll wear to the dance tonight," she said with a short, sharp kind of laugh.

The woman walked out on the porch and gave a twist to a vine which was climbing up a trellis. The girl stood there looking at her, thinking that everything of tragedy of which she had read in books was wrong. At crucial times people acted just as they did in the commonplace hours—really they acted more so. And that would be a good feature to bring out in the play. The tragedy of the play must be very quiet, very conventional, and commonplace.

She leaned against one of the big pillars of the porch and looked at the woman. She had never thought it a hard face, and it did not look hard now; not hard, but unfathomable, inexorable.



"There are a number of things I might do," she began, speaking in the musing way in which she was wont to discuss the possible actions of people in her stories. "I might fall down on my knees and beg—beg of you not to take my future from me, just when it was opening up to me like this, and after I had worked and worked—you know how I have worked," she concluded simply.

"But I'll not beg," she went on. "I don't like that idea at all. And I'll not reason, though there are things which might be said to you as a reasonable woman—our being friends, you know, and your making it plain you intended all the time to turn on me when the hour came. It takes the sincerity out of everything you've done, doesn't it?"

The woman turned, a trifle of appeal in her attitude. "I am going to trust you to understand that after you have thought it over," she said.

"But I'll not beg," said the girl, not following this new drift, "and I'll not reason, and I'll not deny."

"I should think not," said the woman, making the first call upon her great gift of sarcasm.

"I could make a good denial," said the girl calmly. "I was thinking of it there, when you told me what you were going to do. You have no idea how many things I thought out all in a minute, and how clearly they all came to me. I could say they were literary love-letters, couldn't I? They're really very impersonal as I remember them. I could say I gave them to your husband to look over—that I was fixing them up for publication. There's a publisher I know very well who would say I had had correspondence with him about them."

"You are very shrewd," said the woman quietly.

"I could be if I wanted to; but I don't want to. Some way I haven't heart to do anything of that sort. I don't care anything about denying them. I did write Mr. Kramcr some love-letters. I wrote them—let me see, I'm twenty-five now, and I wrote them when I was eighteen; that was seven years ago, wasn't it?"

The woman turned back to the climbing vine and made no reply.

"It's queer about love-letters," pursued the girl. "You take a girl of my—well, we'll say temperament, though I hate the word, and there comes a time when it's as necessary to write love-letters as it is to breathe."

Her companion flashed her a quick glance betokening an appreciation of just the thing implied. That had been the great



bond between them, the way they were able to get at each other. "I think that's quite true," she said.

The girl laughed. "Now aren't we queer? It isn't at all logical for you to admit you understand that."

"I do understand it though—perfectly."

"Well, anyway, it's true. And as a matter of fact I didn't write those letters to your husband at all."

"No, you wrote them to a creature of your ideals," and the woman smiled bitterly.

"Not that so much, but I wrote them to the man most—I don't mean available—most eligible, I guess, for them."

They both laughed a little, and then the girl turned and walked down two steps. But after a minute she turned about and faced the woman.

"Do you know what I think is the hardest thing in life?" she said, tensely now. Nothing but the singing of the birds, the rustling of the trees, the strange, sweet sounds of the spring, broke the silence. "It's having to pay for things that are all used up!" she said passionately. "It's living through things, and then when you've outlived them, and are up, up higher, you know, to have to go back then, *then*, and answer for them. You wouldn't mind it much at the time, when they meant something to you, when they're worth it, but when they're away off, outlived, forgotten, then to have them come back and stand in the way of things that are vital—it's hideous!"

She walked back, then, and leaned once more against the pillar of the porch. "You're older than I am, you've lived more, in a way," she said, looking at the woman almost confidently, "won't you tell me why it is they can't ask us for the price of our bread when the taste of it is still in our mouths? When the strength of it, you know, is still in our blood?"

The woman snapped off a piece of vine and threw it to the ground. "I must go in now," she said, the same jerkiness in her voice there had been in her hand, and, as the door closed behind the figure in the wine-colored morning gown, the girl knew that the woman had gone because she had been afraid to stay.

And the woman stood in the arch between the library and the hall, just where the girl had stood a little before, and she said to herself: "When she looks like that, talks like that, I almost care for her! I," she whispered, passionately, "I—*care* for anyone!" And she put her hands to her face and tried to hold back the sobs.



## II

They had been much together in the past year—Mrs. Kramer and Christine Holt. People said it was nice for Christine, which may be interpreted that it was nice for her to have a friend with a house like Mrs. Kramer's, and who could do the things for her which Mrs. Kramer could do. For Christine herself did not live in a beautiful house, she did not live with people who could do nice things for her, or who cared to. That was why they said it was very nice for Christine. There were only a few, only one or two, perhaps, who could look a little farther and see what the companionship of a girl like Christine had meant to a woman like Mrs. Kramer.

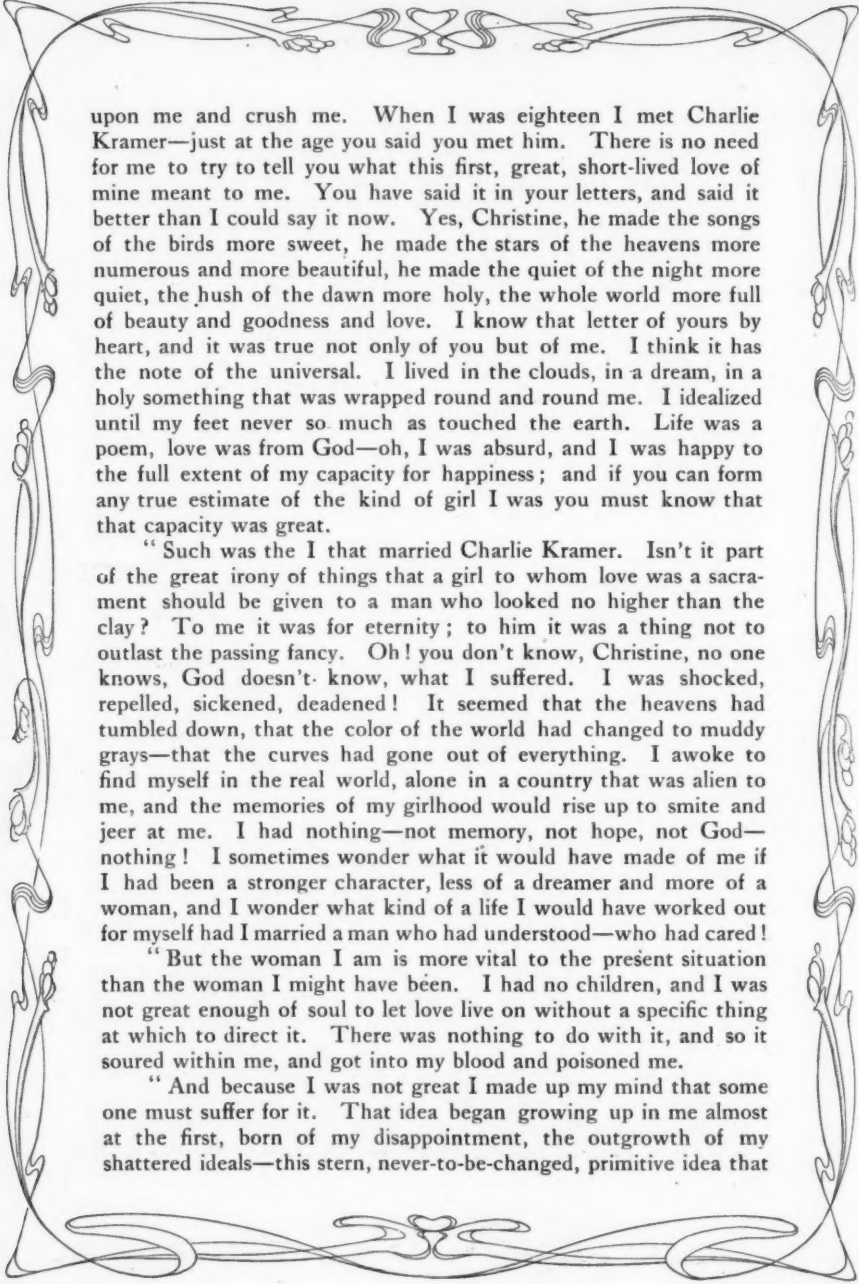
The woman herself was one of the few who put the obligation on her own side. She knew how much it had been to her life to know such a girl as Christine, and she was quite candid now as she sat with her hands clasped in her lap, looking out at the tops of the trees which she could see from her bedroom window. She was absolutely frank in admitting the obligation. Christine had come close to her, and had taken some of the restlessness, the bitterness, from her life in the past year. And now she—

She rose sharply, and stepping into an alcove of the room returned after a minute with a small package. A very small package it was, for it contained in all but six letters. She did not open any of them now, but just sat there holding them, the contact seemingly giving her strength of purpose. And yet her face was much troubled. It seemed a big storm was gathering in her heart. "My bitter, hateful life!" she sobbed out at last; and then she leaned her face against the window, her mouth drawn in lines of pain.

It was a long time afterward that she went over and sat down at her desk. She spread a writing tablet out before her, she dipped her pen in the ink, and then she sat there, motionless, looking down at the white sheet. At last she began to write:

"I know you are wondering about it—wondering, if not in a personal, at least in an impersonal way. You are trying, after that way you have, to analyze the situation, to get at my motives, to form a new estimate of me in this new light which has come upon me. I know that is what you are doing, and so I will help you a little. I wish I could tell you what kind of a girl I once was. I was something like you temperamentally. I grew up believing in such a lot of foolish, beautiful things. I grew up among my ideals, and there was no one to tell me that some day those ideals would fall





upon me and crush me. When I was eighteen I met Charlie Kramer—just at the age you said you met him. There is no need for me to try to tell you what this first, great, short-lived love of mine meant to me. You have said it in your letters, and said it better than I could say it now. Yes, Christine, he made the songs of the birds more sweet, he made the stars of the heavens more numerous and more beautiful, he made the quiet of the night more quiet, the hush of the dawn more holy, the whole world more full of beauty and goodness and love. I know that letter of yours by heart, and it was true not only of you but of me. I think it has the note of the universal. I lived in the clouds, in a dream, in a holy something that was wrapped round and round me. I idealized until my feet never so much as touched the earth. Life was a poem, love was from God—oh, I was absurd, and I was happy to the full extent of my capacity for happiness; and if you can form any true estimate of the kind of girl I was you must know that that capacity was great.

“Such was the I that married Charlie Kramer. Isn’t it part of the great irony of things that a girl to whom love was a sacrament should be given to a man who looked no higher than the clay? To me it was for eternity; to him it was a thing not to outlast the passing fancy. Oh! you don’t know, Christine, no one knows, God doesn’t know, what I suffered. I was shocked, repelled, sickened, deadened! It seemed that the heavens had tumbled down, that the color of the world had changed to muddy grays—that the curves had gone out of everything. I awoke to find myself in the real world, alone in a country that was alien to me, and the memories of my girlhood would rise up to smite and jeer at me. I had nothing—not memory, not hope, not God—nothing! I sometimes wonder what it would have made of me if I had been a stronger character, less of a dreamer and more of a woman, and I wonder what kind of a life I would have worked out for myself had I married a man who had understood—who had cared!

“But the woman I am is more vital to the present situation than the woman I might have been. I had no children, and I was not great enough of soul to let love live on without a specific thing at which to direct it. There was nothing to do with it, and so it soured within me, and got into my blood and poisoned me.

“And because I was not great I made up my mind that some one must suffer for it. That idea began growing up in me almost at the first, born of my disappointment, the outgrowth of my shattered ideals—this stern, never-to-be-changed, primitive idea that



some one must suffer for it. The only thing in the world which I believed in, as the grim years dragged on, was this idea of retribution, that I—I—must put my finger on something that was quivering flesh and give it pain. I could more easily give up my life than put away that one idea which throbs within my shriveled heart.

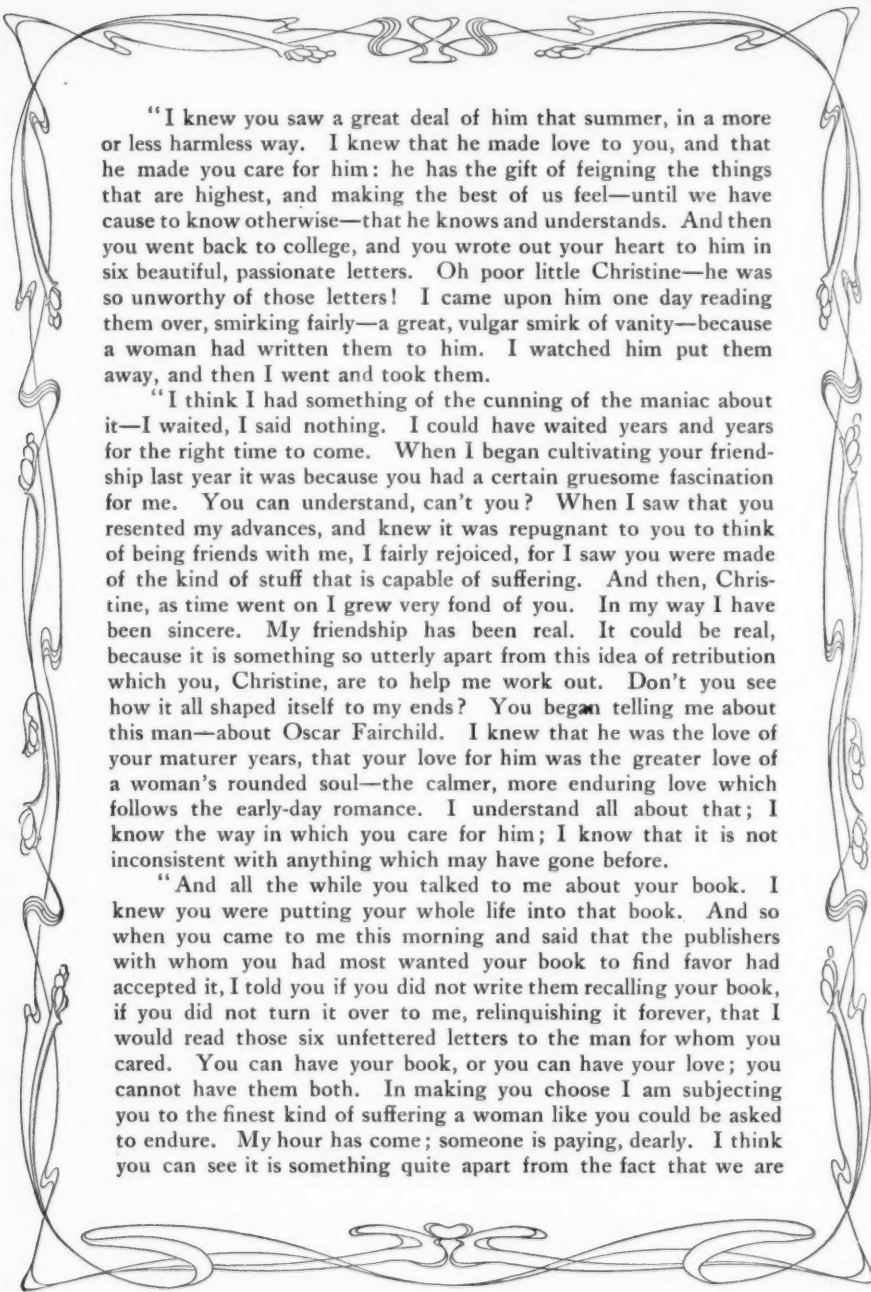
"I think you know Charlie Kramer too well to ask why I do not fix upon him as the target for retribution. You cannot bring suffering, Christine, where there is not capacity—the fine, high-strung kind of suffering, the kind I must exact. Suffering of the highest type must come from someone with a soul. He has had many so-called affairs since those early days of our married life. But they were not the kind of women you and I are, Christine—they did not know what love meant, and so they did not move me in the least. Then one day I heard him say to one of his men friends: 'That little Holt girl is home from college—going to spend her vacation here. Jove!—but that girl has a way of looking at a man.' I went upstairs, very slowly, and I sat down by the



"JOVE, BUT THAT GIRL HAS A WAY OF LOOKING AT A MAN"

window and looked, unseeingly, out across the tree tops. That shriveled heart in me was very much alive now. It was like a great something ready to spring upon its long awaited prey. It wasn't his voice, it wasn't anything he did, it was something within myself, something I suppose we must call intuition, which told me that you—poor little you, Christine—were the bit of quivering flesh upon which I was to work my idea of retribution.





"I knew you saw a great deal of him that summer, in a more or less harmless way. I knew that he made love to you, and that he made you care for him: he has the gift of feigning the things that are highest, and making the best of us feel—until we have cause to know otherwise—that he knows and understands. And then you went back to college, and you wrote out your heart to him in six beautiful, passionate letters. Oh poor little Christine—he was so unworthy of those letters! I came upon him one day reading them over, smirking fairly—a great, vulgar smirk of vanity—because a woman had written them to him. I watched him put them away, and then I went and took them.

"I think I had something of the cunning of the maniac about it—I waited, I said nothing. I could have waited years and years for the right time to come. When I began cultivating your friendship last year it was because you had a certain gruesome fascination for me. You can understand, can't you? When I saw that you resented my advances, and knew it was repugnant to you to think of being friends with me, I fairly rejoiced, for I saw you were made of the kind of stuff that is capable of suffering. And then, Christine, as time went on I grew very fond of you. In my way I have been sincere. My friendship has been real. It could be real, because it is something so utterly apart from this idea of retribution which you, Christine, are to help me work out. Don't you see how it all shaped itself to my ends? You began telling me about this man—about Oscar Fairchild. I knew that he was the love of your maturer years, that your love for him was the greater love of a woman's rounded soul—the calmer, more enduring love which follows the early-day romance. I understand all about that; I know the way in which you care for him; I know that it is not inconsistent with anything which may have gone before.

"And all the while you talked to me about your book. I knew you were putting your whole life into that book. And so when you came to me this morning and said that the publishers with whom you had most wanted your book to find favor had accepted it, I told you if you did not write them recalling your book, if you did not turn it over to me, relinquishing it forever, that I would read those six unfettered letters to the man for whom you cared. You can have your book, or you can have your love; you cannot have them both. In making you choose I am subjecting you to the finest kind of suffering a woman like you could be asked to endure. My hour has come; someone is paying, dearly. I think you can see it is something quite apart from the fact that we are



friends. I seem to have two sets of feelings about it. The one is the part of me which might have been a mother. I am longing to stand over you, to protect you, and to help you. I suffer with you when that mother-set of feelings takes hold of me. But the other set is the real me, Christine; not the me which might have been, but the me which is. Nothing you could say, nothing I could say myself, nothing which could happen, could change this idea of making someone pay for the suffering I have endured, and that logical someone is you.

"I wonder which you will take? I confess I do not know. If I knew you less well I would say that you would recall your book. But I know that book has been your life, Christine. And yet, will you be brave enough, sacrificial enough to say that you will live without love? Will you be willing to lose, not merely him, but his faith in you? There is one thing which I think your understanding of human nature will tell you. There is no chance that he will listen to the letters, and then go to you and say, 'Christine, you were young, unguided; you did not understand; we will let it go.' Men are not like that, Christine, as I think you know.

"Isn't it all strange—and awful! But my life has been strange and awful. It would be different were I a greater woman. I do not know that you will ever see this. I do not know that anyone will ever see it. But I am glad that I wrote it, for it has made things more clear to me; it has helped to put me right with myself.

"You're thinking about it now, Christine—your big gray eyes looking far into space. I'm sorry it had to be you; you had no mother, you have been lonely, and—and yet, Christine, you are the logical one, and *someone* has got to pay!"

### III

Within an hour after she reached home Christine Holt wrote a letter to her publishers, recalling her book. It was the primitive woman of her which did it, that essentially human in her heart which called out for love as the thing she could not do without. She thought very little about the book as she wrote the letter, except in a half-impersonal way that it was an awful thing, and unjust.

Her great idea was to get the letter off, to get the reply, and have it all settled up. The one thing in the world which really mattered now was that Oscar Fairchild should never see those awful letters which she had written so long ago. Words from them, sentences from them which she would have supposed she had



forgotten, came up to torture her now. She ran out and posted her letter, and then she came and paced back and forth in her room, her face flushing hotly as floods of those awful memories would rush over her with all their tormenting vividness.

She sat down in a chair and covered her face with her hands. She was ashamed!—it seemed the very humiliation of it would madden her. That part of her life had been as something which had slipped away from her, something in the past which supplicated for tolerance. And now it had stepped into the present, stepped in as a grim and hideous thing which was to lay its hand upon the future. Was that the way it was in life? Were the things of yesterday—the forgotten, the outlived—forever stepping in to put their mark on the things of tomorrow?

It was so close and desolate in her room that she got up and put on her things, saying to herself that she would take the Ninth Street car. Taking the Ninth Street car meant getting to the woods, and many times when characters in the book would not behave, or when things at home made her a little more unhappy than usual, Christine had taken that Ninth Street car.

As she sat in it now there came back to her that strange sense of the outward commonplaceness of things that were tragic. She supposed she looked just as she had looked yesterday; in spite of the fact that so much in her life had changed, her hat was pinned on just as straight, her jacket pulled down with the same care against wrinkles. It was strange that when the heart beneath that jacket was beating so passionately she should think of such a thing as wrinkles. To the people in the car she looked just as she looked yesterday, yesterday!—when the world was all bright and beautiful.

There was something which always seemed to go from the soul of the woods into the soul of Christine Holt—something big and tranquil, something which wrapped her round and round with peace, and breathed over her a spirit of quiet. She sat down on a familiar log now, leaned her head against a tree, and letting the sounds and odors of the spring sweep in upon her she waited for that adjustment, that calming something which she was sure would come to her out there in the bigness and the quiet. At last her face cleared to something that was half a smile. After all, she was to have him. The fact that she was giving up her book, relinquishing all of that for which the book stood, failed to come to her with the sharpness she might have anticipated. She was too tired to think about it. Tired!—she was so utterly tired that if Oscar Fairchild were there she would put her head down on his breast



and lose the consciousness of everything in the world save the rest, the solace, that was in his presence. He was like the woods—big, and soothing, and steady; and Christine, poor little Christine—she was full of conflicts.

It was that which made the emptiness, the bitterness, in the life of Mrs. Kramer. She had no one to mean to her what the woods meant, and mean it in its human sense. Strangely enough it was pity, not resentment, which rushed into the girl's heart at thought of Mrs. Kramer, and plainly as though she had seen it upon those sheets of paper, she could read the story of that life.

She did not dwell upon it, though, for it was her own life, the turbulent, far from happy life of Christine Holt which crowded into her consciousness, and asked for judgments. The first thing she could remember about her childhood was that one day a little neighbor girl had put her arms about her and hugged her very tight and cried out: "Oh Christine—I love you so!" And Christine had jumped up and down in great joy, and she had skipped all about the yard, and laughed and danced, for she was so happy because the little neighbor girl loved her. Though she had not known it, that was the thing Christine had wanted all the time, and no one before had ever said: "Oh Christine—I love you so!"

And in the years which followed, the years of her awakening womanhood, there were few, pitifully few, who said it. They said she was a strange girl—some saw, even then, that she was a talented girl—but there were no understanding, loving eyes to look within Christine's heart and see the great waves of love which were wanting to pour themselves out upon some one who was waiting for them.

It was in the fullness of her girlhood's bloom, after a lonely childhood, a childhood so full of strange fancies as to leave her heart crowded with unspoken things, that Charlie Kramer came and talked to her of love. He frightened her at first, but he gave her the first glimpse of a world of reality akin to the world of dreams, and because she was hungry for the things he said she read into them beauties which were not there. She had thought she was living a poem, while in truth—she could see it quite plainly now—she had risen to no greater heights than the breaking of a law.

It was hard for her, though, to force herself now to a real sense of the wrong done—a wrong for which she must pay. She could remember that, when writing the letters, she would sometimes forget all about Charlie Kramer. They were as the mere letting out of things pent up within her heart, and she had been conscious



when she posted them that he would not know just what they were about. Then there had come the awakening, the turning on of the glare of reality, the disappointment—half humorous and half bitter—the living away from it, the growing beyond it. And it was now, with her opened eyes, her fuller understanding, her nicer appreciations, now in this hour of her maturity, that she was asked to give up the future in payment for the blindness of the past!

She went to bed early that night, for she thought exhaustion might bring sleep, and it would be blessed to forget all about it for a time. But the quiet of the night only quickened her perceptions, and as she lay there staring up into the dark there was a restlessness, a soreness of spirit, which had not been upon her out in the woods. The thought of Oscar Fairchild was not the balm to her now that it had been then. It did not seem now that if she could only put her head down upon his breast nothing else would matter. Other things *would* matter! The thing which stood out biggest of all in her consciousness now was her book. She was alive with memories of other nights when she had been restless, unhappy; and she knew it was the book which had been a solace to her then. The book was as something which was born when she herself was born. Even in her lonely childhood the book had been part of her life; not as a book then, but as strange fancies which took her away from the things which were not lovely.

She was sitting up in bed now, her large gray eyes peering out into the dark as though it held the story of the future years. It was with a great rush of hot blood to her cheeks there came to her the thought that she had bartered her book for happiness. That thing which had been all in all to her, which had redeemed, glorified her life, she had kicked into the dust just because she wanted that gift of love—rest.

Her throat was growing very tight. After all, would the sacrifice of the book be of any avail? Would that love which had stood for peace, for a beautiful, serene kind of happiness, ever be again to her what it had been before? Would joy come to her after she had sold her very soul to gain that joy?

She threw back the covers, a kind of dry sob in her throat, and, slipping out of bed, stole over to the other side of the room. Pulling open a drawer of her desk, she took out a copy of the manuscript of her book. Then, with the feel of it, with the consciousness that it was there, she broke down. She pressed the sheets of paper tight against her face, and cried as she had never cried before in all the years.



When the sobs had spent themselves she was more calm. She stood there patting the sheets of paper much as though she were soothing an injured child. "Christine will stand it!" she murmured passionately. "Christine will stand it all—and you, you shall have life, and triumph, and power. You've earned it, you —,"

She sank to her knees then, her head falling to the chair which always stood beside her desk, her face still resting against the sheets of paper. With that acute flash of vision which comes in crucial hours she could see the years stretch out before her. She could see herself unloved, uncomfited, could see herself tired, lonely; but withal she only pressed those pages of her book tighter to her burning face. It seemed to the girl that she had been true to the best that was in her, to the things which something told her in this solemn hour of the night were the highest things of all. The book was her beliefs, her sentiments; it was her soul, herself; and no matter how other things shaped themselves it must live, must work out its destiny.

At last she put the book away. She stood there irresolutely for a few minutes, and then she slipped on a dressing gown and crept stealthily downstairs. They were all asleep, they would not know—and then it would be all over.

"The Western Union? Yes, I have a message. You got the address? 'Please disregard letter you will receive from me dated twenty-second; I accept your terms, and thank you for them.' It's Miss Holt. Yes, Christine Holt. No, charge it to me. Thank you."

"They'll call it one of the eccentricities of genius," she told herself almost gaily, as she crept back into bed. And then



"I ACCEPT YOUR TERMS"



the gray eyes closed, the healthful flush of youth came to her cheeks, and Christine Holt was in that land where problems and sorrows enter not.

## IV

It was chilly that May evening, and Mrs. Kramer ordered a fire in the library. While it was being laid she made herself busy about the room, putting away books that had been left upon the tables, giving a touch to a picture here, adjusting a shade there, doing things as one who is seeking the calm of occupation. She left the room then, and when she returned she carried in her hand a small package done up in yellowish paper and tied with bluish cord. This she placed upon a table near the fire, and after looking all around the room sat down. The hour in which she was to turn the balance, to work out the idea which had become flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, was very close at hand. She was waiting for Oscar Fairchild, and when he came she would open the small package which lay on the table near her.

She was thinking now that she would have been much disappointed in Christine had the girl given up her book. She would not have been Christine had she done that: she would have been the normal, average woman, and she would have been less brave—and Mrs. Kramer loved bravery.

The girl's attitude all through had been full of a daring which Mrs. Kramer liked. Christine had never made allusion to what had taken place between them, and she had gone on much as usual. She had made no move to indicate that she thought a mitigation of Mrs. Kramer's attitude possible. She had talked freely about the bringing out of her book, of her hopes for it, and her great impatience to see how it looked in print. She said she was even now thinking of another book—a book which she thought would be harder to handle, but of greater possibilities. For the other book was to be the life of a woman, and the first book had been the life of a girl. That was the nearest Christine had come to speaking in words of the new forces which had entered into her life. And she spoke of Oscar Fairchild just as she had always spoken of him. She told that he was coming to see her, and that they were making plans to be married very soon.

But there was a difference in Christine, a subtle difference which the older woman was quick to discern. Not alone in her general attitude, but in the little things—in the modulations of her voice, in the poise of her head, the clasp of her hand, Christine



gave evidence of a something held back, a force, a power in reserve, a sort of masterful acceptance of the inevitable. She had that optimism of rare souls which lies in making the best of destiny. She would sip from the cup of joy every drop which she could claim, and when the cup was taken from her she would not cry out.

With Mrs. Kramer it had ceased utterly to be a matter between her and Christine; everything of the personal, the specific, had gone out of it. It was not merely an idea with her—it had become a religion; and she had that devotion to it, that zeal in its execution, which religionists have had all through the ages. The fact that there was ruthlessness in it, that it must cause suffering, was no more an appeal to her than it has been an appeal to the zealots of all time. Her cruelty grew out of her belief, and it was made adamant by her devotion.

Then Oscar Fairchild was standing in the door, and she rose and held out her hand. She had met him before, but she looked at him now with another interest because of the nature of the interview that was before them. She looked at him wondering what he would do and say, wondering how he would take it all. She thought, as she looked into his face, that here would be a test of the stuff that men are made of. For in Oscar Fairchild she had the normal, average man of the better sort. He would do very nearly what the natural, primitive man would do. He would not rise to the great heights of the exceptional. He would stand on the wide, sane plane of the average.

Her conviction as to that grew more settled after they had sat there talking for a few minutes. He had come there to see her as Christine's best friend, had come because he would know and be liked by the friends of the girl he was to marry. As he talked Mrs. Kramer smiled a little. To the man Christine was different and apart from all the other women of the world. And he held her so, not because of a fact that Christine actually was different, but because he loved her; and, loving her, it was the normal, average attitude.

And then, in a sense, Mrs. Kramer lost sight of him as an individual, as Christine's lover, and she looked over at him as representative of the type of normal, average man. Regarding him as such, she was possessed of a keen desire to know, in actuality, what he would think of things.

So she began telling him how she liked to think out stories, how she thought she had a little gift for seeing them, though she



could not construct. She thought of them, of course, in connection with Christine, thinking that perhaps sometime Christine might write them.

There was one in particular, she told him, which had lain in her mind for a long time. She was going to tell it to Christine before long, but she was not sure of part of it, and she wanted a man's point of view upon it. She said, with a half-embarrassed laugh, that in the crude telling it would sound much like other stories of that kind, but that he must consider it with a view to the touches, to the artistic, sympathetic treatment which Christine could give it so well.

The woman leaned far forward in her chair, then she clasped her hands tightly together, looked over into Oscar Fairchild's clean, open, honorable face, and began, unconsciously at first, pleading for Christine. He looked at her strangely; he had not supposed her to be a woman of such intensity. And he had not known before that she had a very wonderful face. He did not know, he had no way of knowing, that he was getting a glimpse, not of the woman who was, but of that woman who might have been. And he did not know—how should he know?—that it was the first time since she had gone into her long sleep that the other woman had sprung out into the heat and glare of life.

Then she had finished, and she looked long into his face, her eyes continuing, reiterating, the things her lips had said. Her words seemed still to throb through the room; the very air was vibrant with the soul-power she had thrown into them.

"You tell it wonderfully," he said. "Christine should have heard you this time, for I do not believe you could ever tell it just like that again: the starved, lonely life the girl had led, the way love came to her in answer to a real need, and then the way she felt the insufficiency of what had been given her, and grew out of it, and developed into that kind of woman—you put it splendidly, Mrs. Kramer. I admit that you raise it clear out of the vein of the commonplace; and yet, do you know"—he laughed, as in anticipation of what she would term his priggishness—"I don't just like the idea of Christine writing a story of that kind."

"Why?" she asked sharply; "don't you want her to write of life?"

"Of life, of course; but of the other phase of things—of the kinds of things, Mrs. Kramer, that you could read to one person, or to two persons, without—well, without hurrying over a little of it, you know."



She turned away from him, then, and looked into the fire. "And what do you think of the man in the story?" she asked at last. "Do you think the average man, the man in real life, would have been great enough to understand—to feel that her soul was not tarnished?—was none the less great?"

"To care for her just as though such a thing had never happened, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, after a minute, "that part of it will pass all right in a story. We expect the idealization of things in books, don't we? Actually, of course, it would have made a tremendous difference."

"He would have turned against her?" she asked, with a strange timidity.

The man hesitated: "I don't just know. I think he would."

She glanced at him then with a fierce impetuosity, as though she would sound again the old plea against the injustice of men to women. But with her very lips hot with protesting words there came to her the sense of their utter futility, and she turned and looked with strange white face into the fire.

She had failed. She had made her plea, made it unpremeditatedly, made it with all the soul and power that was in her, and she had failed. And now—now—?

There was one minute, a minute of such kind as stands out from a whole lifetime of years, when that idea which had molded her very soul was wavering. But before she could reach for the package and throw it into the fire that minute had passed, and the passion of years, the passion for retribution, for making someone pay, had come back into its own.

She reached over and took the letters. She sat erect in her chair, as one about to open a subject, but even then she did not speak. For in the fire she was seeing strange visions. She could see the suffering faces of women, she could see the white hands reached out in imploration, and she could see the open, bleeding hearts. And back of the women were the faces of the average, normal men—the good men, the honorable men, the men who would not understand. She saw that women suffered because of the two kinds of men who made up the world—the men like Charlie Kramer, who dragged all that was best in them into the dust; and the good, normal men like Oscar Fairchild, who made women suffer because they did not, would not, understand.

She checked a sob in her throat, and the man looked at her in



silent wonder. He knew that she had forgotten him, that she did not want to talk. He supposed she was thinking of something in her own life, something suggested by the story she had told so eloquently. Perhaps—yes, undoubtedly, that was it—the story was the story of her own life. Christine had told him that Mrs. Kramer was a strange woman, and so he settled deep in his chair and waited for her to break the silence.

And the woman lost everything else in this awful sense of the suffering which the world must bring to women. It was not herself now, it was not Christine, it was women—the suffering faces, the white hands, the bleeding hearts which she could see in the fire. Her heart went out in one great throb of pity for women, women who must suffer, women who must lose their ideals, women who must be misunderstood. If there was only something to do about it, some way to relieve, mitigate it, some way to bring compensation! She put her hand to her head. That word—compensation! It was crowding upon her, surrounding her, pushing at something in her. It crowded and crowded, it was making her dizzy, it was pushing at those props which she had builded up for herself during all the years. It was as though a terrible war was going on about her; compensation and retribution were pitted in a terrible, dizzying war of words. The years of the past were crumbling; the props were shaking. Where was she going? What should she do?

She heard the man stirring in his chair. She knew he was about to go away. "Wait!" she said with a fierce imperativeness, and then she held her face in both her hands and looked into the fire. Something was coming to her—something was to be born from out this conflict of words. There was another word fighting for a place in the fire, and the other word—the other word—

The man sat there and waited in wondering silence, while the woman looked into the fire, her face tragic with strange conflict.

## V

Christine waited for Oscar Fairchild that night with a strong sense of her hour of surrender being close at hand. All the while she had been with him in the past few days she had been alive with the feeling that she must crowd in the joy, that no hour must go unfilled with something vital, that she must live enough to give her memories for all the years that were to come. Sometimes she would forget, and would sit there near him wrapped in a quiet content; and then something would rouse her, and every nerve of her





"WAIT!" SHE SAID, WITH A FIERCE IMPERATIVENESS



being would call out that she must hurry, that every minute she lived now must be a minute to be remembered. That great struggle to hurry happiness—that, and the sense of insecurity, of something hanging over her, had left her very worn.

And yet Christine Holt came very close to being beautiful that night. The little tired droop of her mouth, the wistfulness that was in her face, the appeal of love which shone from her eyes—all of that, and then the resolution, the strength, which was back of it all, made it a face not easy to forget.

She wondered why he did not come; and then, in anticipation, she lived through the nights of the future years, nights when she would listen for the step which might have brought him to her, for the voice which might have sounded in her ears—would listen, only to remember, and suffer anew the pain of relinquishing. And then she did hear his step in the hall, and she sat up very straight and told herself she must hear it well, that the memory of it might be all there was for her during the years of the barren future. The sound of the door as he opened it, the very way in which he stood there with his hand upon the knob and looked at her—she forced it all down deep in her memory, for she told herself she would have need of it in the years that were to come.

From the first moment of his coming toward her she knew that something had happened. And then when he just stood there looking at her in a strange, new way—did not come and put his arms about her, just stood there and looked—she felt that she quite understood.

Her first impulse to rush toward him—to tell him that it was not so bad after all, to force him, yes, force him, to understand—was not obeyed because she had no strength. She wanted to move, to speak, but she was powerless, stricken; and so she just stood there and held her hands tightly in each other, and the thing she found herself hoping was that he would say nothing absurd. She wanted to remember these last words as long as she lived, and how could she feed upon memories that had been tinged with the ridiculous?

"I spent an hour or two with your friend, Mrs. Kramer," he began, his voice plainly indicative of something unusual to follow.

Christine was conscious of her old hideous desire to laugh. But she backed to her chair and sat down, and then she said quietly: "She told you things about me?"

"Yes," he said. He too had sat down, and he had turned half way from her and was looking straight ahead.



A lump came in Christine's throat. He was taking no heed of her; they were far away from each other now. He did not know that she was pale, that she looked tired, and different. This, then, was the beginning of the future.

"She said things to me," he said, his voice throbbing as though the emotion was more than the words could hold, "which made everything—you, life, all of it, seem different."

The girl clasped her hands tight to her forehead. "Oh, I suppose so," she said, "I suppose she did."

No words fell in response to her commonplace, and in the heavy silence which followed Christine's mind groped out for her book. It was a strange thing that she had begun the new book that very afternoon. For some reason she had felt it would not do to wait another day, and she had written steadily for five hours. That, perhaps, was one of the things which had made her so very, very tired.

She was glad that the new book had been given birth: it was a little something upon which to lean, something upon which to call. But it was insufficient. And so she pressed her hands more tightly upon her forehead, and hoped he would not be long.

The man walked over to the window and, raising the shade, looked out into the night. "Christine," he said, turning about at last, "shall I tell you all about it?"

"Whatever you wish," she replied, and wondered drearily how the words got past the tight place in her throat.

"You see," he began excitedly, "I supposed when she sent for me that it was to talk about you—about the life you and I were going to have. I was glad to go; I thought it would be personal, you know; but I didn't dream—I didn't dream," he repeated, "that she would say things which would put a new light upon everything in the world."

There was a silence which Christine felt she must break with a scream.

"The first of it wasn't so strange," he went on more quietly. "We talked of a number of things—of you, your work, and all that. She even told me a story which she said she was going to give you to write some day, and she asked what I thought of a part of it. And then, when she had finished the story, and when I had told her what she wanted to know, she seemed to forget all about me. She sat and looked into the fire; so strangely, Christine, that I could not have spoken had I tried! I looked at her face, when I dared, and it half frightened me, it was so unlike anything I had ever seen.



I could feel that something was going on back of it all, that something was—oh, I'll not try to tell it, for I don't begin to understand, but I could feel that I was in the presence of a bare soul, though I don't know why, or any of that. At last I felt I wanted to go, but she would not let me, and then she sat there, looking into the fire, and the silence—it was like the silence of another world. Finally, Christine, she jumped up and faced me, her face positively glorified, and she cried out, her voice ringing like a bell through the room: 'It's the joy must pay!—it's the joy!—the joy!'

"She saw that I did not understand, and so she came over close to me, smiling as though she had just found out something. I tell you, Christine, it was not the face of the woman I had seen when I came in there an hour before. I can't tell it in her words, I don't suppose I can make it clear at all, but she told me I must be very good to you, Christine, good to you—not just in the usual way, not merely true to you, but that I must keep your heart young and full of joy, that I must never shake your ideals, that I must care for your queer little fancies, for the poetry that was in your soul. She said above everything else I was to keep you from ever growing bitter.

"And then at last she said to me, so strangely, I tell you I'll never forget it: 'I want you to promise that you will put so much joy into the life you two are going to live, so much of pure, glorious, God-given joy, that it will make up for all the suffering that could possibly have been crowded into the life of another.' Wasn't that strange? Wasn't it? Why, Christine, darling, you're crying!"

He took her in his arms then, and with her head upon his breast she sobbed away the hateful memories, sobbed out the joy and the thanksgiving.

"I didn't mean to," he said, kissing her hair, "I didn't mean to, little one. I might have known it would upset you, you feel things so. But somehow this had gone so deep with me that I wanted you to know it too."

"It is a strange idea," he mused, after Christine had grown quiet and lay there very still in his arms, "a strange and beautiful idea which she has conceived. She believes that the joy of the world must pay for the world's suffering; that one who has been made to suffer must in turn cause joy—cause so much of it that the joy will compensate, and will leave the balance of the world still in joy's favor. Isn't it wonderful, Christine?"





### Mark Twain for President

The interview flourishes in America and France, the only two countries which have developed it into a literary form. Mr. William Archer has been experimenting elaborately with it in England, which will doubtless soon practice the art more generally. That Italy has scarcely learned the rudiments is apparent whenever the interview is attempted. Mark Twain and his family arrived in Florence a few weeks ago, when he was promptly tracked to his hotel and subjected to this modern instrument of torture or delight. The result would bring a smile of gentle pity to our journalists, so little did the American humorist appear, so much was it routine Italian sentiment. The dark-haired daughters were turned into blondes to fit the picture in the visitor's fancy, and the humorist, with his love of familiar dialect, was made to talk radiantly about "the sunny kiss of the Florence Hills." The Italian talked much of the time himself, but in the course of his long and poetic screed he casually admitted one element of news. Mark Twain is to run for President. His trip is for the purpose of learning a language spoken in America by a vast body of voters, the number being rapidly increased by the enormous immigration from Southern Italy. He hopes to gain the Italians especially, and enough others to secure election, on the platform that the best of life consists of a little laughter and a little love. We suspect the Italian of adding the love, but Mr.

Clemens was evidently correctly quoted for the issue, which would be the gay in politics against the tedious. Having divulged this candidacy to American readers, we expect the party leaders on both sides to consider Mr. Clemens seriously. Mr. Jerome, in the last New York campaign, attacked Mayor Low for deficiency in humor, and for being unlovable. An observer remarked that Mr. Jerome might love something else—his wife, for instance, hired girl, or dog. His other requisite for a successful politician will certainly be supplied when Mark Twain is fairly launched in his struggle toward the White House. Either Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt would do for his opponent. As each of them is stronger in other virtues than in humor, the issue of what is most important in a statesman would be fairly raised.—*Collier's Weekly*.

### The Dormant Parental Conscience

Indirectly, the churches will do much to amend the present deficiencies if they can awaken the dormant parental conscience. Since biblical, and even since Puritan, times there has been a manifest decay, among heads of families, of the sense of responsibility in spiritual matters. First the father transferred his own share of parental duty to the mother, and in many cases it has afterwards been passed over *en bloc* to an outsider. In England one of the most lamentable features of the present educational controversy is the suspicion of





*Photograph by Lyons*

*Courtesy of John C. Winston & Co.*

CARDINAL RAFAEL MERRY DEL VAL  
NEW PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE



insincerity in the arguments of so many Anglican clergy and country squires, who, while anxious that the children of the poor should have the privilege of a full Christian education, send their own sons up to Oxford and Cambridge in a condition of amazing ignorance respecting the main events of scripture history; and the similar inconsistency of so many well-to-do Nonconformists, who, while loud in their protests against the exposure of the cottager's family to ultra-ecclesiastical influences, allow their own boys and girls to obtain much of their religious training from Anglican, and even Roman Catholic sources. In America no less mischief is done to the spread of true religion by the spectacle of the church member who demands that the State shall set up in every schoolhouse a light that has not yet been kindled within his own home.—*Herbert W. Horwill in The Atlantic Monthly.*

### The Papal Premier

Monsignor Merry del Val is one of the eminent Churchmen—including Monsignori Chigi, Czacky, Granito di Belmonte, and Cardinal Vaughan—in whose company I dined at parties small enough to hear and see them well. The new Secretary of State at the Vatican is the least *homme du monde* of any of the Monsignori with whom I have been acquainted, if we take that term in a broad sense, though he is a man to shine in an aristocratic drawing-room, and could with advantage have figured in Disraeli's last novel. But he is the most cosmopolitan, perhaps, of all the Monsignori, and is equally at home in Ireland (with which he is connected by his mother), in England (also through her), and—through long periods of residence—in Belgium, Italy, Spain, and France, where he has family connections. The facility with which he learns languages is almost phenomenal, and he speaks and writes the tongues of the different countries I have named, including Flemish. His father represented Spain in Rome and London, where Monsignor Merry del Val came out at the Coronation as extra Nuncio. He had previously gone on a special mission to Canada, to settle some thorny matters, and succeeded through the help of Sir W. Laurier. Leo XIII took a fancy to Mon-

signor Merry del Val for his refinement, innate elegance, and Latinity. He and the present Pope were among the few who did not set the extremely sensitive nerves of the late Pope on an edge. It would be hard to say, on being presented to Monsignor Merry del Val, to what nationality he belongs. I have seen Spaniards like him, yet, were it not for his violet robe, I might have taken him for a High Church English clergyman. He reminded me of the Rev. Mr. Drew, son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone, but his eyes had Andalusian shape and color.—*London Truth.*

### "No Thoroughfare!"

They took a little gravel,  
And they took a little tar,  
With various ingredients  
Imported from afar.  
They hammered it and rolled it,  
And when they went away  
They said they had a pavement  
That would last for many a day.  
But they came with picks and smote it  
To lay a water main;  
And then they called the workmen  
To put it back again.  
They took it up for wires  
To feed the 'lectric light,  
And then they put it back again,  
Which was no more than right.  
Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;  
There are patches everywhere;  
You'd like to ride upon it,  
But it's seldom that you dare.  
It's a very handsome pavement,  
A credit to the town;  
They're always diggin' of it up  
Or puttin' of it down.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### A Catechism of Civics

What are the principal products of the United States?  
Historical Novels and Health Foods.  
What other necessities of life are raised?  
Kentucky Rye and Scotch High Balls.  
Where is the Corn Belt located?  
It extends from the Chicago Exchange to Trinity Church in Wall Street.  
Does the climate vary much in different parts of the Union?  
Yes.  
What is the mean temperature?  
Where Uncle Russell Sage happens to be.  
What is considered to be the hottest region in the country?



Zion City.

And the coldest?

John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit vault.

What common product is raised in the same proportions all over the country?

Babies.

Are there any exceptions to this?

Yes. Newport and South Dakota.

What are these babies used for?

In the South, to run the factories. In the North, to furnish new Educational Systems.

What are the principal industries of the inhabitants of the United States?

They grow trusts, buy stocks on margin, and manufacture South American revolutions.

How is the Trust Crop grown?

By magnates and the common people.

What is a magnate?

Almost any dishonest man who has money enough to keep out of jail.

And when the common people have gathered the Trust Crop, how are they paid?

In common stock.

Does this yield anything?

Oh, yes. When squeezed, it yields water enough to make good circus lemonade.

What are the principal trades of the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry, and going out on strike.

According to the last census, what was the total population?

About seventy millions.

And how are these divided?

Into thirty-four million females and the rest Presidential candidates.

What is the color line?

It is an imaginary line drawn from the Tuscaloosa Institute to the White House dining-room.—*Life*.

### When a Fuse Blows Out

One sees occasionally in the daily press an account of the blowing out of the fuse on an electric car. Now the greatest danger to the passengers in such a case lies in the possibility of some unexpected happening causing a panic. It is therefore most desirable that everyone should know what may be expected to happen on a car, and that the happening is not necessarily an indication of danger.

If a steam engine is overloaded, it will stop and refuse to work, although the full pressure of steam may impinge upon the piston, and not cause any danger. On the other hand, a motor, when overloaded, tries its best to do the work thrown upon it. If it can not run at full speed it will run at whatever speed it can. As the speed decreases, the current through the motor increases, and the motor adjusts itself to that speed at which the turning effort is sufficient to cause rotation and do the work.

The current which will flow through a motor when it is standing still is in almost all cases far in excess of that which the motor is designed to carry; and, indeed, in a well-designed motor a current dangerous for the motor will be reached before the motor has been stalled. The effect of this heavy current on the motor, if allowed to continue, is to heat the windings to a dangerous degree and destroy the insulation, possibly setting it on fire; and it is to prevent this occurrence, whether due to careless handling of the car or to unexpected causes, that the fuses are used. A fuse is simply a short piece of wire of such size that it will be melted by a current which, if allowed to flow through the motor for any time, will damage it. When a fuse blows, then, it simply means that one of the safety devices on the car has operated to prevent damage to the motor. The melting of the fuse opens the circuit and cuts off the current from the motor. To protect the car the fuse is enclosed in a fireproof box.

There is another device for accomplishing this purpose, which is known as the circuit-breaker. This is a switch controlled by an electromagnet, which opens whenever the current reaches a certain dangerous value. This mechanism is now generally installed upon electric cars in addition to the fuse. It is often placed on the roof of the platform over the motor-man's head, where it is easily reached, and it is set to operate at a higher current value than the fuse, because the circuit-breaker acts almost instantaneously, while it takes a little time for the fuse to be melted. Now, a motor can stand for a second or two a current which would destroy it if applied for a longer period. The circuit-breaker, then, takes care of



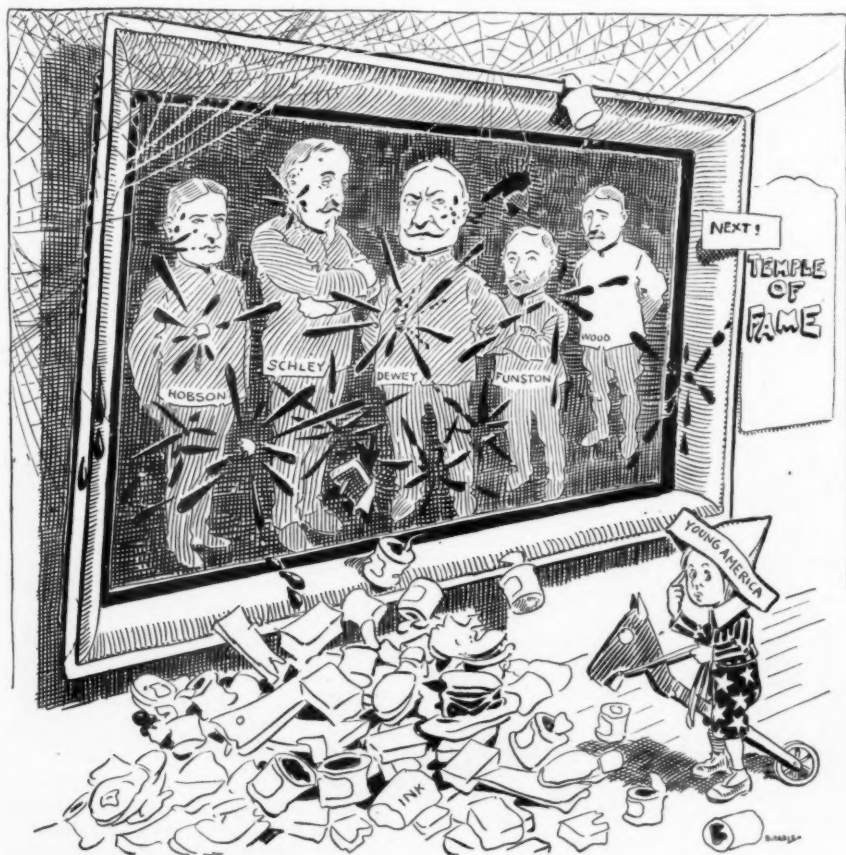
heavy overloads, and the fuse protects the motor against those smaller currents which are dangerous if applied for a considerable time.

When a fuse blows there is generally a volatilization of the metal of the fuse and a slight explosion. These explosions usually cause a report and some smoke. When the circuit-breaker is opened it draws an electric arc in breaking the circuit, and as in this arc a considerable amount of energy is dissipated in heating the air, there may be here also something of an explosion; but in neither case is there any danger to the passengers when the apparatus is properly installed. The fuse and the circuit-breaker are safety devices, the operation of

which indicates, not that there is danger to those on the car, but that danger to the motors has been averted.—*Electrical Review*.

### Major Pond and Beecher

Major Pond was a sportsman, out and out, in the sense that he could play either a winning or a losing game; and if he were losing, would never whine, and always despised men who did. He used to explain, with much emphasis and considerable detail, that if he, so to say, subtlet the lecture to any local agent, he preferred that it should be to a theatrical *impresario* rather than to some philanthropic institu-



Cartoon by Bradley

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA!

Courtesy of Chicago News



tion; because if the lecture were a great success and the philanthropists had made a haul, they would still try to knock off a dollar here and there, and if the lecture had barely paid, they would at once begin to plead for a reduction in charge, while the theatrical people, the Major declared, were accurate with their accounts to a cent, and even if they lost, never dreamt of complaining. "Win or lose, they knew it was in the game, and they took the situation like men. They've got their faults," the Major used to add, "those theatrical managers, but they ain't babies."

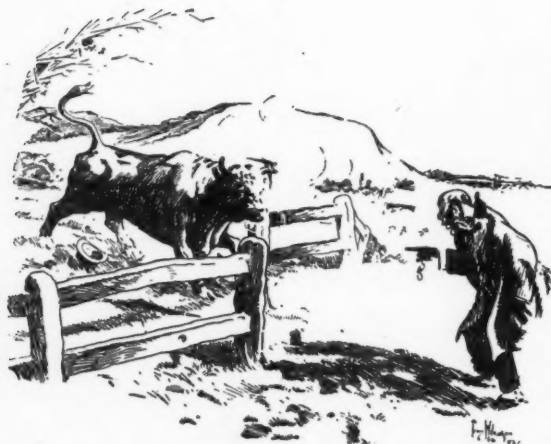
"You won't be discouraged by the house," the Major would sometimes say in the retiring-room. "The people have gathered pretty close to the front," and then one came to know that the house would be packed to the ceiling. But if there were a thin house, the Major would fall back on how his hero Beecher met that emergency.

"Not many present?" Beecher used to say. "Well, then, Major, they must have the better lecture, a quarter of an hour

longer, and the finest I have." And the Major would add: "The greatest man I ever knew. Never was afraid and never complained." Beecher had taught his friend to be great in the same way, for I can bear witness, and still more the greater "stars"—for though we were all, according to the Major, "stars," one "star" differed from another "star" in glory—that the Major never complained. If the audience were thin, or the night were bad, or the lecturer were not well heard, or the profits were small, or the press unfavorable, never would the Major round on his "star." He always made the best of things, and had a cheery word, like the brave old fighter that he was. His pluck was unvarying and indomitable. You never knew when he was beaten, and in my experience he never was beaten.

Upon the long railway journeys he was the best of companions, for he had an inexhaustible store of reminiscences, stories of the old frontier days when he was an Indian fighter, pointing out from the car as we crossed the prairie the river bank on

#### LESSONS IN POLITENESS



BINKS (who has been "assisted" over fence, politely to Bull). AND NOW, WOULD YOU MIND THROWING OVER MY HAT AND UMBRELLA?



—Punch.

POLITE HUNTER (whose lunch has suddenly been disturbed by lion, which, having devoured everything, seizes his cigar case, which he has dropped). ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU THE MATCHES!



which they had been nearly ambushed by the Indians; describing how he got Brigham Young's wife out of Salt Lake City and brought her to Washington, in the days when to leave the Mormon capital without a pass was almost a sentence to death; going over the famous singers and literary men he had conducted, with many a racy anecdote; or recalling the guerilla warfare, when, with a major's command of cavalry, he was fighting the Southern Irregulars, and when no quarter was given. But sooner or later he fell back on the great reserve of his conversation, which was Henry Ward Beecher. How that man could sway congregations of people from the pulpit or from the lecture platform as the corn waves before the wind; how patiently and bravely he endured shameful slander and confusion; how pure and big was his heart; how many and kind were his actions. Such themes the Major would speak on by the hour, till at last he could not contain himself longer, and would leave abruptly for the smoking-car to do his accounts, with a last word: "When the Almighty made that man, He broke the mould."—*Ian Maclaren in The Windsor Magazine.*

### The Quest of the Local Color

O bear me away on the wings of the night  
And put me in touch with the stars;  
For it's new local color of which I would write,  
And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.

I've scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne  
For some as-yet-undescribed spot,  
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen  
Not used long ago in a plot.

Did I try South America? Davis has that.  
The Isthmus? O. Henry's been there.  
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,  
Has gobbled the North as his share.

Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer, Fox;  
Wyoming was Wister's on sight;  
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks  
Fenced in by his own copyright.

I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain  
In search of some spot in the West  
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's"  
train—  
"Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.

Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write  
On the sad little Newfoundland isle,  
And how can I dream of New England in sight  
Of Mary E. Wilkins's style.

I fly to the East, and 'midst races of men,  
With names unpronounceable, probe  
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;  
For he claims the rest of the globe.

Then bear me away on ethereal swells  
And put me in touch with the stars—  
But hold up a minute! There's Herbert G.  
Wells  
Already located in Mars.

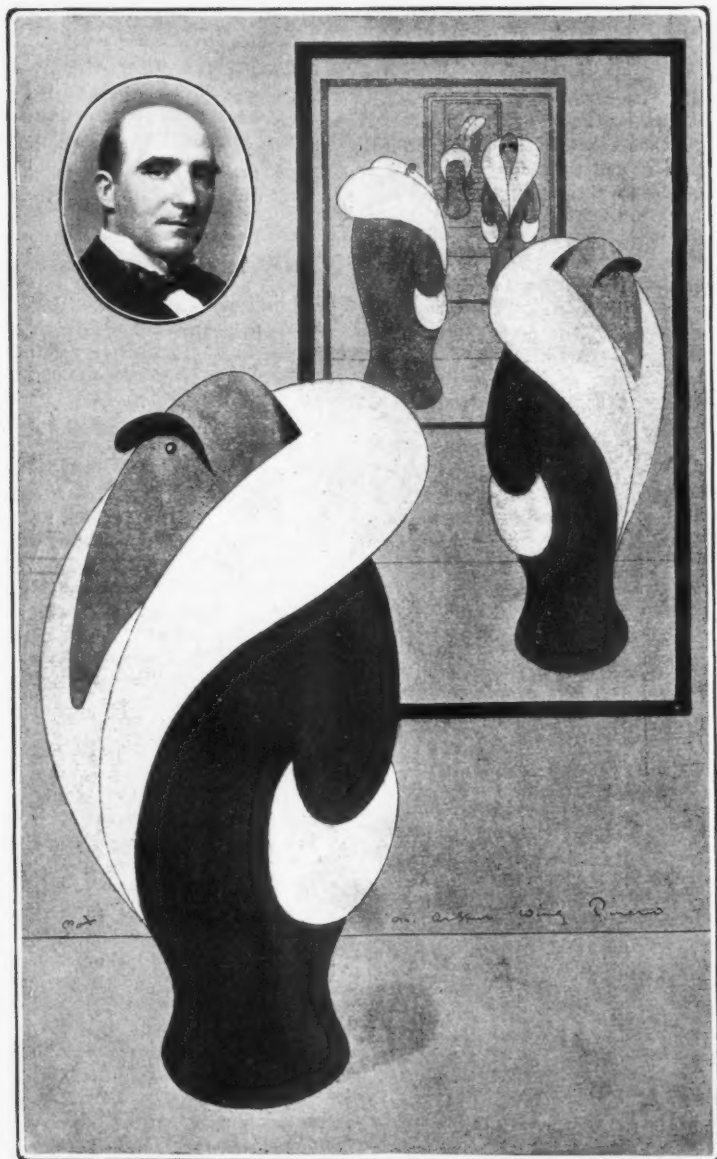
—*Wallace Irwin in The Bookman.*

### Respectable Gambling

The fact that the professional gambler is to a large extent a social outcast, plying his craft at night and behind steel doors and only then with the purchasable connivance of the authorities, is in itself a warning that not even the stupidest can fail to observe. Stock speculation, on the contrary, hangs out the banner of respectability—which a great many unthinking persons have somehow come to confound with morality—and, under its protection, carries on its traffic night and day, in city streets and village lanes, in parlor and boudoir, in store and in factory—in short, wherever it can find a single human being possessed of this mania for getting something for nothing. Men who would scorn to cross the threshold of a gambling house, gamble openly in stocks and are not ashamed to discuss their ventures in the presence of their own children. And with every facility for legalized gambling placed within reach of even the humblest purse, is it to be wondered at that when Wall Street ruins a man, it strips him of everything that he possesses—destroys his business, places a mortgage on his home, eats up the trust funds of which he was custodian, and leaves him naked to the world?

On the other hand professional gambling, by which I mean the kind that is not respectable and exists only through the corruption of the police, seldom does more than to relieve a man of whatever money he may have in his pockets and possibly as large a check as the house will accept. That men frequently lose large sums at faro or roulette is undeniable, but it is not often that those games take the roof from a player's head and reduce him and his whole family to beggary. Moreover—and this is something well worth noting—the cheerful loser in a first-class gambling-





*The Sketch*

ARTHUR WING PINERO  
AS HE IS, AND AS MAX BEERBOHM SEES HIM



house may refresh himself free of cost during the hours of play and even solace himself, when all is over, with a really fine supper. And if perchance he has set a good example to his fellow-players by losing every cent that he has in his pockets, the house will always allow him a dollar or two for cab fare home.

But there is no free supper in Wall Street, no cigars or liquors to be had at the cost of the market while the ticker ticks out its tale of disaster and the tape festoons itself about the basket; and I really don't know what would happen if you were to ask the broker to whom you had lost your entire fortune to lend you the amount of an uptown fare on the Elevated Road.—*James L. Ford in Leslie's Monthly.*

### What Would "Little Mary" Say?

There has been much discussion in London of late as to the hour the play should begin. London journals have treated the matter as it lately has been put on tongue and pen, as a result of remarks made upon it by Mr. Pinero at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the press. Mr. Pinero, at the dinner mentioned, put forward a plea for the theatre, declaring that the modern hour for dining is driving the hour for the play later and later. He insisted that "serious" playgoers should forego their dinners and take "high tea" instead, claiming that the lighter repast, aside from its economy of time, would the surer promote "high thinking." "High tea," it has been pointed out, is an evening institution of rural England, where early rising begets an appetite that must be appeased at midday, rather than of London, where late rising and the consequent business rush needs must postpone the heavy meal of the day until night. Mr. Pinero's proposal, as it definitely is stated, in fact would tend to work a revolution in the gastronomic habit if it should be acted upon—

which is not probable. He courageously suggested that plays should begin at seven o'clock and end at ten, leaving time afterward for dinner—or for supper, as the Londoners call it—as a supplement to the intellect-inspiring brew that he names as the proper thing in the circumstances before the theatre.—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*

### Behind the Scenes in Mission Work

I have heard it said, time and time again, that a man's soul—be he tramp or millionaire—is priceless, and it is because I believe it to be true that I am willing to brave your criticism. We have no scruples in speaking our minds about politics, labor affairs, commercial situations, or anything else that is of moment to us, but we are afraid to speak



*Houston Post*

#### AN (IM)PERTINENT QUESTION

COLOMBIA—"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE ORIGINAL OF YOUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"

UNCLE SAM—"YOU CAN'T, MY BOY, THE INK HAS FADED OUT"

COLOMBIA—"I THOUGHT SO"



and to see straightly the things which are veiled by the mantle of self-made righteousness. Yet they are the most important matters, because they concern men's souls, and criticism is allowable because the cap need be worn only by those whom it fits.

The public side of mission work can be seen by all; the nether side is seen only by few. I have peeped behind the scenes and find that human nature is very much the same everywhere. When one has a good job he hates to lose it. Leaders of missions receive fair salaries and are expected to show results in return for them. Converts must be made, and that they are made can only be proved by the number of testimonies. This puts a premium on testimonies, and this is noticed by those contemptible rascals, the "mission sharks," a kind of men possessed of a certain glibness and familiarity with Bible texts. This narrows itself down to the deduction that they who speak well and often receive much encouragement, including bed-tickets, meal-tickets, and cast-off clothing, while the less gifted and less cheeky convert—although, perhaps, more sincere than the other—receives less. I am not speaking at random and am prepared to be challenged.

The fact of the matter is that the system is superannuated and needs revising. It has fallen into a rut and has become the

refuge of a lot of incompetents, who, after failing at everything else, are put into this business, the most important in the world, by influential friends or tired relatives. The bright men among the evangelists cannot confine themselves to missions in the slums, but feel "calls" to speak to the masses *en masse*, and the slave of the slum has to be satisfied with the outpourings and converting experiments of mediocrities.  
—Owen Kildare in Success.

### Kaleidoscopic Chemistry

Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry at University College, London, who, with Lord Rayleigh, separated helium from the air, in a lecture before the Royal Institution made the interesting announcement that his experiments with radium had shown that that element has the power of changing by some subtle process into another element, namely, helium. He described how a long search into the problem of what becomes of the minute particles with which radium is always parting was quite lately rewarded. Besides its other manifestations, radium constantly gives off an emanation which seems to behave in all respects like a heavy gas. It can be collected in tiny flasks, measured, weighed, and used to display the characteristic properties of radium, but it is not permanent. In about a month it entirely disappears. The question is, "What becomes of it?" Sir William has caught this emanation in the act of vanishing. He found that after it had been collected a couple of days its spectrum, which previously was entirely unlike any yet studied, began to display the typical yellow line of helium. In four or five days the helium grew brighter, and in another week the spectrum of helium was positively blazing in the hermetically sealed tubes that had been filled with the pure emanations or gaseous output of radium. In other words, one element had been literally seen to change into another.

This realization of one of the oldest of human dreams is very suggestive of transmutation. The problem might not be actually solved, but it was by no means

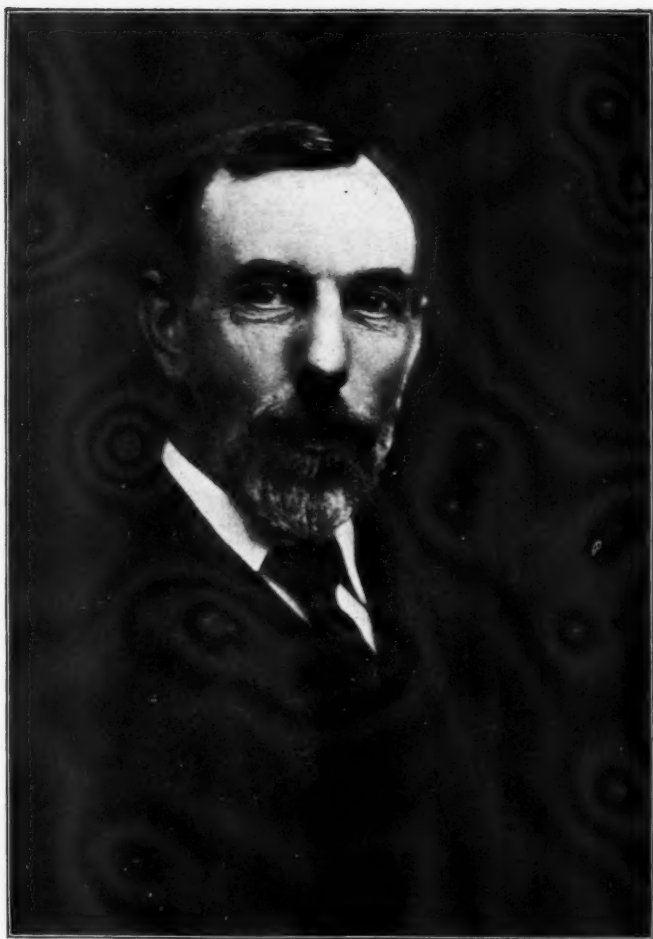


BEFORE THE HEAD

FOURTH FORM BOY (with recollections of a recent visit to the dentist).  
PLEASE, SIR, MAY I—MAY I—HAVE GAS?

—Punch





*Photograph by Elliott & Fry*

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

absurd. Professor Ramsay calculated that if radium turned into helium and nothing else it would take 2,000,000 years to dissolve into gas, but if helium is only one of the substances given off the transmutation would be proportionally shorter. He is now investigating to learn precisely how much helium was produced from the radium, what happened in the change and how long it took. He pointed out that several groups of elements linked together by Mendeljeff's periodoc law showed a re-

markable similarity of properties, tending to suggest that the accepted elements were not the final forms of matter, and that they were ultimately reduced into a few simpler forms. He asked if the world was on the verge of some great generalization, showing that all the so-called elements were merely elusive forms of one or two fundamental kinds of matter.

The price of radium has increased tenfold in the last six months, owing to the action of the Austrian Government, which





—Leslie's Weekly

## A MATTER OF NECESSITY

MISS JOHNSON—NO, NO, MISTER JACKSON; AH AM IN NO HURRY TO CHANGE MAH NAME.

MR. JACKSON (*nervously*)—F'raps not; BUT AH AM IN A BIG HURRY TO CHANGE MAH LODGINGS.

had created a corner therein by refusing to allow further exports of refuse from the uranium oxide works at Joachimthal. As a result, the nominal price of radium is about \$250,000 for one-fifteenth of an ounce.—*Electrical World*.

## In the Appendix

Dr. Lines, the new Bishop of Newark, has a keen sense of humor, and has enlivened many a dinner with bright talks. At a recent Chamber of Commerce dinner he carried off the anecdotal honors with the following story:

"At the time of King Edward's recovery from his threatened fatal illness with appendicitis," he said, "thanksgiving services were held all over the kingdom. At one of these the services were to close with the singing of a well-known hymn which happened to be in the back of the books used in that parish.

"Let us close the services," the rector said, "by singing the hymn, 'Peace, Perfect Peace'—in the appendix.'"—Newark (N. J.) *Evening News*.

## Red Tape by the Mile

There is red-tape in the methods of the American War Department, but for gorgeous complication of system, a recent

illustration in the British army eclipses all records on this side the water. An officer had occasion to use a screw-driver, just a plain, ordinary twenty-five-cent screw-driver. In a moment of rashness he decided not to buy it on his own account, but made formal application for the implement from the supply of the Government stores. The request for a screw-driver was read, approved, indorsed, by one officer after another up the long ladder—whose rounds were festooned with red-tape—until it reached the topmost seat of authority, whose action was final. There the application was solemnly considered and started back on its downward path through the various official channels, until it reached the audacious officer.

He was informed that screw-drivers were supplied only in boxes of tools, and not singly. He was not daunted, but, with admirable persistence, filled out another form, requesting the box of tools, in order that he might obtain the screw-driver. After the same weary round of delay and formality, this application came back. Its indorsement stated that boxes of tools were only supplied to carpenter shops. The patient officer scratched his head, and set himself down again to fill out a blank application. This time he asked for a carpenter shop, and a month later received word that a duly equipped and appointed carpenter shop would be supplied him.

Three months from the time he had happened to want a screw-driver he received a carpenter shop. Through an oversight in packing, there was no screw-driver in the box of tools.—*Collier's Weekly*.

## "Bearded Like the Pard"

Among bearded celebrities in the political world, the veteran politician, Earl Spencer, has carried his flowing beard very high for a great number of years—through many ups and downs, and as a member of various Governments. His beard was first cultivated at a time when beards were not in fashion; and, moreover, it was of a hue that, in





familiar phraseology, might be termed "carroty"; but his huge moustaches have a graceful and dignified twist that gives an aristocratic appearance to his face. The hair on his head is massive, and long, and well brushed, in mid-Victorian style, and to add to his lion-esque appearance, he wears a heavily furred top coat.

The most significant and the best-known beard in society, properly so called, was that of the Earl of Lathom, the late Queen's Lord Chamberlain. What lady is there, who was presented at Court during the late reign, but can recall to mind that large, flowing beard, the gorgeous, richly gold-laced coat with the wonderful rosette on the right hip, in which hangs the magic key; the white knee breeches and silk stockings and the large patent shoes and buckles, that together formed so prominent a figure on the eventful day. Apart from a glimmering recollection of Her late Majesty a vivid recollection of the struggle to get the right glove off in time, and of the panic when the train would not go right, there is nothing connected with the presentation at Court that *debutantes* of ten years ago remember more clearly than the well-groomed beard of the Lord Chamberlain.

The Kaiser's moustache, with its up-turned ends, is interesting, and some people are asking whether there is any danger of its invading and conquering the British army. This would be the last straw—I mean the last hair—on the back of our military camel. There is a strong feeling even



now, among army men, against German usages in the English army. There is absolutely no external difference now between the German and the English officer. The German cap, the long German frock coat, the tight trousers —

every seam, every button of the costume is German. It only needs the German Emperor's style of moustache to complete the transformation.

There is a similar fascination to some men in having the beard cut in eccentric fashion. This is true not only of idle men, with nothing else to think about beside their personal appearance, but also of some of the busiest men in the world of commerce and of politics. I know a business man who works night and day and never has a minute to spare away from his work for any pleasure or idle companionship; yet he will spend two whole hours at his barber's having his hair and beard attended to.

As an illustration of what I mean, take Sir Donald Currie, a man well known in Parliament and a giant in the shipping world. What an amount of thought and time he must have expended daily on that beard, cut in a most erratic way, yet dressed with artistic care and tenderness. At seventy-five years of age his working-day was not limited to a few hours in the city. He was not ashamed to take a black bag with him to the House of Commons, to continue his work there with the





aid of a private secretary. Yet with all these weighty matters to occupy his time, he can spare some of it for attention to so light a thing as his hair, and once seen is remembered long.—*Harry Furness in Pearson's.*

### A Newly Married Woman's Peace of Soul

The basis of a newly married woman's peace of soul is trust. She feels that the responsibility is on her husband to make good the manly qualities with which she has endowed him, and because of which she has consented to become his mate.

Nevertheless, no woman emerges from her honeymoon with exactly the same estimate of her lover as before. If nothing else, she has seen his mental and moral characteristics in their undress, so to speak, and become habituated to their sublimity. We may be no less fond of a person whose anecdotes have grown familiar to us, and analogously a wife does not weary of her husband's qualities merely because they have lost the glamor of novelty. On the contrary she is apt to continue to adore them because they are his. Still she feels free to scrutinize them closely and unconsciously at least—to submit them to the test of her own silent judgment. She discovers, too, of course, that he has sides and idiosyncrasies the existence of which she never suspected. Ordinarily she finds to her surprise that his attitude in regard to this or that matter has shifted perceptibly since marriage, so that, instead of being lukewarm or ardent, as the case may be, he has become almost strenuous or indifferent in his attitude. Hence she divines that during their courtship some of his real opinions and tendencies have been kept in retreat.—*From "The Undercurrent" by Robert Grant in Scribner's Magazine.*

### Feeling the Pulse of Wall Street

In the five years I was in Wall Street in active newspaper work I had the good fortune to meet, time and again, all the leaders there, some now gone, some now living. Some were easy to "get at"; some difficult at first, easy afterward; some always difficult. In the "always difficult class" may be set down E. H. Harriman,

William Rockefeller, and H. H. Rogers. Mr. Harriman was so because the attendant at his office invariably refused to take in the newspaper man's card; William Rockefeller, because he was never "in"; H. H. Rogers for the reason that before one could see him one had to run the gauntlet first of an attendant, then an acolyte higher up in the scale, and, finally, of a woman private secretary—the only female secretary, to my knowledge, in the office of a Wall Street leader, and one who by her sphinx-like demeanor and policy, if nothing else, earns the \$10,000 yearly salary she is understood to draw. If any editor or reporter, past, present, or future, has been, is, or will be able to get any information from this secretary he ought to chronicle it as among the modern miracles.

When I was in the Street, and working as I conceive every newspaper man ought to work, free from the "combine," I had the good fortune to see Mr. Morgan many times, and to get from him, as exclusive, the only two expressions in respect to the stock market and its probable future given by him in five years. The last of these was the interview in which appeared the now-famous phrase "Undigested Securities." In this connection it may be well to correct a popular misconception as to the origin of this phrase. When I saw Mr. Morgan on this occasion he at first refused absolutely to discuss the market or its prospects, and it was only after recalling to him that his former statement to me had lifted the market out of the slough of despond that he consented to talk. Then ensued a fifteen-minute conversation, with Mr. Morgan interjecting semi-occasionally a reminder that the talk was for my personal guidance as a writer and not for publication. I took no notes, for I had learned by experience that financiers are wary of men who take notes—I mean newspaper notes. When Mr. Morgan had finished talking, and had answered several questions put by me to him, I said: "Now, Mr. Morgan, why shouldn't I publish this? You feel strongly on the subject. Why not let the public know your sentiments?" Whereupon Mr. Morgan, after a moment's hesitation and some discussion with me as to the advisability of the step, replied, "Well, my boy, if you can make anything





*Courtesy of The Scientific American*

### A BESSEMER CONVERTER IN FULL BLAST

THE CONVERTER IS AN IRON, BRICK-LINED VESSEL IN WHICH CAST IRON IS MADE INTO STEEL. TEN TO FIFTEEN TONS OF MOLTEN CAST IRON, AT 1,700 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT, ARE POURED INTO THE VESSEL, AND AIR IS FORCED INTO THE MOLTEN MASS THROUGH FROM 150 TO 200 HALF-INCH HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CONVERTER. AS THE AIR RUSHES UP THROUGH THE METAL, IT BURNS OUT THE SILICON, SULPHUR, CARBON, ETC., AND THE COMBUSTION THUS SET UP RAISES THE TEMPERATURE TO ABOUT 3,200 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.



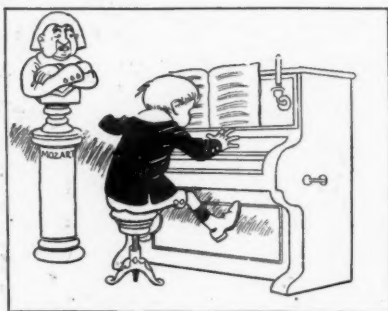
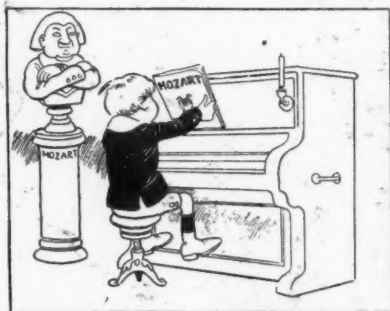
out of it go and try it, and let me see what you can do." Whereupon I sat down and wrote a seven-page interview, which, before it came again to my hands, was read by Mr. Morgan six times, and was then passed on to Charles Steele, the legal member of the firm, to see, as Mr. Morgan said, "if it was legally expressed." As a financial writer I was flattered when it was handed back to me without a word or syllable changed.

And here I may say—and it cannot be violating a confidence—that the newspapers of the country and all others were in grievous error in crediting Mr. Morgan with the authorship of the phrase "Undigested Securities." That phrase I had first read in a financial article in the *London Times*, and it was the "patness" of the expression more than anything else that prompted me to see Mr. Morgan and ask him as to it and its significance, if any, from the American standpoint. Hence the incorporation in the interview of the phrase "Undigested Securities," a phrase that in the end worked more to the hurt than

to the help of the stock market, though on the appearance of the interview on the following day prices opened up from one to two points and the whole course of the market was turned for some days.—*W. R. Givens in The Independent.*

### Where Fanatics Flourish

This country appears to be exposed to fanaticism for reasons peculiar to the American people. It is the most conglomerate large nation on the globe. The freedom allowed and exercised, the incessant experimenting, the extraordinary genius of the people for free and full speech, the immense proportion of half-educated persons, the publication of all sorts of truths, half-truths, errors, and chimeras, the importation of all sects in religion by immigrants from all lands, the method of carrying on political campaigns—municipal, state, and federal—by the press and the mails, by a house-to-house canvass, and by countless speeches under exciting circumstances, by alarming proph-



A SONG WITHOUT WORDS



ecies, attacks on personal and political character, and the scattering of distorted statements far and wide, might naturally be expected to generate fanaticism.

Here scores of communities of fanatics have been formed and have long prospered, several of them based upon ideas incompatible with morality. Here modern Spiritualism arose, and spread as in no other part of the world. Here Mormonism originated; a religion which, after the lapse of sixty years, in spite of the opposition it has encountered, shows elements of permanence, and sends out missionaries to all parts of the world. Here the spectacular Dowie exercises a despotism over his adherents which becomes grotesque when at his call they rise by the hundreds and furnish the testimony he needs, whether to the soundness of his views on the eating of pork, his financial ability, his miraculous healings, or his being the special messenger who was to come in the spirit and power of Elijah. Here Mrs. Eddy succeeds in fascinating large numbers by a copyrighted system in which she claims to destroy disease without depending in the least on hygiene or medical treatment, and to eradicate sin and disease by steadfastly denying their reality. Her organization being perfected, she now rules by Delphic oracles and Sibylline leaves issued by a secluded personality, inaccessible to the many, though at rare intervals exhibited at state fairs as a passing show, to demonstrate her actuality. Her head is already surrounded by halos of mist and myth, and the exalted few who mediate between her and the world increase the effect by the under-breath reverence with which they speak or write of her. Hence, although she has been compelled by her failures and those of her followers to surrender the treatment of physical injuries to the surgeons and to cease from treating contagious diseases; and though through the whole land many of her devotees, having thrown away the learning and experience of mankind in treating diseases, are dying or making pitiful denials of their obvious debility, disease, or the natural effects of age, such of them as are in good health, and some who are not (many of them highly intelligent on themes and things outside this subacute fanaticism), smile and prattle on concerning the "errors of

mortal mind" as respects Bright's disease, the "claims" of consumption, the "false belief" in bile, and the "delusions" of dropsy and dyspepsia.—*Dr. J. M. Buckley in The Century Magazine.*

### No Escape

Boracic acid in the soup,  
Wood alcohol in wine,  
Catsup dyed a lurid hue  
By using aniline;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts  
Served to us as spices;  
I reckon crisp and frigid glass  
Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives  
Way down at Cloverside—  
It's one-third milk and water, and—  
And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,  
And honey's just glucose,  
And what the fancy butter is  
The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed,  
There's alum in the bread;  
It's really a surprise to me  
The whole durned race ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things  
Are buzzing fit to kill;  
If the food you eat don't git you,  
The goldarned microbes will.

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

### The Wily Advertiser

Advertisements are sometimes spoken of as the nervous system of the business world. That advertisement of musical instruments which contains nothing to awaken images of sound is a defective advertisement. That advertisement of foods which contains nothing to awaken images of taste is a defective advertisement. As our nervous system is constructed to give us all the possible sensations from objects, so the advertisement which is comparable to the nervous system must awaken in the reader as many different kinds of images as the object itself can excite.

A person can be appealed to most easily and most effectively through his dominating imagery. Thus one who has visual images that are very clear and distinct appreciates descriptions of scenes. The one who has strong auditory imagery delights in having auditory images awak-



ened. It is in general best to awaken as many different classes of images as possible, for in this way variety is given, and each reader is appealed to in the sort of imagery which is the most pleasing to him, in which he thinks most readily, and by means of which he is most easily influenced.

One of the great weaknesses of the present day advertising is found in the fact that the writer of the advertisement fails to appeal thus indirectly to the senses. How many advertisers describe a piano so vividly that the reader can hear it? How many food products are so described that the reader can taste the food? How many advertisers describe a perfume so that the reader can smell it? How many describe an undergarment so that the reader can feel the pleasant contact with his body? Many advertisers seem never to have thought

of this, and make no attempt at such descriptions.

The cause of this deficiency is twofold. In the first place, it is not easy in type to appeal to any other sense than that of sight. Other than visual images are difficult to awaken when the means employed is the printed page. In the second place, the individual writers are deficient in certain forms of mental imagery, and therefore are not adepts in describing articles in terms which to themselves are not significant.—Walter D. Scott in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

### "The Burden of Ethiopia"

To those who, among the passionate cries of the moment, have preserved the pride of independent opinion, the following view of the present situation may commend itself for serious reflection: The colored people originally brought here by force, are here to stay. The scheme to transport them back to Africa is absolutely idle. If adopted, its execution would be found practically impossible. To transport ten millions of negroes across the sea would require ten thousand voyages of ships carrying one thousand passengers each. The bulk of the colored population will remain in the South, where the climate is more congenial to them and where they can more profitably devote themselves to productive work. It would be a great economic embarrassment to the South if that working force disappeared from its fields. Under the fundamental law of the country they are no longer slaves, but free men. They have the aspirations of free men. According to the intent of the same law, they are also citizens and voters. Whether it would or would not have been wiser to emancipate them gradually and to withhold the right of voting from them, or to introduce them by degrees into the body of voters, is no longer



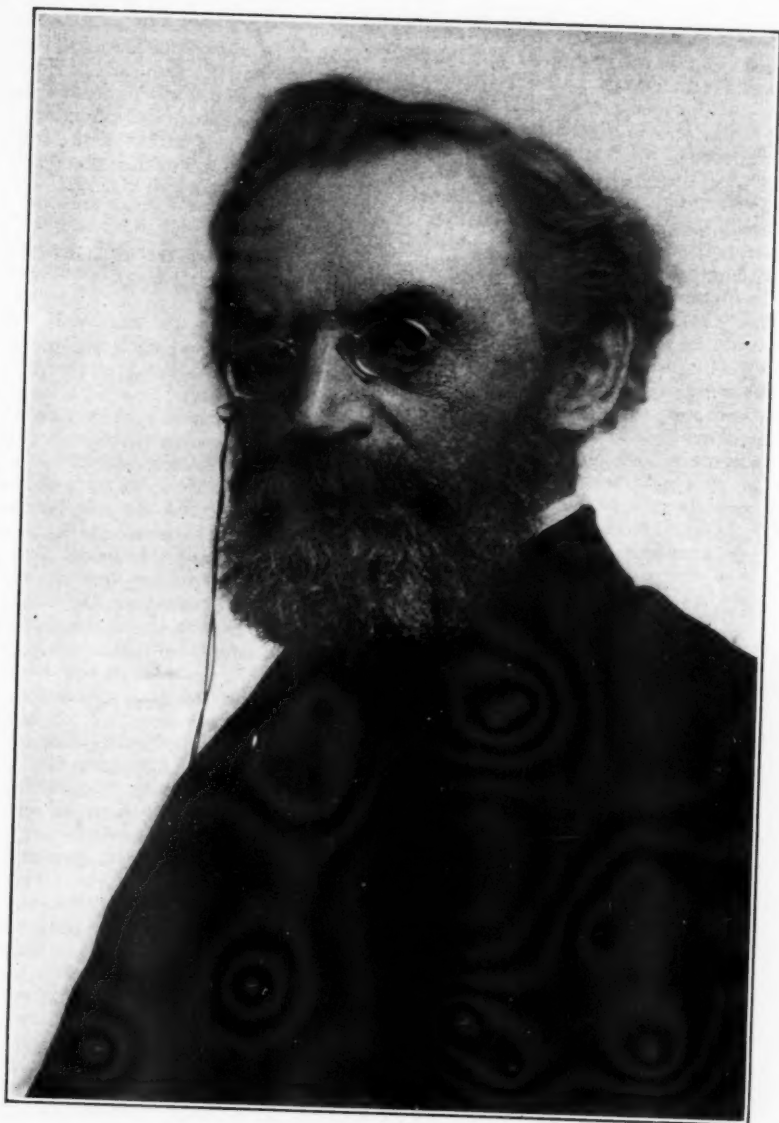
TOM BROWNE

The Sketch

#### A MATTER OF OPINION

LITTLE SMITHERS (who has taken a grouse moor in Scotland): WONDERFUL  
NOW THE KILT IMPROVES A MAN, ISN'T IT?





*Photograph by Hollinger*

THE HON. CARL SCHURZ



the question. Regrettable as this may be, we have to face actual circumstances. The fact we have to deal with is that by the recognized intent of the National Constitution they are as much entitled to the right of suffrage as white men are. It has been suggested that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the National Constitution, embodying the provisions referred to, be done away with by further amendment; but leaving aside the question whether as a matter of right this should be done, I doubt whether a single well-informed man can be found in the country who thinks it possible that the required three-fourths of the States will ever consent to such a repeal. To discuss the visionary colonization scheme or the equally impossible repeal of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments means, therefore, not only to squander time and breath, but to divert the popular mind from the true problem and from the real possibilities of its solution. It must, to start with, be taken as a certainty that the negroes will stay here and that the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments will stand, and if they are to be made inoperative at all, it must be by means of a sort of tricky stratagem in flagrant violation of the spirit of the Constitution. Such stratagems are usually not approved by conscientious persons, and they cannot be resorted to by a people without a mischievous lowering of the standard of public morals and an impairment of self-respect.

This is evidently a political and social position which cannot continue to exist without constant and most unwholesome irritation and restlessness. Such as it is, it cannot possibly be permanent. The colored people will be incessantly disturbed by the feeling that they are unjustly deprived of their legal rights and have become the victims of tyrannical oppression. The thoughtful and self-respecting among the whites will be ashamed of that state of things, and dissatisfied with themselves for tolerating it. The reckless among the white population, the element most subject to the passions fomented and stirred by a race-antipathy, and most responsive to the catch-phrases of the demagogue, will understand it as a justification of all the things done to put down the negro, and as an incitement to further hostilities.

And here is the crucial point: There will be a movement either in the direction of reducing the negroes to a permanent condition of serfdom—the condition of mere plantation hand, “alongside of the mule,” practically without any rights of citizenship—or a movement in the direction of recognizing him as a citizen in the true sense of the term. One or the other will prevail. —*Hon. Carl Schurz in McClure's.*

### The Kind of Education We Need

There are two extreme views concerning the effects of education upon public morality. One is held by the advocates of secular schools; the other is held by the advocates of church schools. This sharp division of opinion is not peculiar to America. It is felt in every country where modern education and modern thought prevail. I do not believe that improvement is to be sought by substituting religious instruction for secular instruction, or by superadding one to the other as though the two were separate. I do not believe that you can prepare a man for citizenship by teaching a godless knowledge in one part of the school time and a set of religious principles in another—any more than you can prepare a man for heaven by letting him cheat six days of the week and having him listen to the most orthodox doctrines on the seventh. I believe that both in school life and in after life the moral training and the secular training must be so interwoven that each becomes a part of the other. The supposed antithesis between secular training and religious training arises from a misconception of what is involved in good training of any kind. People see the difference between bad secular education and bad religious education, and they assume that there must be a corresponding difference between good secular education and good religious education. This is by no means the case. When a master of a public school is occupied only with teaching facts and principles, and when a master of a religious institution is occupied only with teaching dogmas and observances, they necessarily work at cross purposes; but the mere learning of facts and princi-



ples is not the vitally important part of secular education, nor is the learning of doctrines and observances the vitally important part of religious education. The formation of habits of discipline and the development of ideals of usefulness is the essentially important thing in a good education of either kind. When we have grasped this truth we shall see that there is in the field of education the same harmony between the true needs of the world and the true needs of the Church which exist in every other department of human life.—*President Hadley in The Independent.*

### "A Lath Painted to Look Like Iron"

Even among his own ministers I think it safe to affirm that the Czar is not looked upon as a capable man. Not long ago it was said of him that he seemed to have all the qualities of a charming woman. The repeated reports that he is going into melancholy seem intended to pave the way for his abdication or for his assassination or deposition. It is certain that the feeling against him has been growing, and whether his recent ukase will improve this seems a question. It may pave the way for his assassination, as the liberation of the serfs did in the case of his grandfather.

The constant state of apprehension of all men in high station is shown by the precautions taken by them. In going to call on one of the Czar's ministers at his house in the suburbs of St. Petersburg at the hour appointed by him, I was met as I left my carriage by his man. I followed him to the door, which he locked in my face while he presented my card. The minister then came to the door himself to receive me. And this minister was the only man whom I met in Russia who was not looking forward to a revolution inside of fifty years, the furthest limit set by any one whom I met.

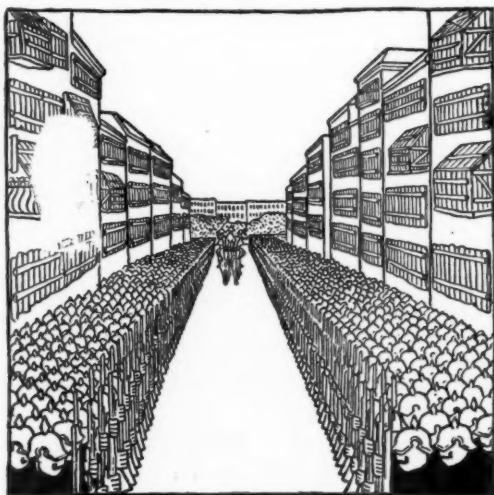
Last summer the governor of the Province of Ufa was

murdered, and not long ago the lives of the Minister of Education and of the Procurator of the Holy Synod were attempted, and within the last few months that of the governor of Tiflis, so that there are manifest reasons for precautions. Russia has advanced so far towards representative government that it is now the ministers of the Czar whose lives are sought instead of that of the Czar himself.—*N. T. Bacon in The Yale Review.*

### Where our Organ-Grinders Come From

It was a strange sound which awoke me. Paradoxically, it was something very familiar, but the strangeness of it lay in that I was in Italy under the roof of a humble family in the little mountain town of Gualtieri-Sicamino, Sicily, and yet clear and sweet, very distinct in the air of the early morning, a boy's voice high up in the terraced vineyards on the slope before the town was singing:

"—— Who was it called them down?  
'Twas Mister Dooley, brave Mister Dooley,  
The finest man this country ever knew;  
Diplomatic,  
Democratic,  
Oh! Mister Dooley—ooley—ooley—oo."



*Simplexsimus (Munch)*

"HAIL TO THE CZAR!"





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Courtesy of Life

## SOME RECENT NOVELS



Then there broke forth the chatter of the men, women, and children who were gathering grapes, and had stopped to listen to an American song. The boy had been in America two years, his father had contracted consumption working on the New York subway, and the family had returned that he might recover in the balmy air of Sicily. One day the boy told me that as soon as he was big enough (he is eight years old) he was going to run away to America, because he could make more money selling papers after school than he could working all day in the fields in Gualtieri, and here he "never had no time for no fun."

The spirit of this incident is the spirit which today stirs all Italy, all Greece, all Syria, all Hungary and Roumania, and has spread deep into the hearts of the people of the whole of southern Europe. The eyes of the poor are turned with longing fancy to "New York." That is the magic word everywhere.

The people have no true conception of America, though Italy is flooded with books of views principally of New York and the Pan-American Exposition, and there is a brave effort made by the Italians in America to write home adequate descriptions of the new land. Once I was called upon to settle a most bitter and acrimonious dispute between two men as to what America was like. One, who had a brother in Wilkesbarre, Pa., thought it was all coal mines, steel mills, and railroads, while the other, whose cousin worked in a New York barber shop, maintained that America was all high buildings and railroads which run over the housetops.

When I say that ninety-four per cent. of the production in southern Italy is agricultural and that the one source of wealth is the cultivation of the soil, and the control of all this wealth lies in the ownership of the soil, it can be understood how and why the poor farmer, who has heard what conditions are in the United States, will borrow money at twenty per cent. for six months to get himself or a son over to America, in order to establish a foothold from which he can broaden a space of relief and liberty.

If the Italian government did not favor and encourage emigration for any other

reason, it would do so because the millions of dollars that are sent back to Italy every year have renovated many of the country districts, really transformed them from squalor to beauty, have recovered bankrupt municipalities, and annually insure a great increase in the volume of paid taxes.—*Broughton Brandenburg in Leslie's Monthly.*

### A Kick from the Kaiser

On the occasion of his visit to Castle Sigmaringen the Kaiser twitted me about my being a poet.

Said the Kaiser: "To me a woman who writes is a ridiculous being. Clever women are dangerous women, one and all, who ought to be muzzled before they can bite. But do you believe it is necessary to be a clever one in order to be a woman who writes? On the contrary women's cleverness consists in avoiding ridicule, and clever women care for their good looks. Now, *can* a woman who writes remain pretty? The gestures, the attitude of a woman scrawling away with all her might, rout every æsthetical effort on her part. Can a woman remain pretty when she is obliged to put on that particularly stern frown with which one pursues an idea or studies any serious and important subject?" The Emperor stopped, evidently waiting for a confused or spirited answer, then resumed: "Now you are very intelligent, much more than I could have believed possible in a woman who writes. You are actually as smiling, as cool, as unaffected as if I had not wounded your highest notions of womankind—perhaps your own self-love."

"I have no self-love, sire, but very firm convictions that nothing can defeat."

"Anyhow, you are very good-natured, and are neither pretentious nor forward. I am going to concede one or two points to you, though you do not seem to care whether I esteem pushing women or not. Music and painting may render a woman's existence very happy and beneficial to her family, and—well, I will allow that a woman is not quite unsexed by being a poet. Women are unreasonable; so are poets. Women are born to comfort and to enhance the joy of living; so are poets.



Well, a poet you may remain, without exasperating me completely."

"I thank your Majesty for his gracious permission."—*Hélène Vacaresco* in *The Strand*.

### Theory vs. Practice

A fisherman invested in a tub so very old

A single drop of water in its staves it would not hold.

Said he: "'Tis very plain to me a vessel of this kind

Would make the safest fishin'-smack a fisherman could find.

What matters if a barr'l of brine should o'er the gunwale slop,

This ancient tub would keep afloat—it couldn't hold a drop."

Which as a bit of logic you'll admit is good and sound:

But when it came to practice—why, the fisherman was drowned!

—*Peter Newell* in *Harper's Magazine*.

### Marvellous "Stunts" on Sleds

Those who have not experienced the sensations of tobogganning, or witnessed a race, cannot possibly realize how intensely exciting such a run can be. As each corner is approached the rider imagines it must be his last. He feels as if he were being drawn to the side of the track and over the bank by an irresistible magnetic force, and yet he struggles on, while the pace quickens as he rushes down the track of ice, half insensible at times, yet instinctively doing the right thing at the right moment. The first sharp corner is successfully taken. On he flies towards a dreaded zigzag. A few vigorous efforts, a sharp dig with the toe-rake, a moment of fear and expectation, and once more he has the straight road before him. There is no time to think of the past success, for there are more obstacles to conquer. A nasty corner, the sharpest of all, is still to come. Here it is, only a few yards off. His rakes crash down, a strong muscular effort, a desperate shove, a shuffle, a short moment of suspense, and it is passed like a shot. Now for the final wild rush down the last straight run. A few seconds more, and the last corner is reached. A repetition of the last manœuvre brings him round. Yet a few yards, and he glides swiftly past the winning post.

It is, of course, neither possible nor desirable to make the track in one straight line; in fact, the number and the great difficulty of the curves form the chief attraction of the "Cresta" to riders as well as spectators. Some particularly interesting parts of the track are shown in the photographs on the next page. The rider begins his plunge down a dizzy grade at a terrific speed, passing on the way some very nasty corners close together about half way down the run, where he will experience some shaking and tossing; and reaches the great leap at the end, where the toboggan, if it is travelling fast enough, for a few seconds flies through the air with its occupant clinging to it. This is one of the most exciting moments even to the ordinary rider, whose leap will probably not be considerable. But what must have been the sensations of the champion leaper, who established the wonderful record of a sixty-six-foot jump! It will no doubt be of interest, to those who know tobogganning only by hearsay, to know that the speed at this part of the course is sometimes as much as seventy miles an hour. Two well-known riders were once timed over the last fifty yards of the course; they covered it at the rate of sixty-seven miles an hour.—*A. Pitcairn-Knowles* in *Outing*.

### "It is the First Step That Counts"

After all is said and done, the bottom of our political distress is social "skittishness" about the caucus. Ninety per cent. of the electorate feel that it is an uncongenial place. Class conceit will not mix there any more than it does in countries of aristocratic pretension. This is the great American problem—how to get all the electorate into the initiative. Right there men who have worked faithfully and practically for reform have found our weak spot. Considering that the caucus is the very fetus of the body politic, it can be said that Americans have practically abandoned self-government.

The American sovereign must, for one hour a year, sacrifice his pride. Everything has been done by the workers to torture the "nicer" class away from their homes to the caucus and primary, but





*Courtesy of Outing*

THE "BUMMEL ZUG" BOB-SLEIGH ROUNDING A CORNER ON THE RACE TRACK



*Courtesy of Outing*

MR. SPENCE MAKING HIS RECORD LEAP OF SIXTY FEET



without success. From eighty to ninety per cent. are childish to the beginnings of law and government—the caucus and primary—which, in their limitations, are the natural hatchery and field of the “grafter.” Permanent and cultured residents will not leave their well-garnished firesides, their libraries, social diversions, churches, and occupations to rub shoulders with their humbler fellow citizens in this only forum and fair field of the republic.

A democratic republic is not a success in our great American cities on account of the social diversities and mercenary motives, inherent in segregated human nature, that have always and in every land divided the people. All European governments are based upon the unreliability of the masses. A constitution cannot make companions of the gentleman and the boor. Our country at large, where the better class reach the government through the town meetings, is all right, but the cities and the minor politics that involve directly our peace are not under the control of the more conservative and competent citizens. Indeed, the absence from the caucus and the primaries of the scientists, authors, merchants, inventors, bankers, professional men generally, clergymen, builders, engineers, and all who make up the grandeur of the nation, is glaringly marked. Just the reverse ought to be the fact. Politics abhor a vacuum; where the good keeps out the bad rushes in. William T. Stead has flung to us the taunt that “the Irishman lands penniless at Castle Garden, and in a generation dominates.” He dominates what Americans turn their backs on.

The way to cure all political evils, and for the most part social evils, is for all the voters to be in at the beginnings. The caucus should be made official and popular, and sustained by the precept and example of the best men. That is what makes our village governments models for the city governments in economy and decency. This we must do or continue to drift away from the design of our institutions. What was the use of dethroning our king, unless we were willing to take up his duty? As a government by the people must be by parties, the work of each party is outlined in the caucus. We

are not yet morally developed for holy spontaneity. The primaries, conventions, and elections are only the perfunctory ratifications of plans of bosses, who are efficiently backed by their subsidized heelers in the caucus whose sway it is impossible to upset by any impromptu action of the people.—*William Hemstreet in Gunton's Magazine.*

### A Toast

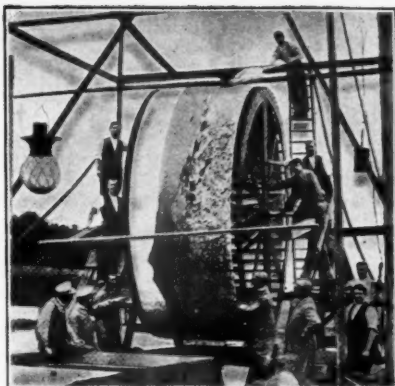
Here's to the hostess who has worried all day,  
And trembled lest everything go the wrong way.  
May the grace of contentment possess her at once,  
May her guests—and her servants—all do the  
right “stunts.”

—*Francis Wilson in Good Housekeeping.*

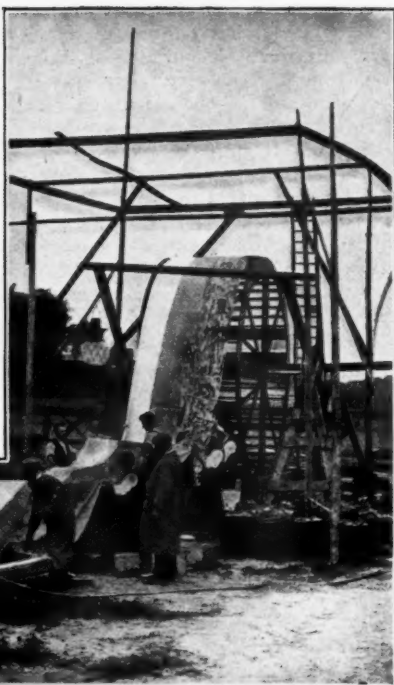
### Raising Plants Without Soil

The greatest of all Professor Nobbe's work is his remarkable discovery of a method for inoculating the soil with bacteria to make it yield richly where it lay barren before. In times past investigators of soil culture devoted most of their time and attention to studying the composition of various kinds of soil, to the improvement of fertilizers, and in suggesting new systems of drainage and water-supply. Professor Nobbe has gone a step further in advance, declaring that plants will grow, under certain conditions, just as well without soil as with soil. At first glance this may seem strange enough, yet there are trees from eight to ten inches in circumference at the base of the trunk, growing in clean water, without a sign of soil of any description. They stand in rows just back of the Forest Academy and near Professor Nobbe's greenhouse. Each tree is suspended in a large glass jar surrounded by a green-painted case. When this case is opened one may look through the glass and see the roots of the tree hanging there in clean water. The oldest of the trees was planted, or rather the seed was immersed in water, in 1878, and it has grown to full size without ever touching soil. Leaves and blossoms have come in the spring, and in the winter the water and the roots have frozen solid all these years, and the tree still thrives. Indeed, some of its seeds were immersed in water, and trees of the second generation have





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*The Sphere*

VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES, ENLARGED FROM NEGATIVES, 9x11, BY THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY OF BERLIN. THE VIEW IS FROM THE CASTLE OF SAN MARTINO. THE WORK WAS CARRIED OUT ON A DARK NIGHT IN THE OPEN AIR. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR. IT IS 39 FT. LONG AND 5 FT. HIGH.



been grown to considerable size. Then their seeds were immersed, and there are now growing small trees three generations removed from the soil—certainly a clear proof of Professor Nobbe's assertion that actual contact with soil is not essential for plant growth. In order to produce such results, however, it was necessary to keep the trees supplied with artificial food. This Professor Nobbe prepared in his laboratory—a certain definite amount of chlorate of potash, sulphate of magnesium, phosphate of iron, phosphate of potassium, and a nitrate. A small quantity of this mixture was dissolved in the water of the jars every four weeks, and thus the trees have been kept flourishing all these years, showing that there was no element in the soil necessary to plant growth that man could not manufacture at will.—*R. S. Baker in Harper's Magazine.*

### To Entertain a Friend

But how shall we entertain the visiting friend? Chiefly by letting him alone. Only the featherweights feel that they must be talked to all the time, shown about, "entertained." Such a person would complain of being forlorn if left alone with the nightingale in the Forest of Arden; of being desolate if set down among the "marble brede" in the gardens of the Vatican. Let such persons perish of their own emptiness. Give the guest the freedom of the house and the gift of stillness if he wishes it. Let him follow his heart's desire. Let him find something to do for himself. So shall he find joy, and leave behind him a pleasant memory when he goes, some mark of his individuality; even as old Montaigne, gallantly visiting every prince along his route, always left his coat of arms behind him for remembrance.—*Edwin Markham in Good Housekeeping.*

### "The Five Notions"

He has drummed his creed in *The Times*,  
He has made the government squirm;  
He has done new crimes with the same old rhymes  
And the flopping of feet infirm.  
But make ye no truce with the anapest, the metre  
that walks like a worm.

I have notions five in my pack,  
As I plod on the poet's way;  
Five notions in all which come at my call,  
And every one sure to pay.  
There's the Briton who lives at home,  
And the Briton who lives abroad,  
The Briton at sea, and God, and me—  
Three Britons, and me, and God.

#### I

Oh, the good 'ome-lovin' Briton likes 'is own  
especial hearth;  
'E's domestic and 'e loves 'is fi-er-side;  
So 'e sends an army roamin' over all the bloomin'  
earth,  
And 'e ships 'is little navy into every bay and  
firth;  
'Cause 'e loves 'is 'ome, but likes to 'ave it  
wide, wide, wide;  
'Cause 'e loves 'is little island, loves the country  
of 'is birth,  
And other people's place o' birth beside.

#### II

Chinamen are but heathen, niggers are not of  
God;  
Germans are Dutch and the French not much,  
and the Russians beastly odd;  
But the man of worth over all the earth is the  
Briton that goes abroad.  
No doubt but we are the people and we say  
acceptable things,  
But foreigners speak with a foreign speech and  
bow to their foreign kings.  
Our blood is thicker than water, and our speech  
is thicker than ink,  
And thick is the skin we are born within and  
thick are the things we think;  
But our speech is the speech of the English,  
and that is the speech of God,  
And the godliest sound above the ground is  
the speech of the Briton abroad.

#### III

Clap goes the yap of my dinky little sailormen,  
Ripping out their chanties in a lingo learned  
from me.  
They spit into the ditch,  
And give their pants a hitch,  
And sing the right of England to the whole  
eternal sea.

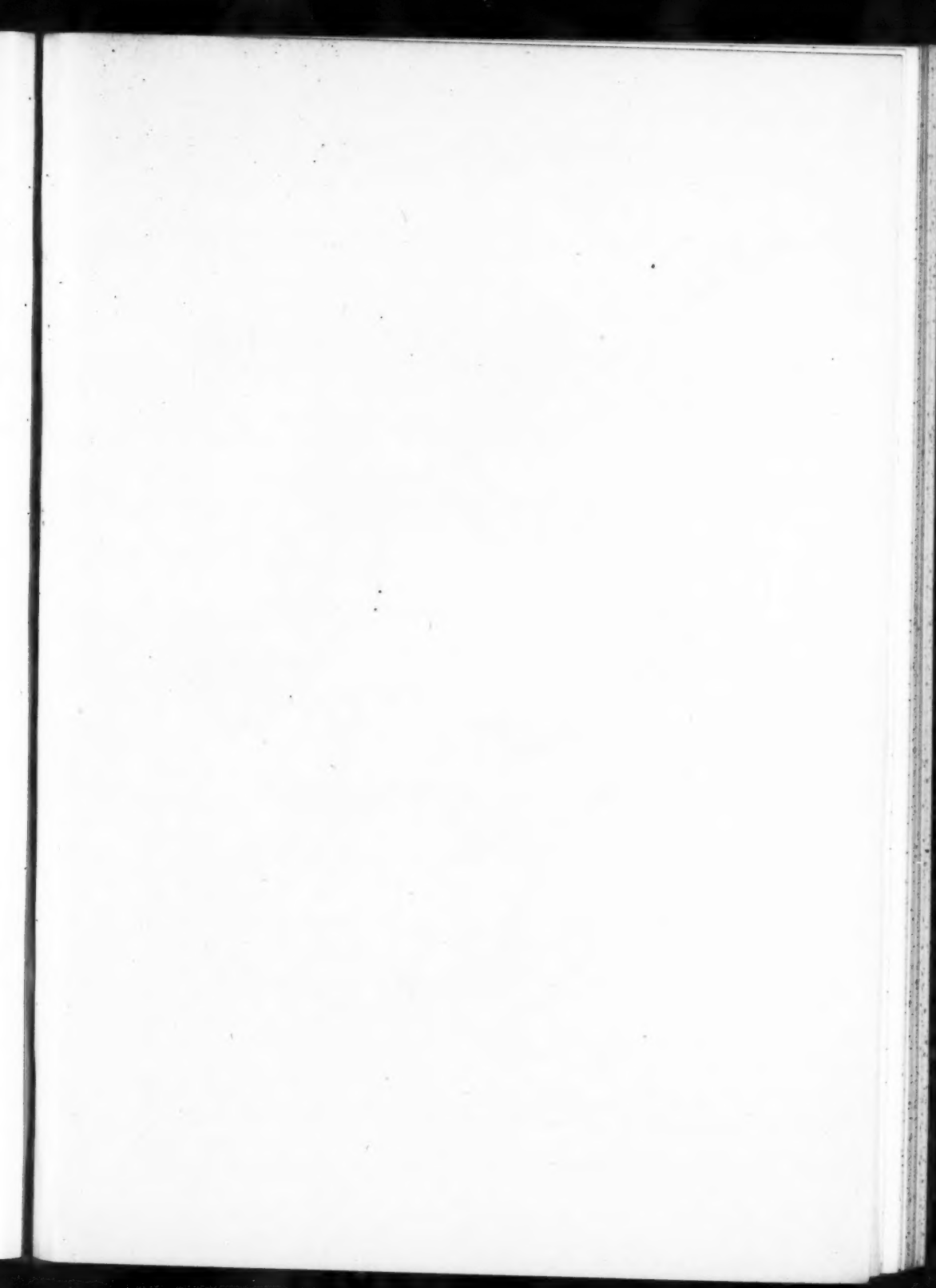
#### IV

Ay, these are my Britons three,  
All over the earth's broad face,  
At home and abroad and at sea,  
I sing the song of my race.  
The God of a million stars  
I bring from His seat on high,  
For the special patron of British deeds,  
Who shows Him clearly the path He leads?  
("Book! Buy Book!") Even I!

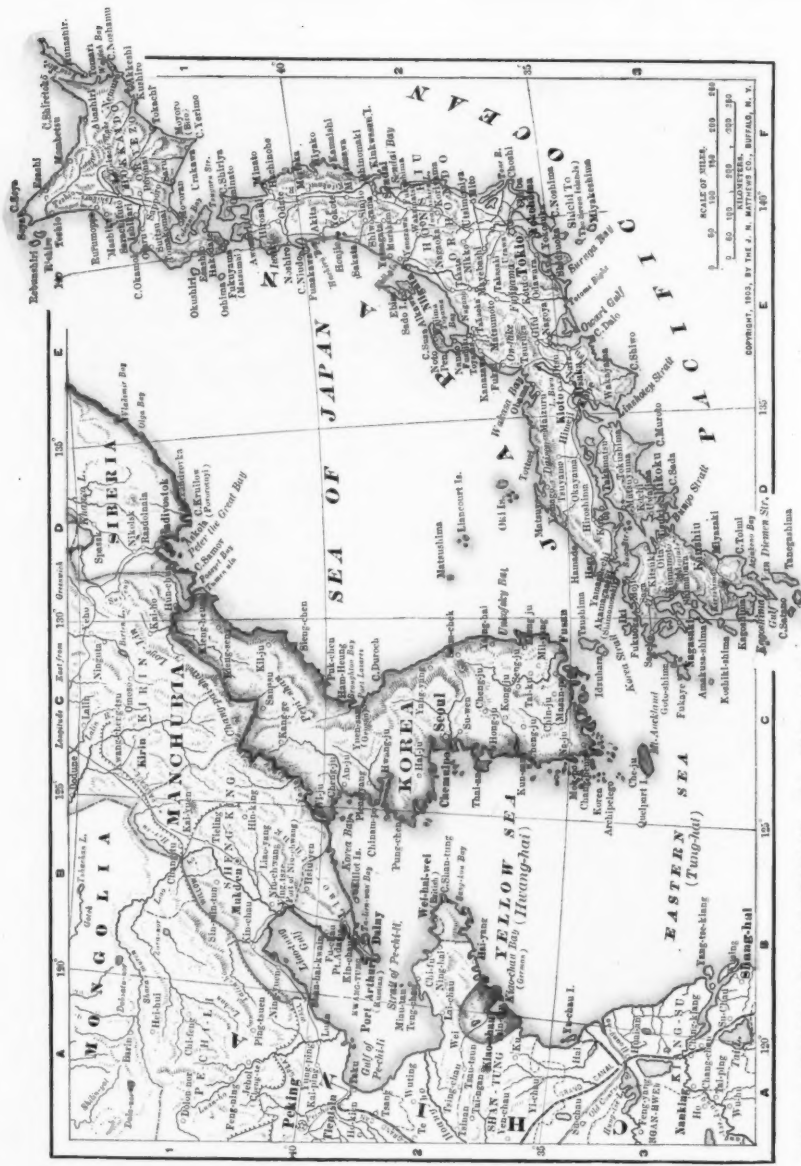
He has drummed his creed in *The Times*,  
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And the flopping of feet infirm.  
But make ye no truce with the anapest, the metre  
that walks like a worm.

—*J. A. Macy in The Critic.*









THE CENTRE OF INTEREST IN THE EAST.





## THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

### I- AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY IN THE EAST

Commerce has ever moved westward; from Asia to Europe; from Greece and Rome to Spain, France, and England; from western Europe to colonial America; from New England to California; from the American Pacific to Asia. The resultant profit in every instance has come to the nation or to the race thrusting forward the movement. In this last commercial span the United States is the power at the pushing end, and her commercial success will depend largely upon the aggressiveness, the endurance, and the ambition of her tradesmen.

Nearly two-thirds of the population of the earth inhabit the lands washed by the Pacific. The growing foreign trade of Asia alone is already valued at about two billion dollars annually. As commercial supremacy is the basis of national great-

ness in the present age, the country that secures control of the inter-ocean traffic with two-thirds of the earth's population will be greatest among the world's republics and empires.

In addition to the present Asiatic trade, which is advancing with wonderful strides, there is at hand a development of China which means unlimited wealth and prestige to the nation that controls the development. China is larger than the whole of the United States. It has coal fields greater than Pennsylvania's, mines of gold and silver, vast unexplored agricultural areas, and numberless other resources. Imagine the United States with five times its present population, but devoid of any municipal improvements and with only a couple of railroads running, say, from Boston to New York; picture America on the eve







of undertaking all of the vast improvements designed to modernize the country—and you will grasp some idea of the scope of operations planned for China.

Whether Russia's advance to the sea, paralleling our own march to western waters, thus meeting America on the commercial skirmish line of the Pacific, is really a significant strategic movement in that conflict of Slav and Saxon which statesmen have foretold; or whether the aggressions of awakened Japan, with its splendid military and commercial genius, mark the beginnings of an amalgamated Mongolian Asia which shall ultimately defy or over-ride all competing powers—the truth is plain to many thoughtful Americans that one of the strongest pillars of our nation, its Pacific commerce, is threatened by the impending struggle in the East.

In the opinion of many of the representative men of America, Russia is doing precisely what the United States would do under the same circumstances. They say that if Americans instead of Russians had had the geographical opportunity the Slav has enjoyed in Europe and Asia, we would have built half a dozen trans-Chinese and trans-Siberian railways to the Yellow and Chinese Seas a generation ago, and would at least have established our commercial sovereignty over the whole of Eastern Asia.

Many alert Americans engaged in international trade are confident that the slower going but sturdy Russian will eventually take possession of China, just as securely as we absorbed California, Oregon, Washington, and other Pacific Coast domain.

Just as American dominion now extends from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico to the Bering Sea and the Pacific, so Russian sovereignty reaches from the White and Black Seas and the Gulf of Bothnia to the eastern shores of our western waters. The Slav moving eastward and the Anglo-Saxon westward have secured possession of two immense geographical empires, whose formidable shore-lines now

form a significant parallel along opposite sides of the same great sea.

America has not paused at the water's edge, nor, is it believed, will Russia. Both countries are moving with astonishing momentum. Five years ago San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, and Los Angeles were our frontier cities. Now Honolulu and Manila are our national terminals. From shut-in Siberia Russia has forced a way first to semi-frozen Vladivostok on the Bay of Peter the Great, and to the open and coveted harbors of Dalny and Port Arthur on the Yellow Sea.

Men who forced their way on foot, or behind horses and oxen, across the American plains, live to enjoy a choice of five trans-continental railways. A sixth is projected, with San Francisco as its terminal. A seventh is rapidly building diagonally to San Pedro in Southern California. Canada has one great line, and is building two more, to the Pacific coast.

Russia has made a start with one trans-continental railroad, and the surveyors are in the field staking the right of way for a second. Her people are pouring along the boundaries of China just as Americans are moving in a great stream toward the Pacific.

The parallel prevails throughout the whole development on the two Pacifics. Only fifty years ago Japan was uncivilized and the western part of America a savage wilderness. Today our Pacific is a dynamic empire of modern life, multiplying its wealth and population by bounds, while Japan has become a great world-power. Had such a metamorphosis taken place a thousand years ago we should scarcely credit the record of the historian. The entire Orient and Occident bear witness to the amazing change. A generation ago the trade of Shanghai amounted to seventy-eight million taels a year. Within thirty-five years it has grown to the marvelous annual total of nearly half a billion taels. In that same period Seattle, for example, has evolved from a saw mill and a store to a city of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, with miles of wharves



along its harbor on Puget Sound, with many ocean fleets of merchantmen, and a trade with the Orient reaching high into increasing millions.

Within that brief period Japan has held six national industrial exhibitions, the last at Osaka, the Chicago of that empire, assuming the significance of a World's Fair. Simultaneously all the commonwealths on our Pacific have held similar expositions, and now Portland, Oregon, is perfecting elaborate plans for a Western World's Fair in 1905, designed to present to the peoples of all lands an industrial and commercial picture of the unparalleled awakening of the many countries bordering on the Pacific.

The United States is at the present moment confronted by the greatest opportunity and greatest problem in its history. Some of the most thoughtful students of commerce and politics go so far as to say that the nation is facing a situation fraught with great significance to the welfare of mankind. They insist that not only is there in the stratagems of empires in the Far East a grave menace to our position as the commercial master of Pacific commerce, but that our standing as a nation is at stake. It is obvious that, at least, very significant movements of history are now taking place—and taking place with great rapidity—on the two Pacifics. If the contention in Asia is to affect the trade of the United States, every person in America is directly or indirectly concerned in the outcome.

If Russia grasps her opportunity to seize China or a part of it, and thereby becomes the first power of the Eastern world, will such national expansion check our commercial destiny and therein strike a blow at the influence of the Republic? Should Japan beat back Russia, would a Japanized Asia be of lasting benefit to American trade? In the meantime, while empires are struggling for advantage in the Far East, what should the United States do to safeguard the great opportunity this nation has been enjoying to control the enormous and increasing commerce of the Pacific? These questions the merchant princes and

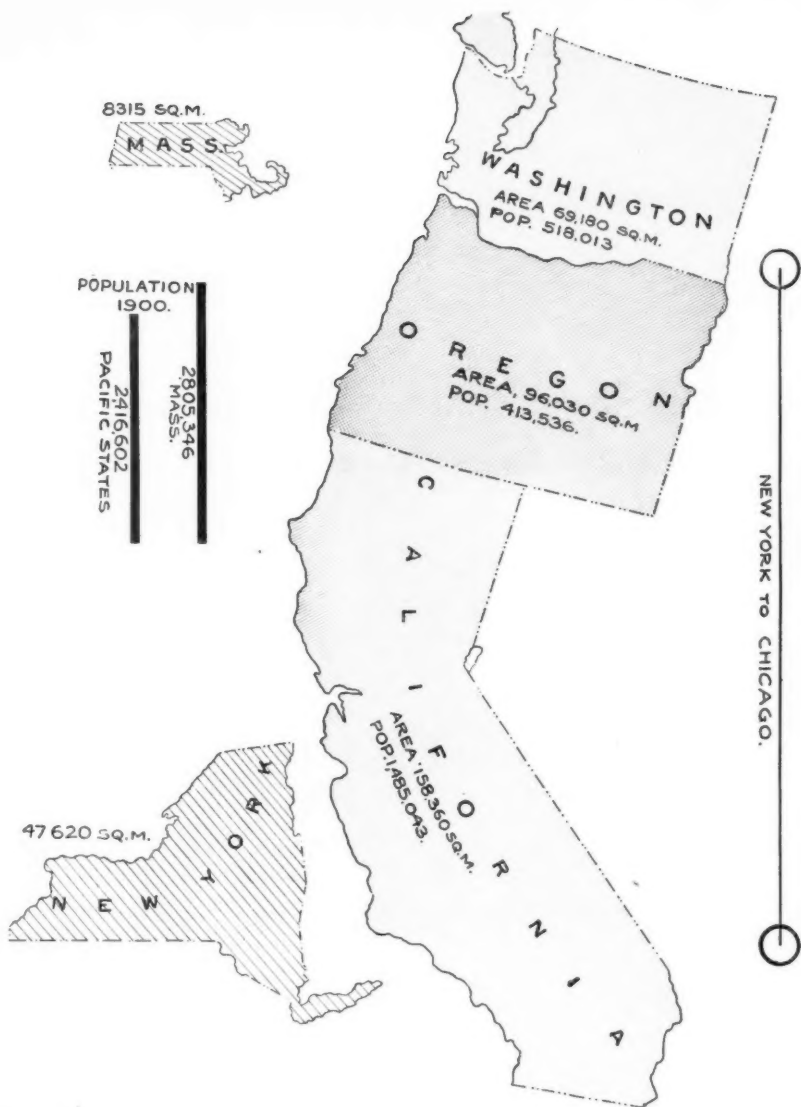
owners of railways and fleets in the United States are putting to themselves. It is interesting to find that they are by no means a unit in their conclusions.

There is a positive element in the American business world that does not share the fear that Russian advance in China means a check to American trade. Russia, they say, is becoming modern. True, she has outrages and massacres to her debit, but so has America. There are, they point out, enlightened leaders in that great empire who stand for the best and most progressive ideas in modern life. That the nation has successfully built a railway across Europe and Asia at incredible expenditure of millions is in itself a lasting exhibit of its new life and strength. That triumph of statesmanship and engineering is an augury, the pro-Russian advocates in America believe, that the people of the Czar are pledged to the development of Asia. The more that continent is exploited, they set forth, the greater will be the demand for American goods; and they therefore urge that the government at Washington maintain a friendly, or at least a neutral, relationship with Russia in its imperial movements in the Far East. The supporters of this idea are practical men, but, curiously, this sentiment is strongest on the Pacific coast.

While many of the commercial leaders of the West are not apprehensive of Russia's advance in Asia, they do insist that the government at Washington should try to secure a reciprocity treaty with that empire, which should provide for an unrestricted access for all American products into China, Manchuria, Korea, and all parts of Asia.

"It is folly," said one of the most careful students of this question, "for America to be dragooned into joining in the popular shibboleth against the Slav. That is purely an English sentiment worked up to enlist American sympathies. Russia, in the time of our sorest national need, was a firm friend. It is to our interests, both as a nation and as a commercial people, to maintain that friendship. American firms





## THE PACIFIC STATES

COMPARATIVE AREAS, DISTANCES,  
AND POPULATIONS







**New York to San Francisco**

Via Cape Horn	13,340 M.
• Panama	5,278 M.

**New York to Manila**

Via Cape of Good Hope	13,555 M.
• Suez	11,511 M.
• Panama	11,412 M.

**New York to Yokohama**

Via Cape of Good Hope	15,178 M.
• Suez	13,095 M.
• Panama	9,692 M.

**New York to Sydney**

Via Cape of Good Hope	12,218 M.
• Panama	9,560 M.

**San Francisco to Liverpool**

Via Cape Horn	13,678 M.
Panama.	7,907 M.

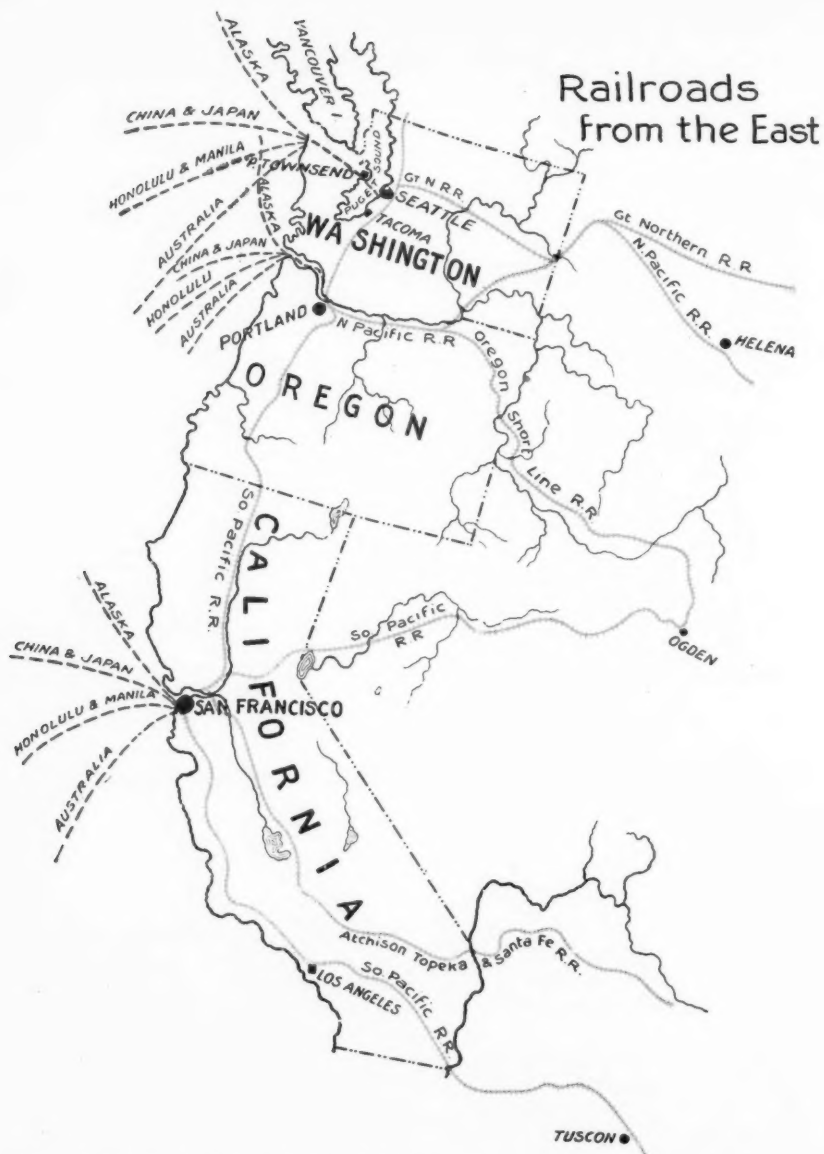
## A GRAPHIC ARGUMENT FOR THE PANAMA CANAL

The entire sentiment of the American-Asiatic Association, whose membership includes many eminent men directing a large commerce with Asia, indicates a deep and growing apprehension for the future of the United States on the Pacific.

"Obviously," the Association announces, "the United States has everything to lose and nothing to gain by finding another Europe installed on the opposite shore of the Pacific. Commercially speaking, that would mean the erection against its trade of hostile tariffs; while politically speaking, it would mean the relegation of this Republic to the rank of a second-rate Pacific power.

What menace to its future safety there might be in the Slavic dominion of Asia, which would almost certainly attend the absorption of North China by Russia, can only be dimly conjectured; but the immediate consequences of permitting the fruition of what are the avowed designs of the Russian policy, which is being prosecuted in full view of the entire world, are serious enough to demand the gravest consideration. We should," the Association further insists, "be playing a somewhat ridiculous part by devoting all our strength and resources to the opening of an ocean gateway to Asia, and refusing to lift a hand to





OUR PACIFIC RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP CONNECTIONS



prevent the land portals from being closed against us. It should not require much argument to make it plain even to the man in the street that it would hardly be worthy of the United States to present to the world the contrast between a policy vigorous and direct beyond all precedent, in dealing with a weak power on the Isthmus; but full of doubt, hesitancy, and overstrained regard for the diplomatic proprieties, in face of the more offensive, dangerous, and arrogant pretensions of a strong power in Asia."

Recently the Manufacturers and Producers Association of California sent a special commissioner to Asia to investigate trade conditions. His report has been received, and under the caption, "Note of Warning to the Commercial Organizations, Manufacturers, and Merchants of the United States," is being circulated throughout the shipping and manufacturing centres of America.

This California organization is much concerned over the Russian real estate and building boom in Manchuria, for they foresee the permanent occupation of that Chinese province by Russian people, and

the probable shutting out of American commercial interests. Their representative reports that in no place, even in the rapidly developing West, has he ever witnessed anything like the building excitement going on in Manchuria. Many of the houses are of brick. Everywhere there is indication that Russia has come to stay. Her eastern movement to the Pacific is, as stated at the outset of this paper, precisely like our western migration.

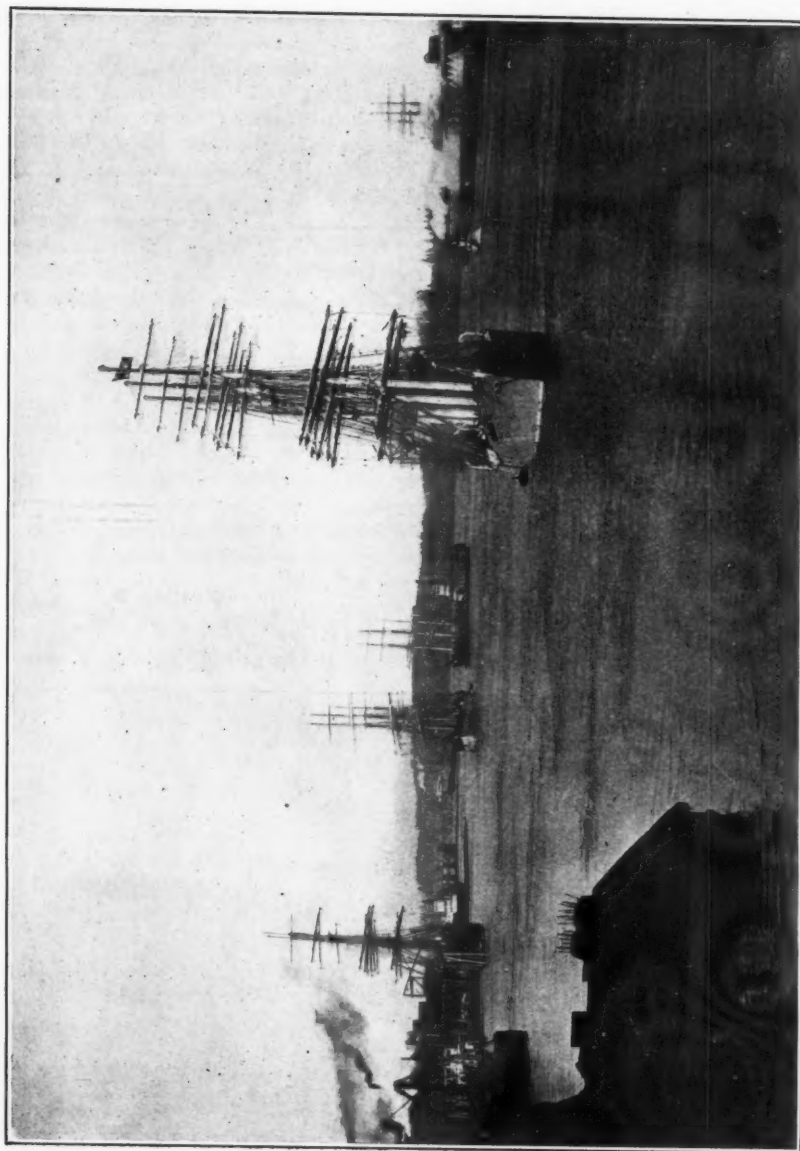
No area in all Russia is so rich in natural resources as Manchuria. The California shippers compare it with the wheat and corn prairies of Iowa, Kansas, and the Dakotas. Farming on a large scale is already under way. Chinamen in the employ of Russians are found driving American gang plows and harrows behind six and eight mules and ponies. Cattle are fat. The country is abounding in prosperity. Travelers on the Russian railway in Manchuria ride miles along fields of thrifty corn over six feet high.

That developing province, with its vast but not crowded population, is a coveted market for the United States. There were thirteen million dollars' worth of imports



A PRODUCT OF THE OREGON FORESTS





*Photograph by William H. Rau*

RIVER FRONT OF PORTLAND, OREGON



into Manchuria in 1901, forty per cent. of which went from the United States. In 1902 our share, while still the greatest of any one nation, fell to thirty-five per cent. California shippers see in this the first indication of our ultimate total exclusion from this field now being rapidly Russianized. Under complete Russian control, it is believed by the San Francisco organization that a prohibitive tariff would be erected against our goods. Up to 1901, they point out, the American kerosene trade in Manchuria grew steadily until it reached in that year over three million gallons. In 1902, after the Russian advance, the sales fell to little more than half a million.

The California exporters report that, because of Russian opposition, an American firm was unable to secure at Dalny a site upon which to build warehouses for the storing of American oil. The imports of flour into Manchuria, these Pacific coast merchants set forth, fell from \$128,000 in 1901 to \$91,000 in 1902.

"Russian agents," said the American Consul at Niu-chwang, "are building flour mills, factories, and meat-packing establishments, and are opening mines and selling goods throughout Manchuria—privileges which Americans are not permitted to enjoy."

Based upon these and other facts, the California commercial organization appeals to the Secretary of State at Washington to safeguard their Asiatic markets. What can be secured now by trade treaties cannot, they insist, be obtained a few years hence without recourse to great wars.

"If any one," said a successful American, who operates in a large way, managing thousands of miles of railway and fleets of vessels, "imagines that the United States can progress greatly if cut out of the far Eastern market, let him consider a single item—that of wheat. Study the map and resources of Manitoba, and you will find that the British Northwest can produce all the wheat that England can consume. This Canadian wheat area will shortly be under cultivation. Following that, let England, developing Mr. Chamberlain's

policy, erect a tariff barrier against our wheat, and our only outlet would be Asia. If, in the meantime, Russia had asserted her sway, and chose to shut out our cereals, a large and now immensely prosperous part of the United States would be confronted with bankruptcy. It is a simple problem, and the Americans who look ahead can readily see it."

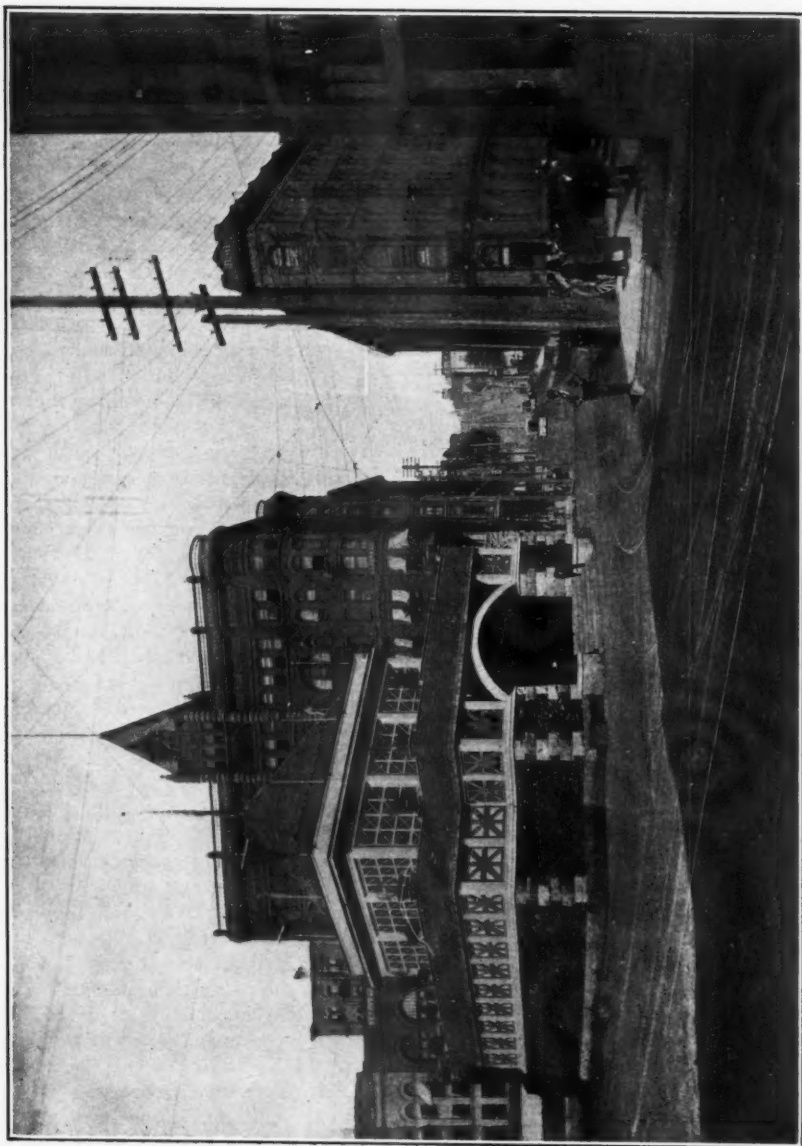
There are many shrewd observers on the Pacific coast who, while not sharing the anti-Russian alarm set forth, believe they see in the Far East conflict a still greater menace to America's standing as a Pacific power. They believe that a Japanese victory over Russia would be an international calamity. Japan's ambition, they point out, is to merge and mobilize the millions of China into "a military entity whose power, once aroused, would dwarf into insignificance any horde of conquerors the world has ever seen."

"With Japanese statesmen erecting a framework of efficient government upon the ruins of the present Manchu dynasty," said one of the spokesmen of the pro-Russian party on the Pacific Coast, "with 'Asia for the Asiatics' brought out to serve as the slogan for China's hitherto inert hosts, at length directed by acumen, energy, and newly-aroused ambition, the plans of Europe for a partition of that ancient empire would fall away like a house of cards before a breath."

The United States Department of Agriculture makes the statement that the cultivated area of Japan comprises a district equal to only about one-third the size of the State of Illinois. In fact, only fifteen per cent. of the area of Japan is adapted to the cultivation of their annual crops. Yet they conduct their farming with such industry and scientific skill that this insignificant area supports an empire of 44,805,937 people, increasing at the rate of over half a million per annum.

"Imagine," said a recent traveler in the Far East, "more than half of the population of the United States cooped up within the confines of the State of Montana, and picture this dense mass of millions subsisting





*Photograph by William H. Rau*

IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF SEATTLE

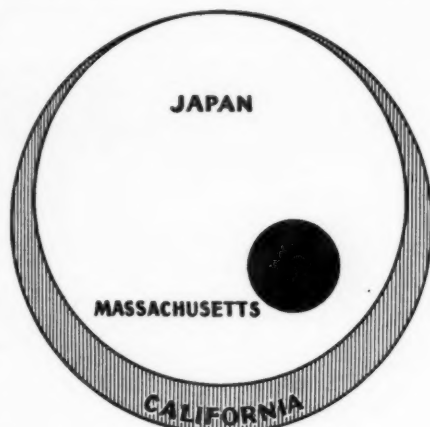


on the yield of a section of land no larger than one-third the area of Illinois, and you can form some conception of the territorial problem confronting the kingdom of Japan." Of all the modern nations she is in the most need of domain for purposes of colonization. Her inevitable outlet is on the mainland of Asia. Formosa is a beginning, and Korea is at hand; but every step in her expansion invites a conflict with the powers of Europe. International ambitions confront her at every turn, and her work as a world-power has just begun. If she develops the strength to maintain her intrepid national program, it is not improbable that she will become within the near future the most conspicuous power of the Pacific, not even excepting the United States.

These Pacific Coast leaders who advocate maintaining cordial relations with Russia insist that Japan would seize China just as England has India; that Russia, whatever her faults, is so bound by commercial ties in Europe that she would never be permitted to extend the imperial sway over Asia which Japan, in the event of conquest in the present struggle, would be in a position to secure; and, finally, that in a conflict upon one side of which is arranged Caucasian and Christian Europe and the other Mongolian Asia, the sympathies of America should be with the races west of the Tartar lines.

These several opinions are not the speculations of publicists having nothing at stake save the reputation their theories give. They are the grave expressions of men who, in the event of America's exclusion from Asia, would suffer the loss of many millions. In spite of their irreconcilable convictions, they are a unit upon the main issue—that the present is a critical moment in the career of the Republic.

The almost limitless trade possibilities hanging in the balance while we await the outcome of the struggle in the Far East are clearly seen if we look at the commercial position of China. The total foreign trade of China for the year 1902 was only \$333,083,000, which is consid-

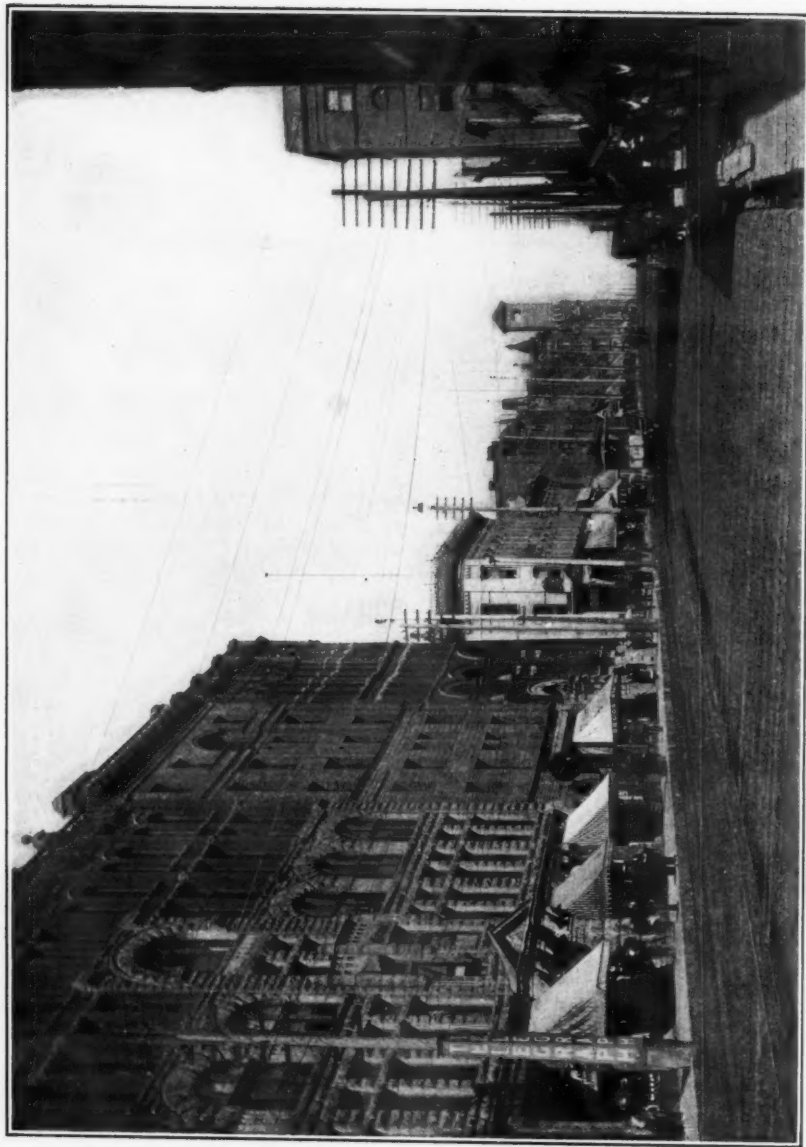


SOME RELATIVE AREAS

erably less than one dollar per capita of its population. Chinese commerce may not advance as rapidly as has the foreign trade of Japan, but it is not over-sanguine, in view of the industrial development under way in China, to believe that within a quarter of a century the purchases of the people of that empire will average annually five dollars apiece. This would swell the yearly import trade of China to the value of two billion dollars. It is obvious that the nation that gets anything like a preponderance of that incredible volume of business will be the commercial master of the world.

"There are," said President Hill, "doubtless not less than half a billion Chinamen. With a good stable government, which will protect the Chinaman in the fruits of his own labor and enterprise, there is no reason why the Chinese trade should not increase as rapidly as that of Japan. The Chinaman is the better merchant of the two. We should remember that the Oriental trade has built up cities of the Old World which are now in ruins. Its value runs back to the dawn of history. Byzantium enjoyed this trade for a time; and later on it built up Venice, the city of merchant palaces, which for years was the gateway from the East into Europe. When the Portuguese sent their





*Photograph by William H. Rau*

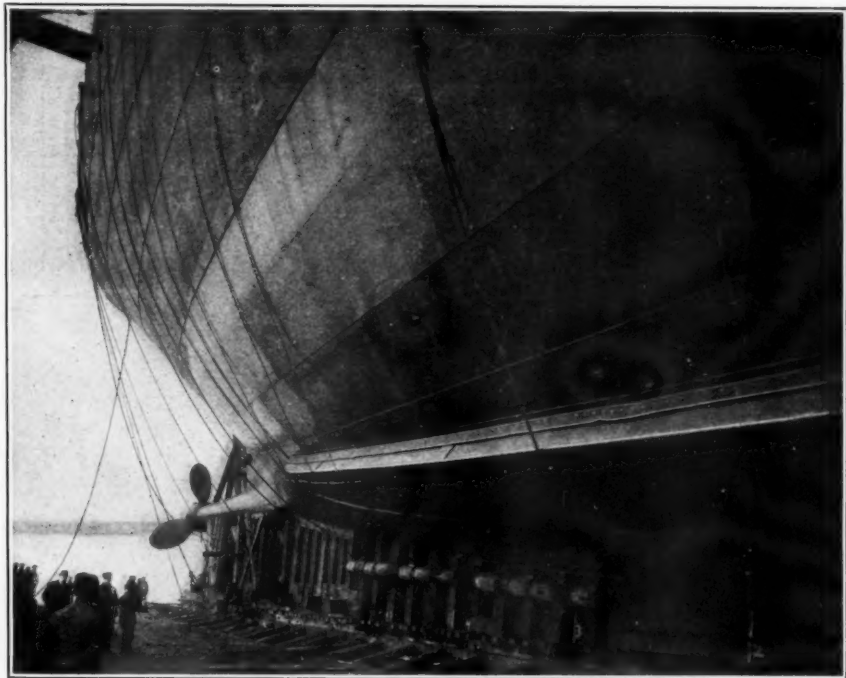
PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON



ships around the Cape of Good Hope, followed by the Spaniards, they took possession of this trade and transferred it from the backs of camels to their galleons. From them it passed under the control of the Hanseatic League and the cities of Holland and Belgium. Early in this century Great Britain, through a wise and farseeing policy inaugurated by her ablest statesmen, took possession of the Oriental trade

dollars per capita per annum it would amount to more than the value of the present total exports of the Republic."

This is not the essay of a dreamer, but the sober statement and outlook of a man engaged in operating American railways and fleets. When it is realized that the people of Japan, who are a part of the same great Mongolian race, now buy goods at the rate of seven dollars per capita, it is not difficult



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE PACIFIC FLEET

STEAMSHIP MINNESOTA, 38,000 TONS

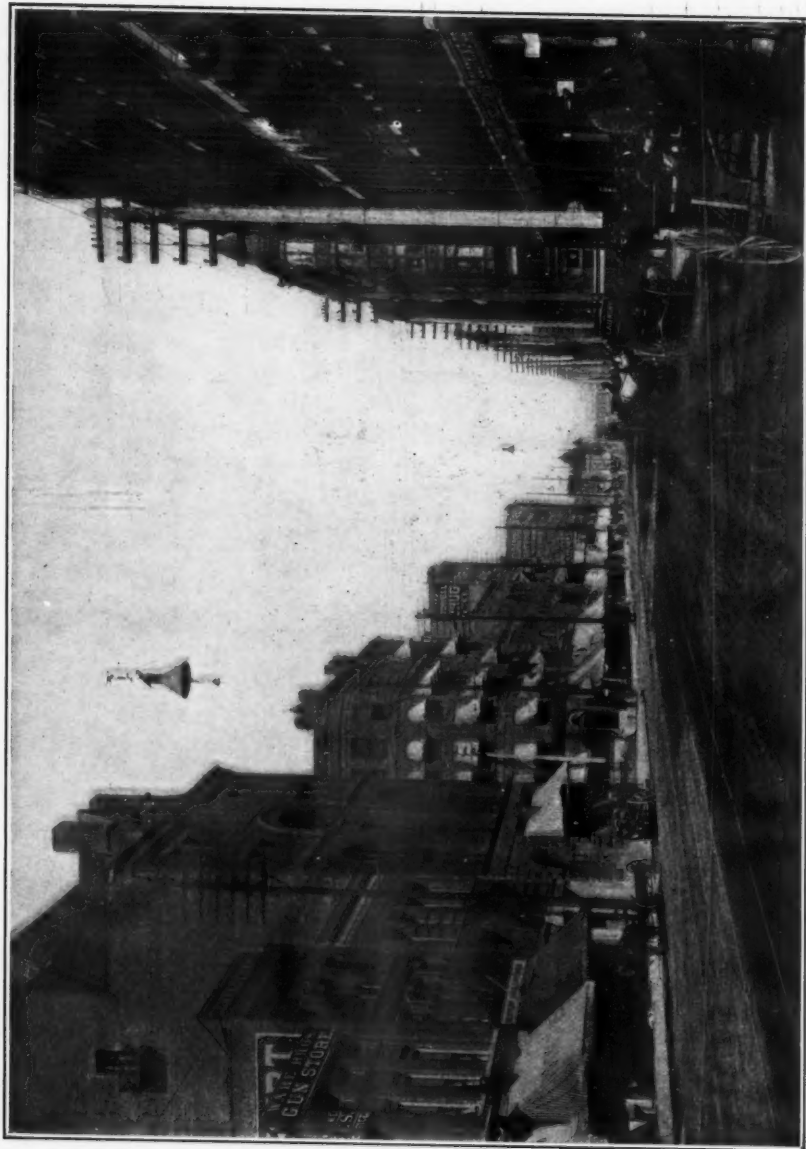
and has retained it to the present time, for the reason that she furnished the lowest rates of transportation to and from those countries.

"We are now," he added, "preparing to challenge her for such share of the business as can be furnished by the manufactures of the United States. Should the Chinese trade increase to three or four

to picture China's population—dwelling in a land of infinitely vaster natural wealth—making purchases averaging at least two dollars per capita, when their country shall have responded to the magical touch of modern development.

All this anticipation of the commercial awakening of China, however, is of small import to the people of the United States if





Photograph by William H. Rau

A TYPICAL BUSINESS STREET OF SPOKANE



that developing trade is not to be secured to America. There is some individual effort on the part of a few progressive firms in this country to hold this vast opportunity for America, but no systematic trade program has been devised looking to the exploitation of China; and the few commercial pioneers vigilantly at work in the field feel no assurance of the country's coöperation.

Turning from speculation regarding future possibilities to a consideration of the remarkable results already achieved in the unprecedented development on both sides of

tion to lay strong hands upon the first opportunity that presents itself, whether it be rolling logs in a lumber camp, driving spikes on a railroad, clerking, keeping books, trading, or working along professional lines. The day of booms, as popularly understood, has passed; yet there has not been in the most tumultuous excitements attending Western expansion anything comparable to the growth of the year just passed.

During 1903 thirty thousand homeseekers were established on free farms in the vast wheat regions of Manitoba.



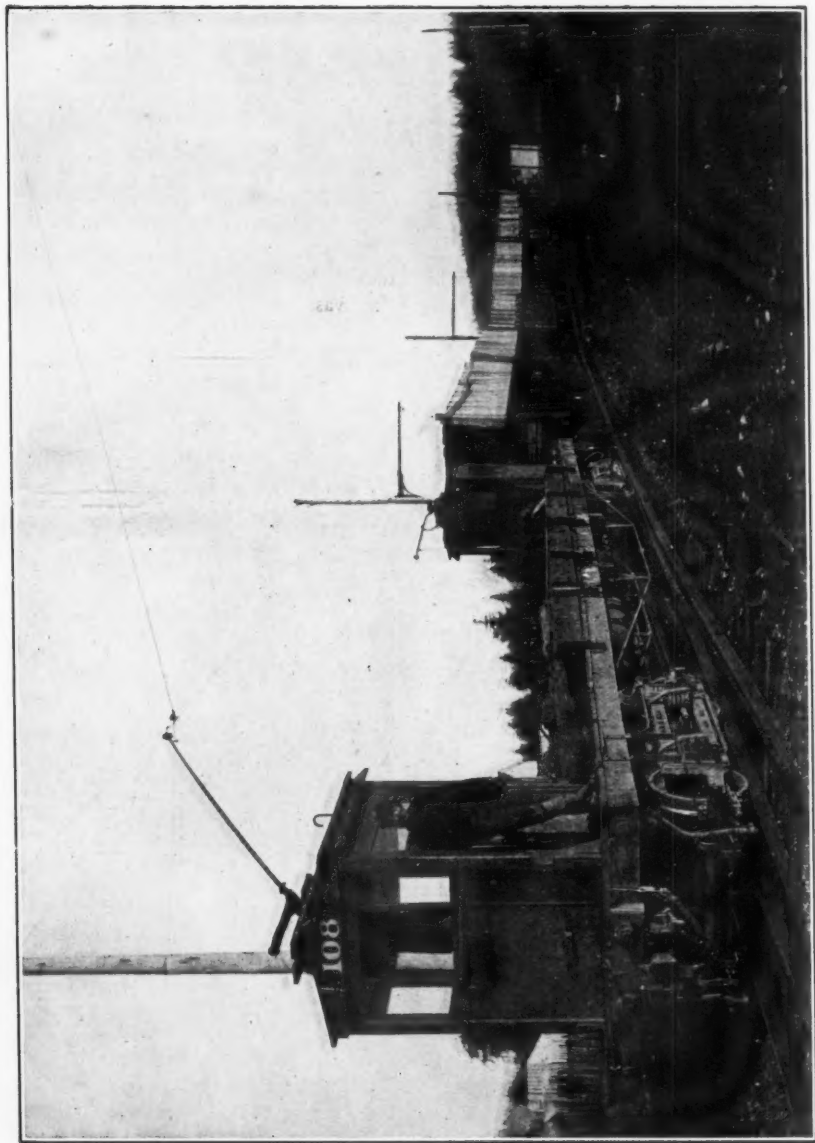
IRRIGATED LAND, WORTH \$350 PER ACRE

the Pacific Ocean, it is worthy of note that hundreds of thousands of Americans, Japanese, and Chinese, have grown and are growing rich. The opportunities for the right kind of young men with grit and abounding energy are innumerable. Should two million young men, with the right sort of material in their make-up, reach the Pacific coast in one day, it is the opinion of conservative Western employers that they could all gain a foothold and eventually become men of property and affairs. An essential preliminary is a stern determina-

Three years ago in one of the counties of the State of Washington there were but ninety-five voters. Now there are twenty-six thousand inhabitants in that county, and out of it was shipped in 1903 three million dollars' worth of wheat.

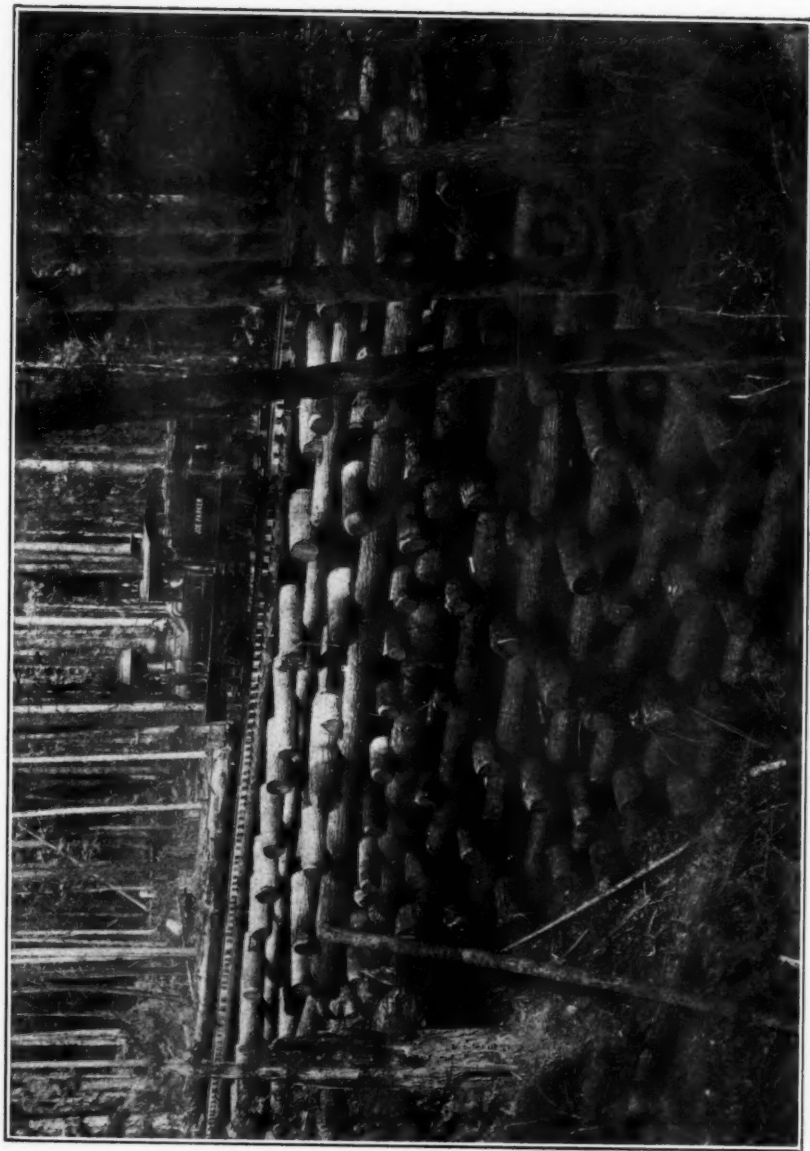
A few years ago a ship bearing gold from the Klondike started a stampede toward the Arctic Circle. Last year, although there was no apparent furore about it, the value of gold and fish from Alaska exceeded twenty million dollars. All such movements are making Western operators rich.





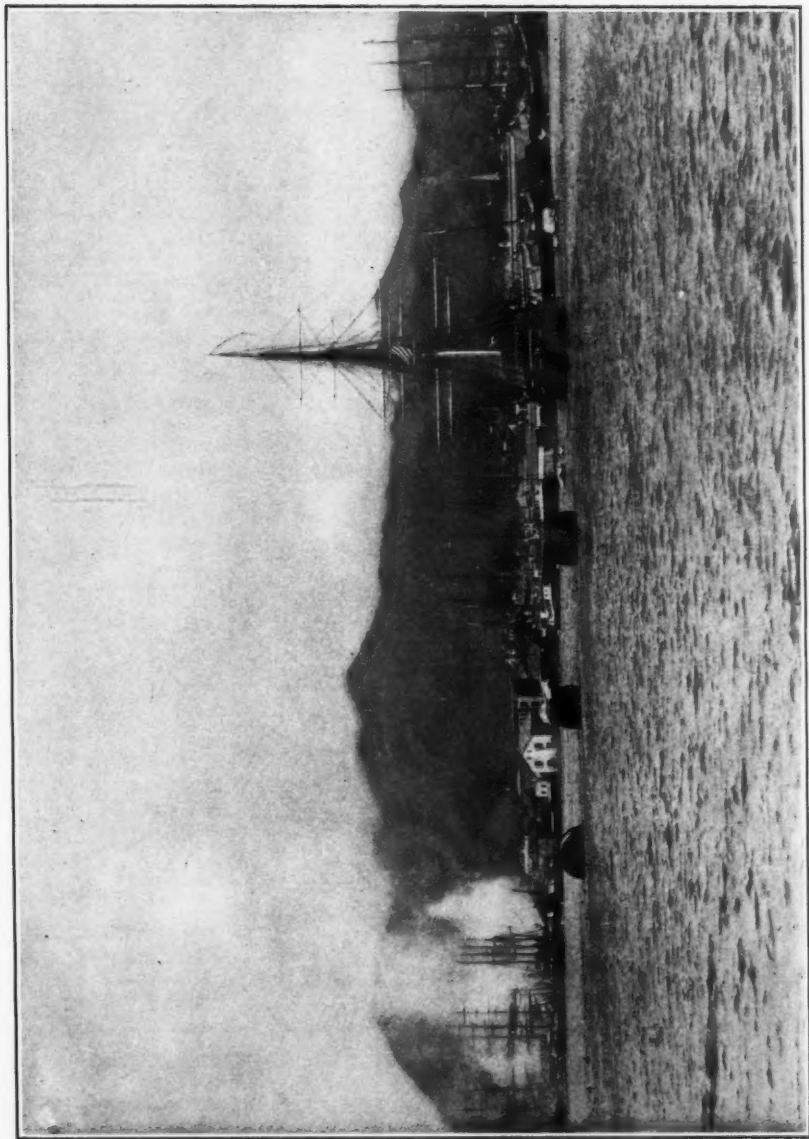
AN ELECTRIC FREIGHT TRAIN IN OREGON





A PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION





HONOLULU HARBOR

*Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum*



There are thousands of young men on the Pacific coast still under thirty, many of whom borrowed their fare West or landed without the slightest capital, who are now living in beautiful homes, and are actively engaged in enterprises valued all the way from twenty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars. The stories of some of these successes will be enumerated in subsequent papers, as an inspiration to the youth of America.

The intense activity of the West finds expression, among other ways, in the rival upbuilding of States and cities. Seattle marshals statistics and geographical advantages to prove its superiority over San Francisco as a gateway to Asia. The amazing increase in the tonnage and population of the Puget Sound metropolis give substance to its claim, and the traveler would be inclined, in the presence of that bustling progress, to fear that the famous city of California was standing idle. However, he finds that seaport another pulsating centre of Pacific and trans-Pacific commerce, and sees that it is sharing in the same great movement that is making all the country beyond the Mississippi a flourishing Western empire. In 1903 sixty thousand people were added to the population of San Francisco.

A similar condition prevails throughout the entire West. If you ask a Seattle man about Tacoma he will not glorify the rival town, for Seattle has distanced her in the race for supremacy. Yet during 1903 the value of buildings erected in Tacoma exceeded that of any year in its history, including even the periods of its real estate excitements. Spokane, while circulating no hysterical literature, has become one of the wealthiest cities of its size in America. Its population is approaching the fifty-thousand mark. Regarding Portland, Oregon, it is asserted that it has more millionaires to the square foot than any other city in the United States.

The truth is that the citizen in any of the rushing Western cities is so occupied in seizing the manifold opportunities in his immediate bustling environment that he

lacks the perspective to see that his prosperity and the progress of his city are a part of a wholesale commercial evolution. Neither is this magnificent development confined to the Pacific Slope.

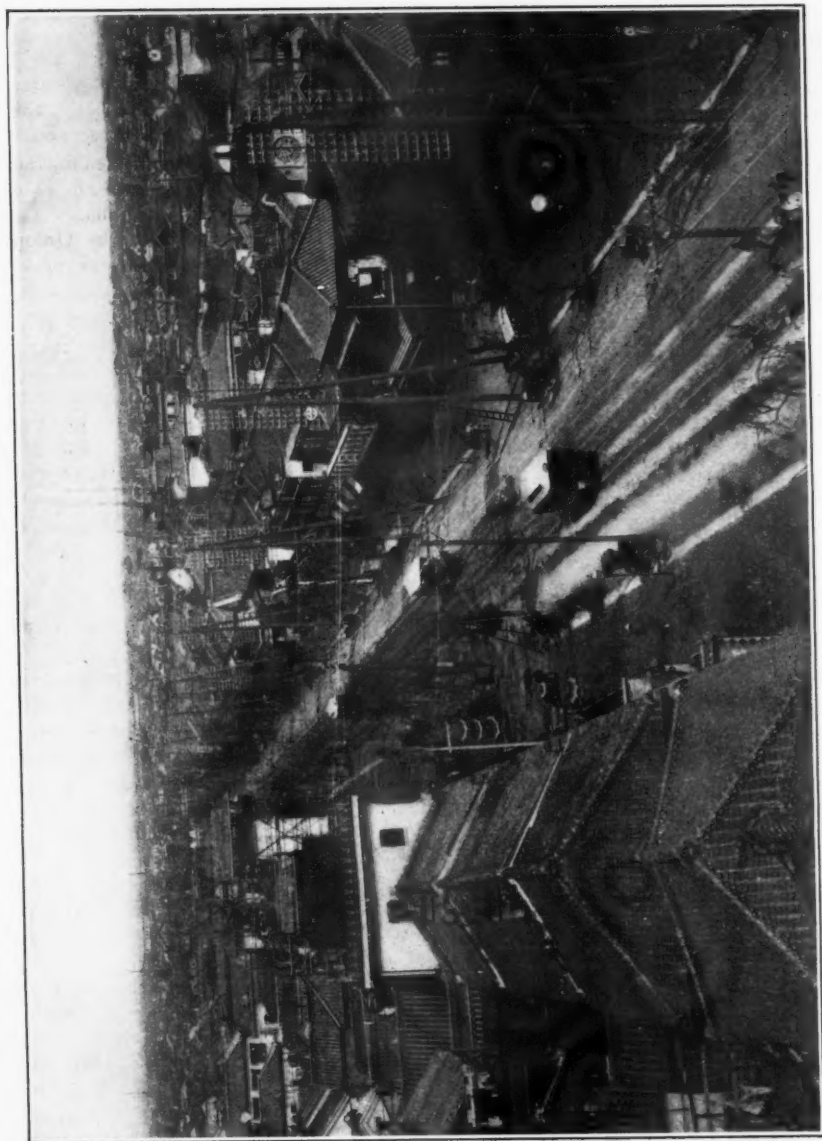
In the middle West, for example, ninety new towns have just been built along the lines of the Northwestern Railway. South Dakota produced over one hundred million dollars' worth of grain and live stock in 1903, and dug twelve million dollars from the Black Hills. No State in the Union equals it in the per capita wealth of its people. Every place, in fact, touched by the vast tide of energetic men moving westward from the Mississippi Valley is surging with new life.

"To the land of no poverty" is the motto of the great migration. In many parts of the West prolific of wheat and hay, the money necessary for the movement of great crops was found this season on deposit in local banks. The bank clearings in Seattle alone in 1903 reached \$207,000,000.

Concurrent with the financial prosperity and industrial development of the entire West, there has taken place an economic awakening in Eastern Asia. Between the two Pacifics sixteen lines of steamships, some of them operating extensive fleets, already ply. New lines are being established, and the old lines are steadily supplanting smaller vessels with first-class steamships of greater tonnage. In the service of President Hill two vessels said to be the largest ever built will run between Japan and Puget Sound. The increase of Seattle's shipment of flour to the Orient in the four months from July to October, 1903, was one hundred and thirty-five per cent. over the amount of that commodity exported during the same months of the preceding year. The number of barrels of flour shipped to the Orient from San Francisco, Tacoma, Portland, and Seattle during the four months mentioned in 1903 was 1,201,841, an increase of seventy-six per cent. over the year before.

A half century ago, when Japan was a cipher, when the ambitions of Russia to





A STREET IN TOKIO

SHOWING THE MODERN ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT OF JAPANESE CITIES



reach Chinese waters were unknown, when China itself was sunk in sleep, when our own Pacific coast was without a city and had as a population only a fugitive handful of gold hunters, and when the islands of the western sea could be had by any nation for the taking, William H. Seward wrote:

"Henceforth European commerce, European politics, European thought, and European activity, although actually gaining force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will nevertheless relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

The awakening and development of Pacific empires and the commerce of that sea within fifty years have given auspicious demonstration that this prophecy, uttered as a flash of inspiration, is to be fulfilled. It is obvious that prosperity in the form of a great commercial equation reaches across the Pacific Ocean. In Asia, the nation now moves in darkness which is to solve that part of the problem and enjoy the incalculable dividends in the form of

wealth and national strength; in America the factors are under our control. When the people of this Republic realize that Japan or Russia or a new Europe in Asia is wrestling from us the unlimited markets of the Far East, there will take place a great national awakening. Then will come the great American invasion, compared with which our commercial inroads into Europe and our march across our own continent will be insignificant.

At the present moment the war cloud in the East has completely obscured the commercial situation. One thing only is plain—that the future commercial expansion of the United States depends upon free access to Asiatic markets, and that therefore this country cannot afford to acquiesce in any settlement of the present war which would close Asia to our trade. The statesmen at Washington who develop the grasp and decision to safeguard the most alluring outlook American commerce has enjoyed, will build enduringly for the nation.

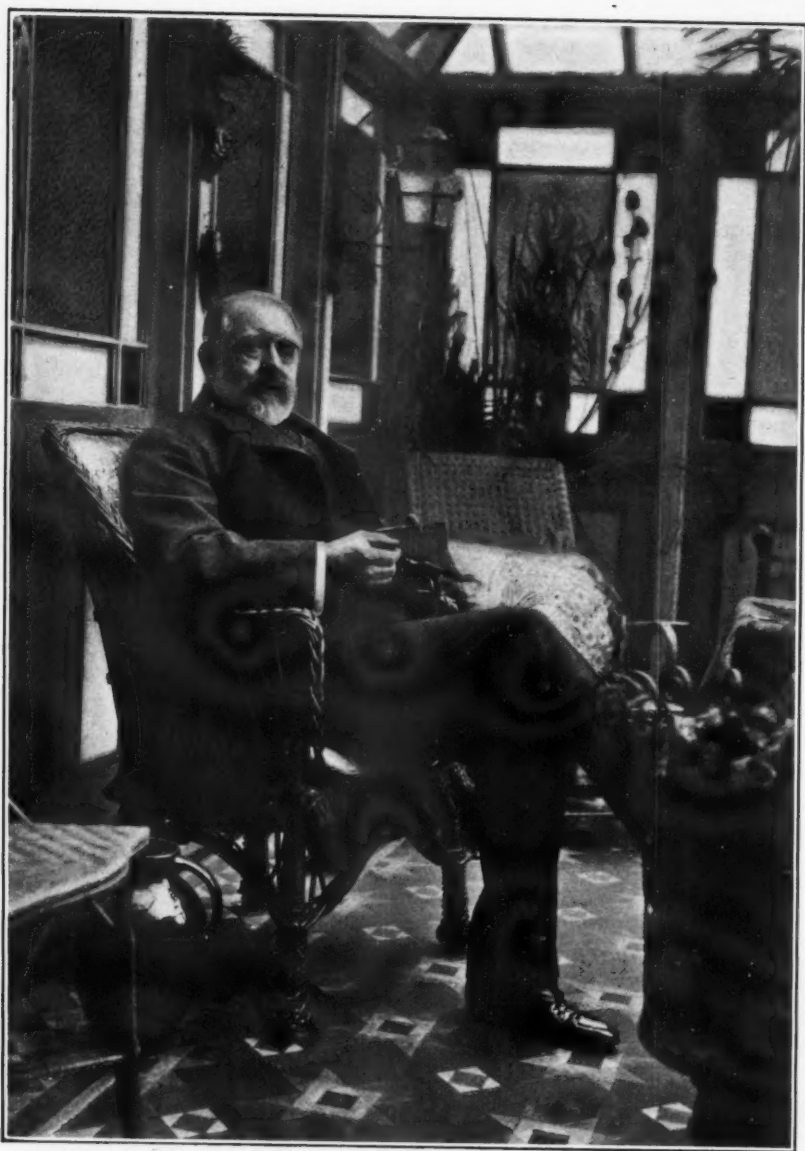
*Udell Baker*



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

CULTIVATING RICE IN HAWAII





MR. GOULD AT HOME



# F. C. Gould Cartoonist

A remarkable force  
in English Politics

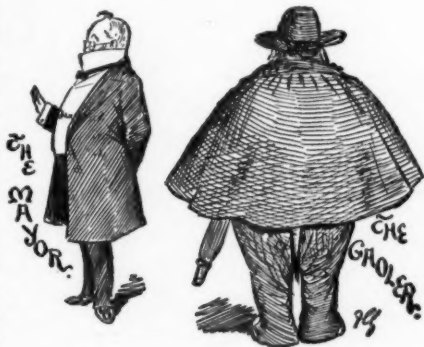
By James Douglas



Lord Rosebery has described Francis Carruthers Gould as "one of the most remarkable assets of the Liberal party." That was true some years ago. It is not quite so true now, for "F. C. G.," to use the initials by which he is affectionately known, is today more than an asset of the Liberal party. He is an asset of all parties. His incomparable caricatures in the *Westminster Gazette*, in *Picture Politics*, in *The Strand Magazine*, and in *The Modern Chronicles of Froissart*, are as popular among Tories, Liberal Unionists, Irish Nationalists, and Protectionists as they are among Liberals and Free Traders. Never in the history of caricature has there appeared a caricaturist who has so completely conquered the hearts of men of all classes and all opinions. Even John Leech, most beloved of humorists, never won affection so universal as that which Mr. Gould enjoys. He is the king of living caricaturists. As Macaulay said of Boswell, it is "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." There was a time when that brilliant draftsman, Mr. Harry Furniss, seemed likely to wear the crown of Leech, but his early promise has not been fulfilled. Why? Because he failed to realize, what Mr. Gould has realized, that English taste

demands good-humor as well as humor in our caricatures.

Before I discuss the work of Mr. Gould let me briefly outline his romantic career. He was born in 1844, at Barnstaple in Devonshire. His father was a clever architect, and from his earliest years he lived amid paper and pencils and machinery of drawing. It is clear that he is a born caricaturist, for at ten he drew a political cartoon. At sixteen he was put into a bank. There he caricatured the customers; and Mr. Watson—to whose delightful sketch of Mr. Gould I am indebted for many interesting facts—suggests that he covered the Barnstaple bank-books with humors like those on that page of the Latin grammar which Thackeray reproduced in *The Roundabout Papers*. "The Mayor" and "The Gaoler" belong to this period, and it is remarkable that they should be alive with the Gould idiosyncrasy







THE LIBERAL WRECK

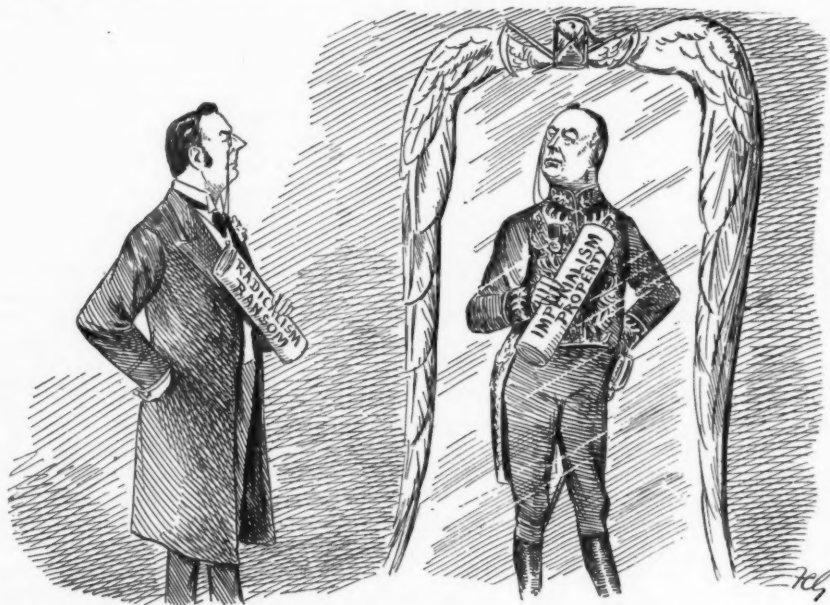
OLD PILOT: I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE SAVED HER?



which is now so familiar to every Englishman. The gaoler was furious, for the young humorist turned him into animals of all kinds. He complained to the mayor. "Oh," said the mayor, "he is only a youngster. You mustn't take any notice of it." "But that bain't the worst," cried the gaoler; "he's been a-caricaturin' of you!"

After four years among bank-books the lad went to London, and there in a stock-

for personal caricature, and an excellent school," he says, "for there was every variety of personality and very marked individuality among the members. In addition, I had the advantage of very keen and very outspoken criticism. As time went on, my drawings became very numerous, and at last I did a series of sketches and cartoons which were published for private circulation, and people tell me they may still be seen in many offices in the



TIME'S MAGIC MIRROR  
CURIOUS!

[All my lifetime I have found that many things have a curious habit of coming out very much as I expected.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN, at *Grahamstown*, February 11, 1903.]

broker's office he continued to caricature everybody he saw. His exuberant genius continued to disport itself in this fashion for twenty years, and after he became a member of the Stock Exchange he reveled in that great menagerie, whose bulls and bears represent almost every variety of those human humors produced by the greatest of all caricaturists, Nature. "I found 'the house' a very fruitful ground

neighborhood of Threadneedle Street and Throgmorton Street."

Up to this time he had drawn "all for fun," like Frank Lockwood; but his "self-pleasing quaintness" was discovered by Mr. Horace Voles, of *Truth*, who persuaded him in 1879 to illustrate the Christmas number of Mr. Labouchere's audacious organ. In these cartoons he turned the most august persons into beasts





## WHICH IS LEADING WHICH?

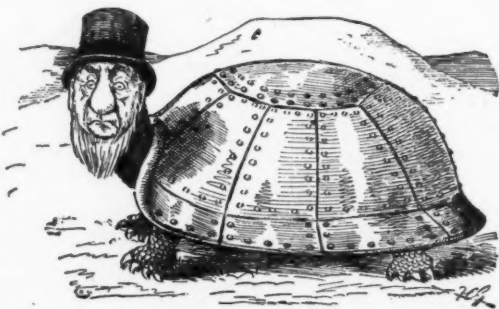
JOHN BULL to PORTER: Where are you taking him?  
 PORTER S...B...RY: I ain't taking him anywhere.  
 JOHN BULL: Well, then, where's he taking you?  
 PORTER (*indignantly*): He ain't taking me.  
 JOHN BULL: Then, where is he going?  
 PORTER: I don't know. He's eaten all his direction labels.

and birds. In the cartoon of 1890 the late Stacy Marks, R.A., appeared in a kind of pictorial version of the comedy of Aristophanes, *The Birds*. There Lord Salisbury figures as a dodo, and the Lord Chancellor as a penguin. In the aviary may be seen the Duke of Cambridge, Sir H. M. Stanley, Sir Henry Irving, George Augustus Sala, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Charles Beresford, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Marquis of Dufferin, Colonel North, the Duke of Devonshire, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many another two-legged bird with feathers.

It was, however, Mr. Stead, the Christopher Columbus of British journalism, who practically discovered and explored the genius of Mr. Gould. Mr. Stead was then "making things hum" on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in 1887 he found what Sir Francis Burnand would call a Gould

mine. In those days, says Mr. Stead, Mr. Gould used to come for instructions once a week. "He was a jewel of an artist," for he was "always ready to abandon his own notions and adopt those of his editorial chief." This, indeed, is the key to Mr. Gould's success. In his cartoons the political idea is predominant, whereas other cartoonists are absorbed in the picture and allow the political idea to take care of itself. A good story is told of somebody who objected to the employment of Mr. Gould on the *Pall Mall* because he had a "lack of political ideas"! But no one could suffer from political anemia who works under Mr. Stead, whose populous brain is a germ-factory of political ideas. It has been Mr. Gould's good fortune to be associated with three of the greatest editor-politicians in England—first with Mr. Stead, secondly with Mr. E. T. Cook, and thirdly with Mr. J. A.

Spender. Mr. Cook succeeded Mr. Stead as editor of the *Pall Mall*. When Mr. Astor bought the *Pall Mall*, he turned its coat. It ceased to be Liberal, and became a Tory organ. The editorial staff, with Mr. Cook at their head, resigned in a body, and among the seceders were Mr. Spender and Mr. Gould. It was a fine display of journalistic conscience and courage, and it excited the admiration of



WHO SAID "BOBS"?



many persons who are apt to regard journalists as mere time-servers. Such examples of high principle and fearless independence are not rare in English journalism.

Mr. Cook, Mr. Spender, and Mr. Gould found in Sir George Newnes a new proprietor who enabled them to start the *Westminster Gazette*. When afterwards Mr. Cook became editor of the *Daily News* he was called on again to sacrifice his position to his principles, and resigned when a change in the proprietorship turned the *Daily News* into a pro-Boer organ. At the same time there was a similar revolution in the office of the *Daily Chronicle*. Under Mr. H. W. Massingham it had fought strenuously for the Boer cause. Mr. Massingham, like Mr. Cook, did not hesitate to sacrifice his position to his principles when the policy of the paper was reversed. Then came a *chasse-croise*. Mr. Cook walked down Fleet Street to the office of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Massingham walked up Fleet Street to the office of the *Daily News*; but neither of the twain walked into the editorial chair. The latest martyr of journalistic independence is Mr. Monypenny, the editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, who resigned the other day rather than acquiesce in the policy of his proprietors, who, being Rand mine owners, desire to import Chinese labor for the mines.

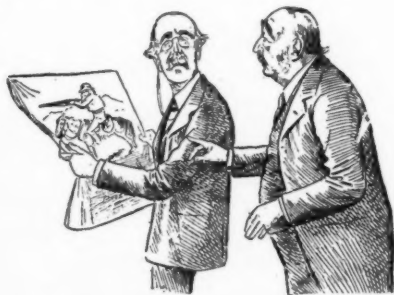
Mr. Gould, therefore, is a man of character as well as caricature. He has ideals as well as ideas, and his political passion has matured amid the best traditions of English journalism. Therein lies the secret of his unparalleled influence in politics, an influence hardly inferior to that of any publicist or any politician. The *Westminster* undoubtedly owes its splendid position as much to Mr. Gould's caricatures as to Mr. Spender's consummate editorial acumen and sagacity. But it is hard to say where Mr. Spender ends and Mr. Gould begins. Their collaboration is unique in journalism, and it is hardly too much to say that Mr. Gould's pencil is geared upon Mr. Spender's brain. Mr. Gould himself has generously acknow-



CONFOUND YOU! SAY "SUZERAIN"!

ledged the debt he owes to his editor. "The daily paper cartoonist," he says, "has this advantage, that in the editor's room he collaborates with one whose knowledge of political matters is wide and deep, and whose mind is trained to unravel the most tangled threads of a situation and to reduce what seems obscure to clear, concise demonstration. In my own case I cannot possibly exaggerate the value of a collaboration to which I owe a great portion of my success."

Political insight is the master quality of his cartoons. They go right to the very heart of things. Their lucidity is amazing. Often a Gould cartoon will illuminate the whole battlefield of politics in a vivid flash of clairvoyance. Mr. Gould has also the gift of concentration. He never fires at



MR. BALFOUR: Fancy, Ridley! they've actually got horses!

SIR M. W. RIDLEY: And look, Arthur, they've got rifles, too! What a shame to deceive us!





## MUDDLING AND MENDING

MRS. BRITANNIA BULL: Good gracious, John, what on earth have you been doing with yourself?

JOHN BULL: All right, my dear; I've only been muddling through a little mess. What does it matter as long as I come home right side up?

MRS. B. B.: It matters a good deal, sir. I've got to do the mending!

random. He knows that an ounce bullet is more deadly than a pound of shot. His cartoons are generally very simple. He is a master of what I may call pictorial parsimony. He is not only up-to-date in his pictorial epigrams; he is often before-the-date. His swift swoop upon a political point is like the swoop of a hawk upon its quarry. The political folly of Monday is the cartoon of Tuesday. This sureness of eye and rapidity of thrust could hardly be attained and maintained without the alert and tireless aid of Mr. Spender. "How are your cartoons done?" he was asked. "The subject," he replied, "is first selected in consultation with the editor, when we are discussing the attitude of the paper on the chief subject of the day. Sometimes a line in a statesman's speech, which lends itself to illustration, will be selected. When, however, there is no pictorial suggestion supplied in this way, we sit down and work out the poli-

tical situation from the point of view we desire to express." Is it strange that nearly every shot fired by these gunners hits the target? Is it strange that the Gould cartoons mold a policy and shake a government?

Great as has been Mr. Gould's political influence for many years, it is nevertheless steadily growing, and his cartoons are published in Liberal newspapers all over the country. The *Westminster* is, of course, a penny evening paper, and many of the provincial journals regularly publish this evening's cartoon to-morrow morning. "F. C. G.," indeed, will soon be reported like a front-bench orator. His cartoons are also republished in book form and in *éditions de luxe*. They are also used as political posters, leaflets, and picture-postcards. The Tory party would give much for a Tory Gould, but he "reigns predominant without a peer"; and in the great fiscal campaign now raging his car-



toons are doing more to damage Mr. Chamberlain than is being done by any Free Trade orator. Take, for instance, his use of the story of the old negress who, seeing a lady blowing up an air-cushion and sitting on it, cried: "Missus is sottin' on 'er own bref." He represented Mr. Chamberlain blowing into and sitting on a bladder labeled "Fiscal Fallacies." A more masterly pictorial epigram even Mr. Gould has never achieved.

Another element of Mr. Gould's genius is his power of characterization. His caricatures are portraits. He draws from life, not from photographs. Even Tenniel had not a tenth of his power of seizing the central idiosyncrasies of a face. There are many brilliant black-and-white draftsmen who utterly fail in this respect. Mr. Linley Sambourne, for instance, can never capture more than a dim shadow of a likeness. Mr. Beerbohm often caricatures his



HIS OWN BREATH

An old negro "mammy," having seen her mistress inflate an air-cushion and then sit on it, rushed out in great excitement declaring, "Missus is sottin' on 'er own bref."



THE LONG, LONE FURROW

I must plough my furrow alone. That is my fate, agreeable or the reverse, but before I get to the end of the furrow it is possible that I may find myself not alone.—LORD ROSEBERY, at the *City Liberal Club*, July 19, 1901.

MR. GIBSON BOWLES in the House of Commons quoted, *apropos* of Lord Rosebery's position, from Cowper's lines on Alexander Selkirk:

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone;

Never hear the sweet music of speech—  
I start at the sound of my own.



victims out of recognition. Mr. Gould accentuates the likeness, but he does not destroy it. He studies his prey in the lobby and in the press gallery of the House of Commons. He tells how on one occasion he was stalking a great politician in the lobby, and found that Harry Furniss and Leslie Ward were also marking down the same victim. The statesman was blissfully unconscious of the fact that three caricaturists were walking round him and plucking the heart out of his mystery.

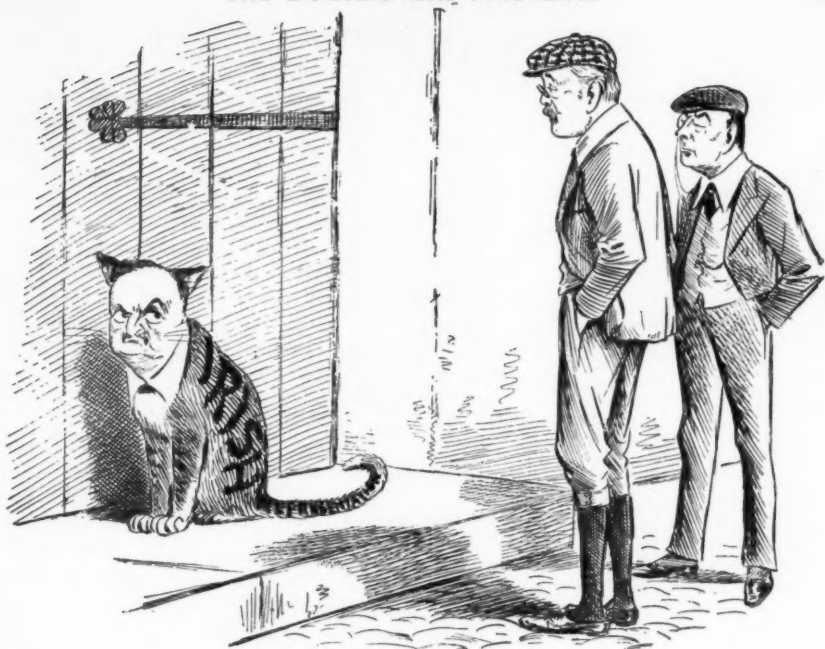
Mr. Gould finds Mr. Chamberlain the easiest, and Lord Rosebery the most difficult, subject; yet his Rosebery caricatures are triumphs of pictorial characterization. His caricatures are never stale. Some artists discover a convention and go on repeating it for ever. Mr. Gould is always watching the masque of faces, and in his caricatures he presents men in every light and shade of passion and emotion. His Chamberlain is as mutable as the opinions of the original. His Balfour is no longer

the Balfour of the Coercion days. The slim, lackadaisical *flâneur* is now a stout, phlegmatic, bewildered bourgeois, whose lack of "settled convictions" is reflected in a face full of feeble resolutions and absent-minded expostulations. The characterizations of Mr. Gould are alive with humor. He fastens on the absurd side of a man's temperament and brings it out with tremendous lucidity. He never credits a weak man with strength, a vulgar man with refinement, a fatuous man with dignity. He uses the good qualities of a man as a foil for his defects. It was this cruel magnanimity which made Dryden the most terrible of satirists. You can damage a man more by treating him as a man than by treating him as a monster; for, if you admit his good qualities, he has no answer to your censure of his bad ones. Mr. Gould's Brodrick is a good example of this. His Brodrick is always earnest, haggardly earnest; and the haggard earnestness of the man enormously heightens the



WHEEL AND WOE





TAIL AND CLAWS

ARTHUR B. : I say, Joe, here's the cat that's always making such a horrid noise.

JOE : Let's cut a bit off his tail !

THE CAT : You may cut my tail, but you can't cut my claws.

[The national movement in the country would be just as embarrassing to the Government if the representation was reduced.—MR. JOHN REDMOND, at *Westport*, September 1, 1901.]

comedy of his ineptitudes as War Minister, for there is nothing so comic as incompetent anxiety. His Lord Lansdowne is another type of incapacity—the good-natured failure, the cheerful bungler.

Mr. Gould is fond of turning politicians into beasts and birds. This, indeed, is a device which opens the door to every variety of humor, for the resemblance between man and the lower animals is the most humorous thing in this humorous world. Mr. Watts-Dunton, in his fascinating romance, *Aylwin*, tells how he and Rossetti paid a visit to Jamrach's. Jamrach is the great importer of animals, and his shop in Ratcliffe Highway has long been famous all over the world. One source of the interest Rossetti took in animals was his belief in Battista Porta's

whimsical theory that every human creature resembles one of the lower animals, and he found a perennial amusement in seeing in the faces of animals caricatures of his friends. He went from cage to cage, giving to each animal the name of some member of the Royal Academy, or of one of his own intimate friends. There was nothing of malice in this whim of Rossetti: it was a pure exercise of humor. There is no malice in Mr. Gould's human beasts and birds. Their humor is based on a gentle incongruity, for he respects all animals—even man. As civilization advances, the lower animals lose the despicable associations with which primitive man invested them. "Is thy servant a dog?" is a question which has lost its sting. Even the ass is ceasing to be a





"Wat sorter seasonin' d'ye sagashuate l'se gwinter cook you with?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

Brer Rabbit up en say he don' wanten be cooked 't all.

Brer Fox he grit his toof. "You'er gittin' 'way from de point, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

symbol of human stupidity, and the modern philosopher can contemplate the pig with reverence and the monkey with interest. For the most ludicrous animal is not so ludicrous as the least ludicrous man. Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, when jesters were taken to him, could not be made to smile; but when a monkey was brought to him, he broke out into a fit of laughter, and said, "Now, this is laughable by nature, the other by art." Anacharsis laughed at the monkey because it was at once like and unlike a man. We laugh at man because he is at once like and unlike a monkey, and our laughter is sobered by the knowledge that the monkey is our cousin. Mr. Gould has never ventured to caricature a man as a monkey. Why? Because the monkey is too near to man, and we have not yet learned to reverence the monkey as we reverence the dog, the horse, the cat, the lion, and the elephant. The monkey humiliates us, because we are reluctant to recognize that he, like ourselves, is a citizen in the great republic of life. In a thousand years the monkey will be a symbol of fantasy, and the caricaturist of 2904 who wishes to pay a delicate compliment to a contemporary

humorist will turn him into a chimpanzee.

Mr. Gould has found in birds and beasttypes for every politician. He haunts the Zoo, and never goes there without getting ideas. That masterpiece of American humor, *Uncle Remus*, has provided him with some of his drollest fables, for Mr. Gould is a brilliant fabulist. Mr. Chamberlain as Brer Fox and Mr. Kruger as Brer Rabbit are perhaps his happiest conceptions. He has also made great use of *Alice in Wonderland*, which is an inexhaustible mine of political allegory. He delights in Froissart, and he has chronicled the principal events of 1901 and 1902 in *The Modern Chronicles of Froissart*, two volumes which contain some of his finest

work. The archaisms of Froissart are happily mimicked in these chronicles, both verbally and pictorially; for Mr. Gould has a literary gift which enables him to write round his caricatures. Here is a passage from his Froissart, dealing with the Pierpont Morgan panic and the Shipping Combine:

*How a great monster called the Spearpoint Drorgan came across the sea and sore affrayed the English.*

Let us now go back to speak of how, in this same year a thousand nine hundred and two, the English were greatly affrayed by reason of a huge, mighty, perilous, and dreadful monster that came from the West across the sea to England. The bigness thereof was a marvel to behold, and men called it Spearpoint Drorgan, for it had as it were great spears on its head and neck, so that none could in anywise overcome or sit upon it.

Now this Drorgan was puissant on land as on the water, for it was both a Drorgan and a Sea Fish, and for this reason it was called the Great Combine.

Now the English, especially those who had no ships to sell, were sore discomfited when they knew that the Spearpoint Drorgan was coming; for it was bruited abroad that the monster was seizing upon all the English ships that it encountered by the way, so that the English began to fear there would be no more vessels left to them wherein to carry their banners. For you must know that the English take pride that they have more ships, both



great and small, than hath any other country. Also it was said that the Drorgan was minded to come a-land in England, and to seize and take away the Abbey Church of Westminster, and the Castle of London, and the King's castles, and his crowns, and sceptres, and orb, and all the treasures of the country.

But I know that those who said these things were dismayed without reason, for in the end, as it hath been shewed me, the Drorgan, though of a truth it seized upon all the ships that could not avoid it, yet it spouted forth streams of gold to pay for them, so that no man received hurt or damage thereby.

Howbeit there were some who sailed away when the Drorgan would have taken their ships, saying, "We would rather keep our ships than have the Drorgan's gold."

Neither did the Drorgan seize or carry away any of the treasures of England, as it was bruited that it had a mind to do.

But when it would have dug a hole underneath London, the citizens would in nowise agree, saying that it behoved them to draw the line somewhere.

Mr. Gould lives in Endsleigh Street, a turning out of Tavistock Square, near the British Museum—a neighborhood full of literary memories. Christina Rossetti lived hard by; so did Thackeray. It was in Tavistock Square that George Borrow

saw his publisher. Mr. A. B. Walkley, the famous dramatic critic, formerly of the *Star* and now of the *Times*, lives in Tavistock Square, and Mr. W. L. Courtney, another famous critic, has recently taken a house in the same locality, close to his friend.

Mr. Gould's study is decorated with modern medievalisms. He calls it his "Froissart Room." Round the walls runs a frieze of colored caricatures. On one wall is a modern version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, Mr. Chamberlain at their head, and the little Lord Chancellor as the wife of Bath. Mr. Gould's den at the *Westminster Gazette* office in Tudor Street is almost as austere as a Grub Street garret. It is littered with newspapers. Tall cabinets contain impressions of thousands of old caricatures. Here, every afternoon, Mr. Gould, cigarette in mouth, may be seen completing his cartoon for the following day.

As a rule he does about five cartoons a week, though during the parliamentary session he dashes off, in addition, those vivid thumbnail caricature-portraits of the



#### A CONSTITUTIONAL FEAST

Miss Clara Balfour of Niger  
Smiled as she rode on a tiger.

They returned from the ride  
With Clara inside,  
And the smile on the face of the tiger



chief debaters at Westminster, with which he illustrates his racy description of each day's debate. He is a hard worker, and his only hobby is doing another kind of drawing. He is fond of making studies of birds. He is a clubable man, and a witty after-dinner speaker. One of my pleasantest recollections is that of an evening with the jolly monks of the Whitefriars Club, a Fleet Street symposium of journalists over which Mr. Gould presides. He is a jocund abbot, who welcomes the stranger with true medieval hospitality. The American visitor who

dines with the good friars catches a merry glimpse of the journalistic Bohemia which still defies the dullness and the decorum of modernity.

Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to discuss the question as to what is the true scope and province of caricature; but a few words on the distinction between English and American caricature may be permissible.

Caricature, according to a paper in Addison's *Spectator*, is the art of "preserving, amidst distorted Proportions and aggravated Features, some distinguishing



#### WONDERLAND DOCTORS

"I'm afraid there's nothing the matter with you—just now," said the March Hare.

"Of course there isn't," Alice replied rather crossly; "I told you so at first."

"Ah! but there might be—at any moment," said the March Hare eagerly. "Microbes might come in at the window and dump themselves down on you. So I think I'll write out a little Prescription for you—let me see, what shall it be? Suppose we try Retaliation; there—I am sure that'll be splendid for you!"

"Retaliation?" repeated Alice in great astonishment; "what on earth is that?"

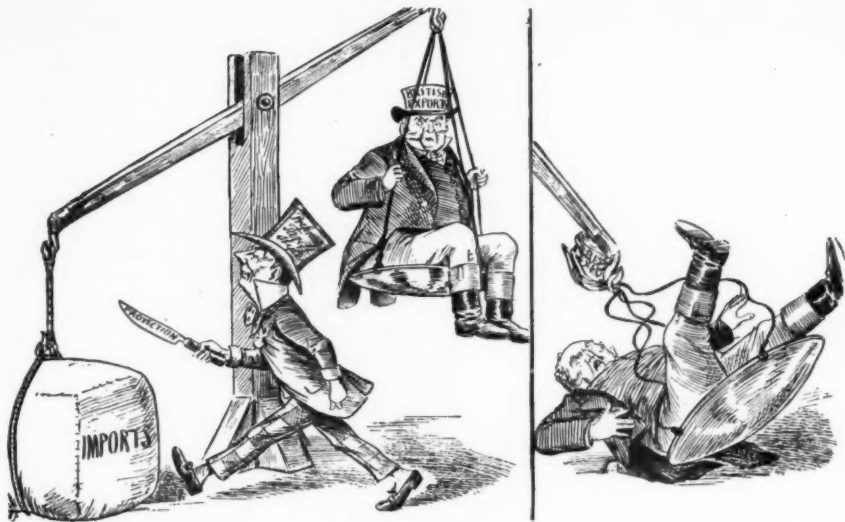
"It's a sort of a Revolver, you know," the March Hare said triumphantly. "You'll be able to shoot the microbes with it when they come in."

Alice was more puzzled than ever.

"But there's the Mad Hatter too, with a large box of Pills for me," she remarked.

"Oh!" the March Hare replied confidentially; "you'd better take *my* prescription first, and then we can see about the Pills afterwards."—*A variation of "Alice in Wonderland."*





ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION

THE MAD HATTER: You see that John Bull is overweighted by Imports. }  
I have a simple plan to remedy this. I will cut the cord and you will see— }

An immediate result !

Likeness to the Person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster." Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Gould is not a caricaturist at all, for the basis of his art is genial good-nature. He is a political humorist who aims at pleasing both sides, while taking care that the Tory dogs do not get the best of it. The only pure caricaturist in England is Mr. Max Beerbohm. His caricatures have the cruel humor, the pitiless mockery, and the psychological savagery of the Italian *caricatura*. He and he only inherits the traditions of Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Pellegrini. The truth is that we have grown too polite and too humane for real caricature. The English caricaturist must never give pain, must never draw blood. He is like a soldier who is forbidden to hurt the enemy. In France, in Germany, and in the United States, the caricaturist is not only permitted to wound, he is also expected to torture. That explains the anger evoked by Continental caricatures during the Boer War, anger so fierce that

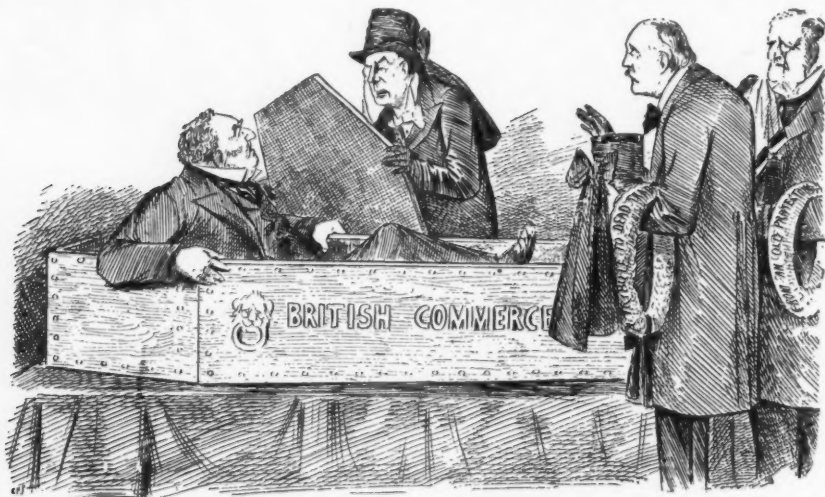
Mr. Chamberlain stupefied the French Government by threatening it with dire consequences if its caricaturists did not "mend their manners." The English mind for many years has been taught to regard Tenniel's cartoons as the utmost permissible limit of caricature. Tenniel, of course, was the incarnation of British respectability. He perfected the reverence of *Punch* for the great, the aristocratic, the important. The essence of caricature is irreverence, and Tenniel made it reverent. No wonder, then, that after being Tennielized for a generation, the British public was horrified at the irreverence of French and German caricaturists.

Towards the close of the Tenniel era caricature was dead in England. It died of dullness. But in the London Stock Exchange there was a man who was destined to resurrect it, a man who saw that it was possible to have humor without cruelty, and ridicule without irreverence. The secret of Gould's art is to be found in the years which he spent on the Stock Exchange. That was his apprenticeship,



not merely in the art of comic portraiture but also in the art of comic tact. Detachment is necessary to the pitiless caricaturist. He must not be in the same clubs and clique as his victims. The Stock Exchange is a club, like the House of Commons; and Gould practiced there for twenty years the art of painless humor. When he stepped from the one "house" to the other he merely changed his club, and it was not hard to preserve at Westminster the geniality he had cultivated in Throgmorton Street.

and distort their features? If he hurt their feelings, he would be quietly boycotted. Mr. Gould has adapted his genius to these peculiar conditions. He has thus defined his method: "To hit hard without giving offense. Directly a cartoon becomes abusive it fails in its effect. This is purely the English ideal. In America the people like strong personal attack. An American caricaturist once expressed his surprise to me at the mildness of English caricature; he could not understand it until he came over here, when he soon found that the



#### SPOILING THE FUNERAL

THE UNDERTAKER: I never *did* see such a corpse! What's the use of saying you ain't dead, when I tell you you *are*!

THE CORPSE: But I'm *not* dead.

THE PREMIER MOURNER: Pray be more considerate! You are spoiling a beautiful funeral!

I have said that the caricaturist must be detached from his victims. In New York, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, caricaturists are more detached. They live in a *milieu* of their own. In London the political caricaturist is not so completely insulated. He rubs shoulders with politicians in the lobby of the House. He meets them at dinner. He rides with them in the Row. He shoots with them, hunts with them, yachts with them, and is generally a very clubbable man. How, then, can he deform

American style would not be tolerated. Our people do not like burlesque." There is no doubt that this difference in taste is a phenomenon which goes right into the roots of national character. It is worth the attention of psychologists and historians. Why is American caricature cruel, while English caricature is humane? Doubtless, American caricature has been profoundly influenced by the German school, from Nast to Keppler, from Keppler to Oppen. But we must dig deeper



for the real explanation. Cruel caricature is a mark of political immaturity, of raw civilization. France, Germany, and the United States are still in their political teens. We in England have outgrown caricature and other diseases of political infancy. It may be that we are senile; at any rate, we are polite. It is true that we are not yet so polite as the Chinese, but we are creeping up.

Mr. Gould is the politest caricaturist who ever lived. His favorite victim is Mr. Chamberlain. He has caricatured Mr. Chamberlain at least a thousand times. Yet he and Mr. Chamberlain are good friends. Indeed, after the hard-fought general election of 1895 Mr. Chamberlain wrote to him saying that he had been as much amused as anybody, and sent him his photograph, inscribed: "From the real Chamberlain to the talented creator of the fictitious." Mr. Gould, not to be outdone, sent a set of his caricatures to Mr. Chamberlain. Fancy Thomas Nast and Boss Tweed exchanging compliments in this fashion! The explanation is to be found in the fact that Mr. Gould never distorts the features of his victims. He never turns "the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster." He does not caricature physical peculiarities; he reproduces them. He never makes a man hateful or ridiculous or contemptible. He puts his worms on his hooks as if he loved them.

It may be said that the humane caricaturist is less powerful than the cruel, but it is not true. In England the surest way to make a man popular is to abuse him. Abuse with us is a short cut to glory. The Irish members abused Mr. Balfour into fame, just as the Radical press and Radical orators abused Mr. Chamberlain into popularity. If Radicals were to praise Mr. Chamberlain for a year he would sink into nonentity. He knows this, and when the volley of abuse slackens for a moment he takes care to draw the fire by dangling out some provocation from the political ramparts.

Mr. Gould has a keen eye for political



MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Hooray! I've got 'em to call me names again.

points, and he is always on the right nail at the right second. But he is too astute to be abusive. His caricatures are gauges of political weather. No leader-writer pounces on a point so alertly and so accurately. He jumps before the average wit. He never fumbles about on the fringe of the fight. He gets into the very centre of it. He has a genius for simplification. Out of the mass of stodgy verbiage which English newspapers dump upon the patient brains of their readers he extracts the one vital fact, and pictorializes it. He thinks in pictures. Indeed, his caricatures are "brief abstracts of the time." That is the secret of his power in politics. He is not a jejune commentator. He is an original thinker who solidifies political gas and packs it into daily tabloids. Unlike many other caricaturists he lives in the very heart of politics, with the tape at his elbow. Politicians are his daily bread. He lives on them. They feed him with ideas. Like the Chicago swine who walk in at one end as pigs and come out at the other as sausages, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr.



Balfour, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Morley walk into his little factory as great, wise, solemn, and eminent beings, and come out as caricatures. Yet, although he hits hard, he has never made an enemy. "I etch," he says, "with vinegar, not with vitriol." He never caricatures women. Lady Londonderry, indeed, is the only woman who

figures in his gallery of cartoons, and he took care to make her stately and beautiful. He is a capital lecturer, and has often been invited to pay a visit to that paradise of lecturers, America; but we cannot spare him. When he yields, as we all yield, sooner or later, to your wiles, I am sure you will give him a hearty welcome.

*James Douglas*



*My motto is  
Probitate et labore  
Harrington Gould*

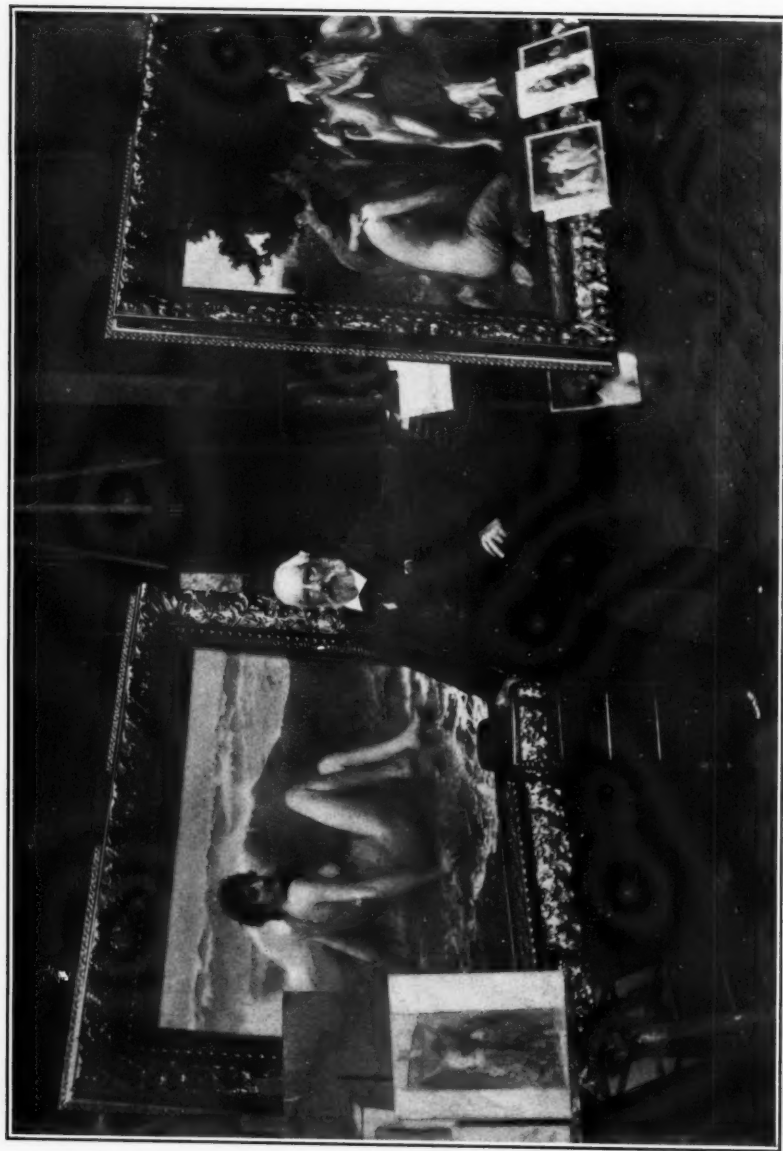




## **FAMOUS PARISIAN ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS**

**William Adolphe Bouguereau  
Jean Joseph Benjamin-Constant  
Jean Léon Gérôme  
Edwin Lord Weeks  
Louis Ernest Barrias  
Emmanuel Fremiet**





EASILY PRINCE OF ACADEMIC FRENCH ART TODAY; PAINTER OF MADONNAS AND VENUSES, CONVENTIONAL BUT CHARMING; A RED RAG TO FRENCH CRITICS FOR HIS FAULTY FAULTLESSNESS, YET EAGERLY BOUGHT BY THE PUBLIC

WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU

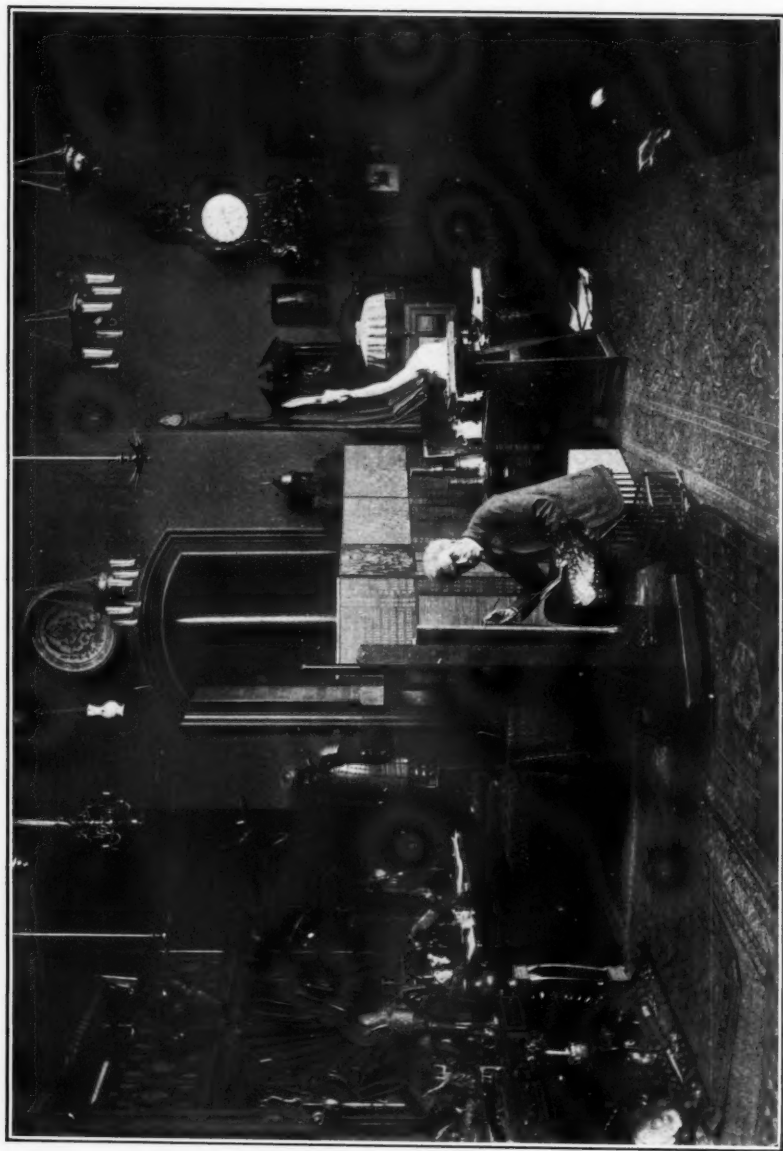




BENJAMIN-CONSTANT IS BEST KNOWN IN AMERICA BY HIS BRILLIANT PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE DAY, OFTEN OVER-DECORATIVE, BUT ALWAYS CLEVER AND VIGOROUS

JEAN JOSEPH BENJAMIN-CONSTANT





GÉRÔME, WHO HAS JUST DIED, WAS THE MOST POPULAR OF RECENT FRENCH ARTISTS; PAINTER OF THE EAST, OF LEARNED HISTORICAL AND REFINED NEO-GREC CANVASES; BRILLIANT, VERSATILE, A SUPREME DRAUGHTSMAN, CORRECT BUT COLD

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME





THIS PARISIAN OF NEW ENGLAND BIRTH PRECEDED HIS MASTER GÉRÔME IN DEATH BY A FEW WEEKS. HE WAS CHIEFLY A PAINTER OF THE EAST, BUT HE PUSHED FARTHER AFIELD THAN GÉRÔME, ADDING THE PAGODAS AND BAZAARS OF BENARES TO THE DESERTS OF MOROCCO

EDWIN LORD WEEKS

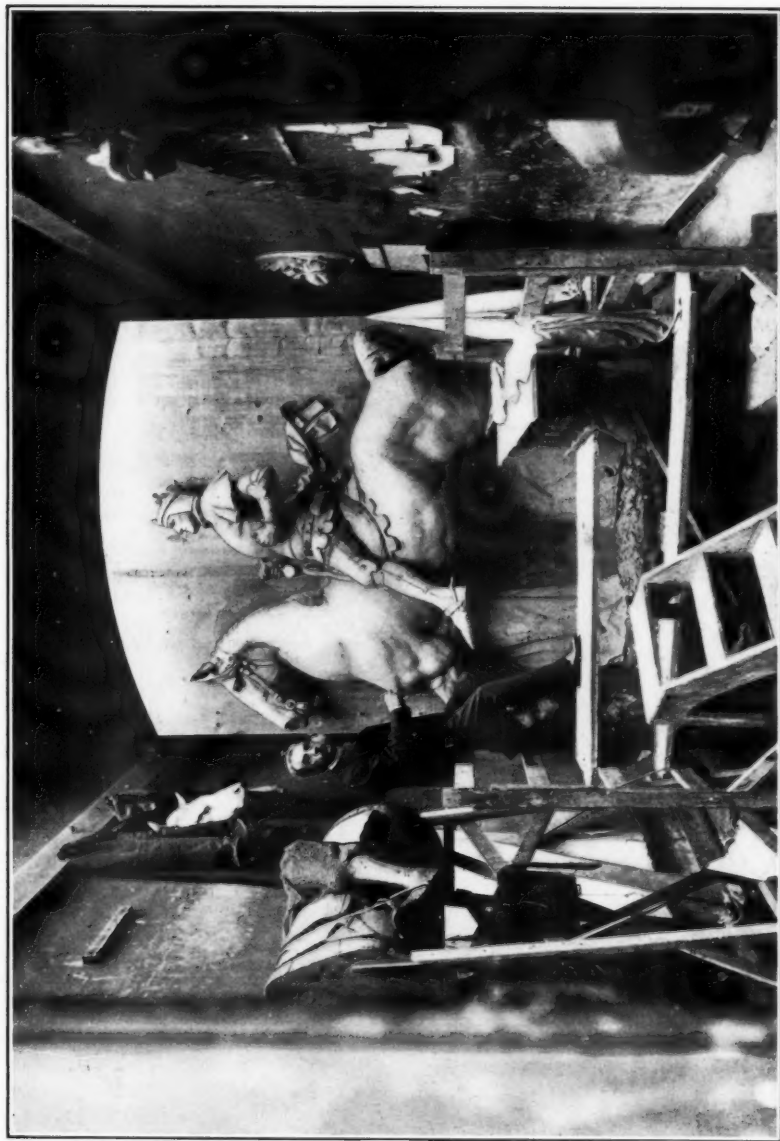




BARRIAS' GROUP, "THE FIRST FUNERAL," DEPICTING ADAM AND EVE BURYING ABEL, HAS BEEN CALLED THE MASTERWORK OF MODERN SCULPTURE. HE IS ALMOST EQUALLY FAMOUS FOR HIS STATUES IN MINIATURE, SOME OF WHICH APPEAR ABOVE

LOUIS ERNEST BARRIAS





THIS VIGOROUS AND ORIGINAL SCULPTOR IS BEST KNOWN BY HIS REPRESENTATIONS OF ANIMALS, FAMILIAR TO TOURISTS IN THE TROCADERO AND LUXEMBOURG GARDENS IN PARIS. HE HAS ALSO DONE VERY NOTABLE MONUMENTAL WORK, SUCH AS THE "TORCH BEARER."

EMMANUEL FREMIET





## FOUR NOTABLE PICTURES

No one of little Schleswig-Holstein's many artist sons does it more honor or puts more of it into his work than Hans Peter Feddersen. Born in 1848, he studied under Achenbach in Düsseldorf, and with Kalckreuth in Weimar. Then, after his wander-years in Italy and Eastern Europe, he returned to his Frisian home, and devoted himself to landscape and animal painting. None of his previous works awakened so much interest as the recent portrait of his daughter reproduced on the opposite page. Vital, direct, it has a touch of universalizing genius in it which makes the picture something more than an individual portrait.

George Inness' position as the greatest of American landscape-painters grows more secure with the passing of years. His was the greatest share in uplifting the despised and sickly art of seventy years ago to its present level. It was a great work, which only Inness' prodigious vitality enabled him to accomplish—a vitality that is the master-note of his art. His broad sympathy has left us interpretations of every mood of nature, from the quiet harmony of the summer *Landscape*, here shown, to the scarlet and gold of autumn, from sunset splendor to twilight gray—all broadly painted in perfect tone.

The personality of Vibert, whose *Gulliver and the Lilliputians* is here reproduced, is a strong element in his pictures. Of Falstaffian bulk, shrewd, rollicking hail-

fellow, soldier in 1870, and writer of vaudeville, interested in life's every side—this was no man to rest content with the pictures in the grand style with which he began in the sixties. He soon yielded to his own and the public's taste for humor. In Swift he found a congenial soul. Gulliver's adventures among the Lilliputians afforded a subject for the famous picture now in Mr. Schemm's gallery, showing the shipwrecked sailor held in the bonds with which his pigmy foes had fastened him in sleep. The character of the picture is such as to call into fullest play the excellent technique and finish of detail which allied Vibert with Meissonier.

Fame came early to Émile Friant. Few painters have had this Alsace-Lorrainer's good fortune in winning the grand prize of the Salon at twenty-six. Born in 1863, he was sent by the municipality of Nancy to Paris to study. Later, government aid enabled him to visit the great galleries of Europe and to make the pilgrimage to Africa's deserts which the vogue of Orientalism had made almost imperative. On his return he painted his *grand prix* picture *All Saints' Day*, now in the Luxembourg, and won recognition at a leap. The picture shows the interior of a cemetery, where a faithful group are carrying flowers for the graves of their lost ones, and a little girl is preparing to drop a coin in the cup of the blind beggar huddled against the wall. It is an obvious theme, rendered with accuracy and truth.

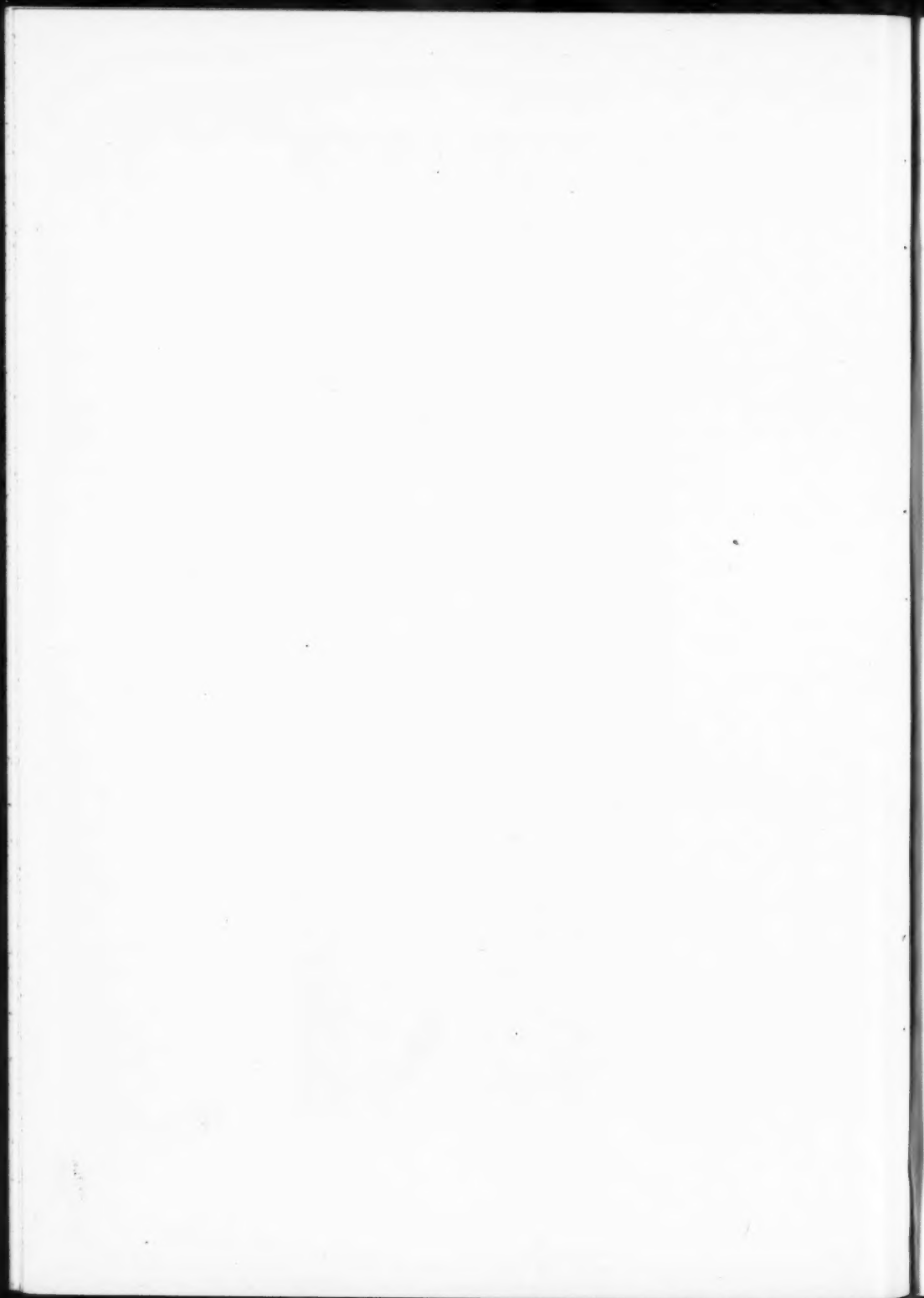




THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER

By HANS PETER FEDDERSEN









*From the original in the gallery of Mr. Peter A. Schenck*

## LANDSCAPE

BY GEORGE INNESS







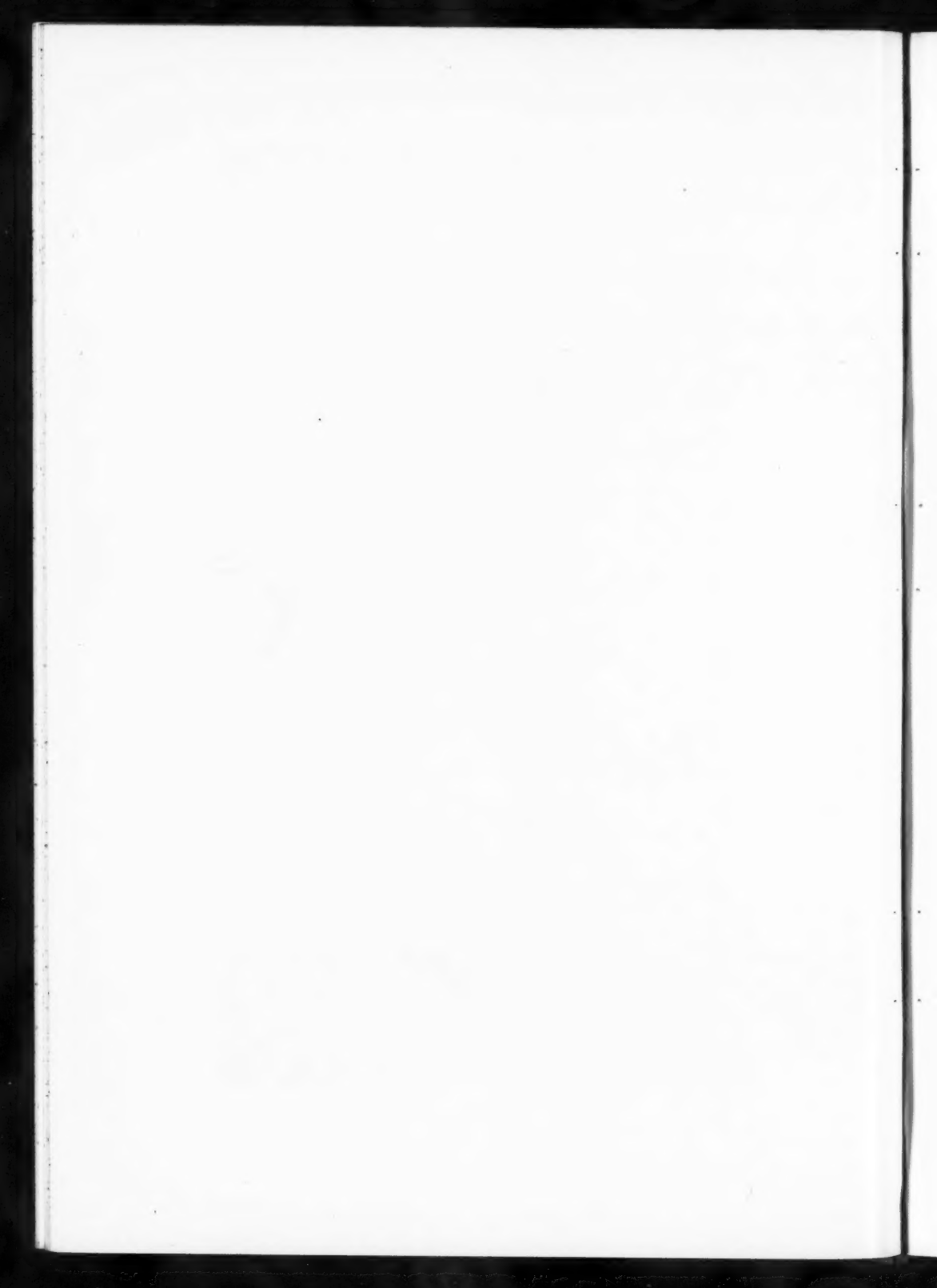


*From the original in the gallery of Mr. Peter de Schenon*

## GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS

BY J. G. VIBERT





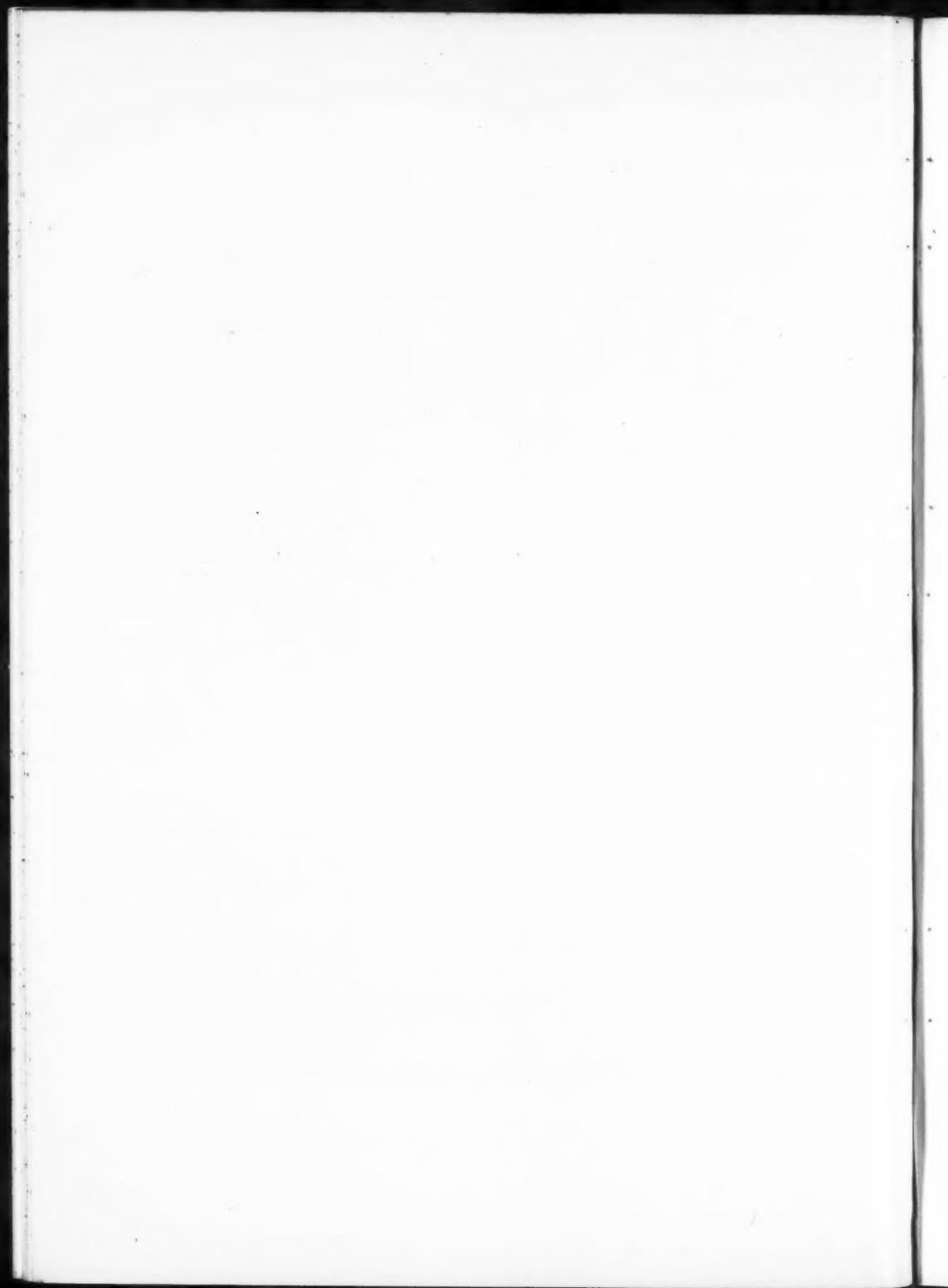




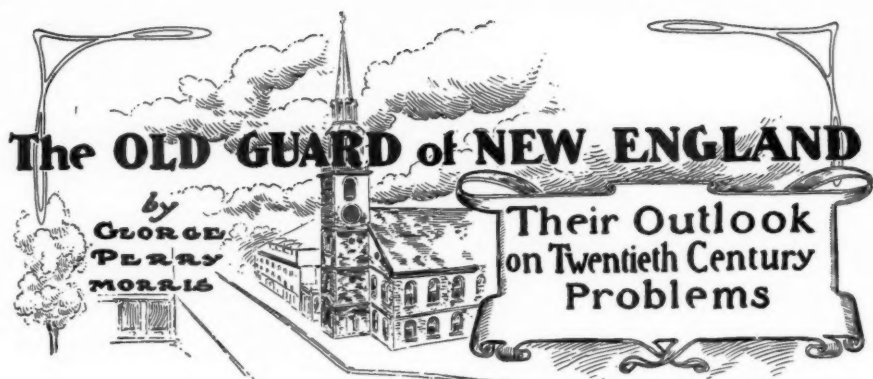
ALL SAINTS' DAY

BY E. PRIANT









In a recent symposium on the question, "Has New England declined in national influence during the last thirty years?" the negative answers were all from political leaders and from captains of industry. The only educator contributing to the discussion, President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, said: "When I think of the great writers in the days of Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, and then reflect upon the commercial, academic, and literary developments in such centres as New York and Chicago, I cannot escape the fear that New England's influence on our national life is less than it was thirty years ago."

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, contributing to the same discussion and speaking for authors, said regarding the influence of living writers: "It must be conceded that the influence of New England is, in literature today, immeasurably less than it was thirty years ago."

Senator Hoar, who is "the scholar in politics," in the same symposium said that only in the department of education were New Englanders as strong relatively as they were a generation ago.

How marked the change is between the past and the present state of New England with respect to leadership in literature may be shown best, perhaps, by reverting to that last inclusive gathering of its contributing authors, brought together in

June, 1882, by the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, in honor of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on her seventieth birthday. The guests included A. Bronson Alcott, T. B. Aldrich, Arlo Bates, Rose Terry Cooke, Julia C. R. Dorr, Asa Gray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Lucy Larcom, Louise Chandler Moulton, James Parton, Nora Perry, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, F. B. Sanborn, Horace E. Scudder, J. T. Trowbridge, F. H. Underwood, E. P. Whipple, Adeline D. T. Whitney, John G. Whittier, and Justin Winsor.

And yet remarkable as this list is, it is at once evident to the reader who scans it thoughtfully that it is by no means inclusive of all the men and women who at that period were eminent in New England's literary circle. For one reason or another many of the most notable authors were unable to attend the dinner. Of that larger circle more than half, within the past twenty years, have joined what Edwin Markham calls "the old democracy of Death." Nearly all of them died at a ripe old age. Of those of the Old Guard who are still living the average age is more than seventy years—showing the longevity of the profession of letters.

"I have observed that whenever a Boston author dies New York immediately becomes a great literary centre," says T. B. Aldrich, in his new *Ponkapog Papers*.



This is a way a loyal champion of the Old Guard's fame has of girding at the disposition of other sections of the country to count New England as an ever-lessening factor in the life of the country. And his loyalty compels admiration. Nor is he without some reason for his position. If the list of the survivors of the Golden Age in our national literature be scanned, it is true that it will not reveal an Emerson or a Hawthorne, nor are there any such looming up among the later group of authors who have emerged since 1882. But there are still among us some noble figures who must be reckoned with, men who have an air of dignity and wisdom, and who give the impression of loyalty to high ideals and noble traditions at a time when society in general is in a state of ferment—spiritual and intellectual—and without great leaders to rally the perplexed and restless multitude.

Their point of view, as they face the striking social, intellectual, and political changes which the nineteenth century has brought, or the twentieth century prophesies, it may be profitable to ascertain and to meditate upon. Are their hopes of an earlier period of life being realized? Have they faith in the American republic still?

Colonel Higginson has recently said that Mr. Aldrich's boat of fame, on which he will "float down towards immortality, even if he never attains it," will be his poem *Fredericksburg*. His latest collection of short stories, *A Sea Turn and Other Matters*, has the exquisite finish of all his work, and reveals anew that delicate wit and humor which are all his own. His *obiter dicta* on a variety of subjects and his charming essay on Robert Herrick—for whom he has much affinity as a fellow lapidary in verse—which he has grouped together in the recent volume of *Ponkapog Papers*, these have proved to his long-time admirers that, in becoming a man of large wealth and a "globe trotter," he has not wholly ceased to be a man of letters, as some feared might be the case. For he had been ominously dumb for some time. But one cannot wholly escape the suspicion

that if this gifted artificer had been more of a democrat, less of a man of leisure, and a trifle better acquainted with the wolf that hovers about the door of most authors' homes, he might have been a larger figure in our literature and nearer the popular heart. His *Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips* showed that he appreciated a democrat and a public censor. His ode on the immigration problem, *Unguarded Gates*, proved that on occasion his art could call the people to face a peril. But, broadly speaking, he has not concerned himself much with functions of poesy akin to prophesy, and during the eventful five years since 1898, when we as a nation launched out on uncharted seas, he has been mute.

Professor Arlo Bates has taught English literature for many years in an institution where emphasis is put on science—pure and applied. His fiction and verse have not been of the major sort, but will repay reading now and again while the years go by, as revealing to some degree the clash between latter-day Puritanism and the neo-Catholicism and neo-humanism of the end of the century in New England. Professor Bates has not participated publicly in the controversy over recent national policies, but we know that he looks upon expansion of our territory as symptomatic of a loss of national ideals—only temporarily so possibly—and betraying "that American feeling has been debauched by prosperity, and that mercantile ideals have largely replaced the ideals of our forefathers." His own poem, *The Torch-Bearers*, he thinks describes the present situation, although it was written several years before expansion beyond seas:

"Whose senates have become a market place  
Where laws are to the highest bidder sold;  
Where honesty only secures disgrace,  
And honor has no measure save hard gold;  
Where parties claim the people's sufferance  
Not for their virtue but for foe's misdeed;  
Where public trusts from shame to shame advance,  
And faction vies with faction in its greed;  
Where pledges are like balls which jugglers toss;  
Where no abuse can pass belief;  
Where patriotism means—profit and loss—  
And one scarce knows a statesman from a  
thief!"





JULIA WARD HOWE

*Photograph copyright by Purdy*



Professor Bates sees certain bright sides of life today, especially welcoming the multiplication of deeds of altruism which are "the vital proof of the integrity of intention of at least a large minority of the people." He is too strong a believer in the ultimate rightness of evolution not to be sure for the race that large events will work out in final good; but he does not see any hope that "as a nation we are in the way of recovering what we have lost, or of gaining what will be an equivalent benefit," though he admits that if "the nation goes down, we will have proved to the race that altruistic ideals are practically possible to an extent hitherto undreamed of."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton once had the ear of both editors and the public, but she seldom publishes now. Whether this is because she does not sing as often, or because she does not wish to publish, one cannot say. So excellent an authority as Colonel Higginson credits her with the best technique of any woman poet our country has had, and W. Garrett Horder, of London, has given her a place near to Mrs. Browning as a sonnet writer, her only rival among moderns, in his opinion, being Christina Rossetti. Mrs. Moulton has had abundant fancy and much tender sentiment, but seldom passion or profound thought. She has done much to introduce to her countrymen some of the lesser known but gifted British singers, notably Philip Bourke Marston. She knows British literary circles as few Americans do, and her home in Boston is a rendezvous for the literary elite. But as a prophetess dealing with past or present problems she will not be remembered. Mrs. Moulton regrets the expansion of our nation. She thinks that "we have enough to do to make the United States what it ought to be without sailing away after new possessions."

Twenty years ago no American woman had a wider reputation at home and abroad than Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. She was reared in an atmosphere of Puritan culture; was trained by her father, the

famous Professor Austen Phelps, and by her mother, Elizabeth Stuart, who was a gifted author of juvenile literature. In training, in style, and in disciplined thought Miss Phelps had a preparation for a career in letters, especially fiction, which theoretically should have enabled her to rival Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Humphry Ward) as a writer of fiction of permanent worth, and as an interpreter—from the woman's standpoint—of the intellectual storm and stress of her time. But her most ardent admirer can hardly claim that she has lived up to her opportunities, or made good the expectations aroused by her early work. It may be only an eddy in the current, or it may be a permanent deflection of the stream, but the fact is that just now speculation as to the life of the soul in other worlds—whether it be expressed in verse, as in Milton's classic but unread poems, or in prose, like Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *The Gates Ajar*, *Beyond the Gates*, and *The Gates Between*—is not the sort of literature which appeals to either editors or the reading public of today. And while there is a large, though somewhat elect, constituency for literalistic interpretations of Christianity—by the Russian Tolstoi and the American Sheldon, and in such books as Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *A Singular Life*—this is not the sort of literature that satisfies editors or a majority of the unsentimental readers of this prosaic, realistic age. Mrs. Ward is giving herself devotedly now to the anti-vivisection crusade in this country. She vehemently denounced the war with Spain over Cuba as unnecessary and unchristian, one into which we rushed "with the manners of a retreat for the insane, to the crime of a perfectly avoidable war for a totally inadequate cause." And, of course, she has deplored the course of events since then.

Mr. Franklin B. Sanborn is the most venerable and authoritative person left in Concord, his only rival as a survivor of its classic period passing recently with the death of William Ellery Channing—the poet. It has been Mr. Sanborn's good fortune to serve as a sort of official inter-





Photograph copyright by Purdy

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



Photograph by Notman

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

preter of Emerson, Thoreau, and Channing since their death; and his literary output of late years, apart from journalism, has been mainly that of reminiscence and gathering together data, invaluable of its kind, about eminent Concordians. He is now at work on a history of New Hampshire, his native State, for the *American Commonwealth* series. As a regular contributor to the *Springfield Republican* he combines, as a book reviewer and a commentator on current events, an encyclopedic range of information about many literatures and nations, classic and modern, and a bitter, caustic censorship on men and movements—a dual equipment unequaled by any working journalist in this country, his work rivaling in these respects the best work done in the ablest of the English weeklies. Native wit, vast stores of pertinent anecdote, unrelenting and increasing animosity toward public men who happen to go contrary to his opinion, and a grip on the facts of history, political and liter-

ary, make him a pungent, racy critic, and often a useful public servant. Mr. Sanborn's forte is destructive rather than constructive criticism; and the over-statement and very evident personal animus in much of his denunciation of men and measures weaken the force of his chronic pessimism. For the past decade there has been no more unceasing American denouncer of the courses of national history than Mr. Sanborn. No epithets have been too severe to apply to President McKinley or Roosevelt, no language too excoriating with which to indict his fellow-countrymen's course. "A snobbish and wholly un-American pursuit and enjoyment of material wealth has emasculated the republican sentiments of the Republican party." "Our politics are base, and the organs of opinion in press and pulpit are disgracefully servile." The city of Washington, the national capital, "has sunk into an oriental submission to fictitious destiny worse than that which pollutes Constanti-





Photograph by H. G. Smith

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN



Photograph by Notman

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

nople." President McKinley was "a Methodist turned brigand," and "his imperial glucosity"; President Roosevelt is a "truth-suppressing, birth-promoting, Jew-renouncing, circuit-preaching president, and a gushing fountain of second-hand ethics and machine-made politics." Secretary Hay has thrown "the stale old Ten Commandments to the winds," and Secretary Root is "the tactless and falsifying Root." Indeed, so few are the men in public life today whom Mr. Sanborn can speak well of, that Benjamin Swift's words in *The Eternal Conflict*, discussing pessimism, inevitably occur: "Whenever a man's hatred becomes universal we have a right to distrust him."

J. T. Trowbridge, whose roots go back to the anti-slavery controversy, and whose writings for juveniles once had a very large circulation and popularity, has recently published not only a revised collection of his many poems, but a story of his life and his recollections of some of the major as

well as minor figures in American letters and politics. It is suffused with liberalism and optimism, and reveals him as reaping the harvest of a tranquil mind, unenvying another's lot.

Charles Eliot Norton, in the seclusion of his home at Shady Side, Cambridge, devotes his time mainly now to the delights of literature and correspondence. Relieved of regular lectures at Harvard, where he was professor of the history of art from 1874 to 1898, he has abundant leisure to act as literary executor of Ruskin, and to carry on his researches in Italian literature. No American, probably, has had a more distinguished circle of friends in Europe than the group with whom Professor Norton has corresponded and had intellectual commerce. For James Russell Lowell and George William Curtis in this country, and for Carlyle and Ruskin in Great Britain, he has served as literary executor, doing the honorable task with taste, and with mingled candor and reserve.





*Photograph by the Arlington Studio*

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE



*Photograph by Elliott & Fry*

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

Now that most of his intimate friends in England are dead, and his former comrades in Cambridge likewise, and with his advice both as to Harvard University and national policy unheeded, he makes a somewhat pathetic figure in his old age, never having sought or won popular respect or love.

As to his net influence upon the students who have come under him at Harvard, or upon the public thought so far as he has influenced it, there is by no means agreement of opinion. An aristocrat by taste and a democrat in principle, his scholastic life, sheltered environment, and abhorrence of the vulgar and the common have combined to keep him far removed from men in the mass, and from knowledge of the plain people.

The niece of Herman Grimm recently described her uncle as one who chose the past for his favorite abode, and all that he loved lay in bygone times. It has been much the same with Professor Norton. He is in essence a Greek and not an

American; and yet in all his many denunciations of the expansion policy and his attacks on the honesty of the chief officials of the republic and indictments of the American people during the past few years, he has seldom if ever failed to show what Mr. Scudder says Mr. Lowell showed in his old age, as he faced facts in American life which he disliked: "a pathetic note of faith in spite of the evidence of sight." It is to be regretted, however, that so many distinguished foreigners, visiting this country with letters of introduction to Professor Norton, must perforce get their impressions of the health of the republic from one who so seldom sees any health in it; Paul Bourget, in what he has to say in his chapter on "Education" in *Outre Mer*, reflects what is meant by this statement.

Julia Ward Howe, since she came to Boston a young bride, has always been independent enough to look at matters in a less provincial way than the natives, and,



although always in with the Brahmin class, she has never been far away from the popular mind and heart. Hence she never has sympathized with denunciation of the war with Spain, and has rejoiced in the expansion of the United States as a beneficent power. Early in the expansion movement she earned, as her reward of merit, a scathing denunciation in verse, by Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, 2d, who, like his distinguished father, is the self-appointed censor of Boston and the infallible conservator of its ethics.

Mrs. Howe deploras the altered standards of society and of living at Newport, where she makes her summer home; and she loses no opportunity in her benign old age to impress correct standards of simple, pure, intellectual, and spiritual living upon her hearers. Her passion for social service endures; just now the Italian colony of Boston and the Armenians of Russia, suffering from official oppression, are her special objects of solicitude. The author of an immortal hymn of patriotism still has faith in her kind and in her native land.

T. W. Higginson has recently begun to write supplementary chapters of reminiscence to be pendant to his charming book, *Cheerful Yesterdays*. He also has just issued a collection of translations of Petrarch's sonnets, in these revealing anew the classical side of his learning and equipment for life, not always remembered when dwelling on his civic and literary career. Fresh from the press, also, is his history of American literature, in which Mr. H. W. Boynton collaborated. It is valuable not only for its estimates of men and of books, but also for its wise comments on present-day national characteristics, tendencies, and duties. Here, as in almost all that Colonel Higginson has said or written throughout his long career, there is a note of urbanity and of optimism.

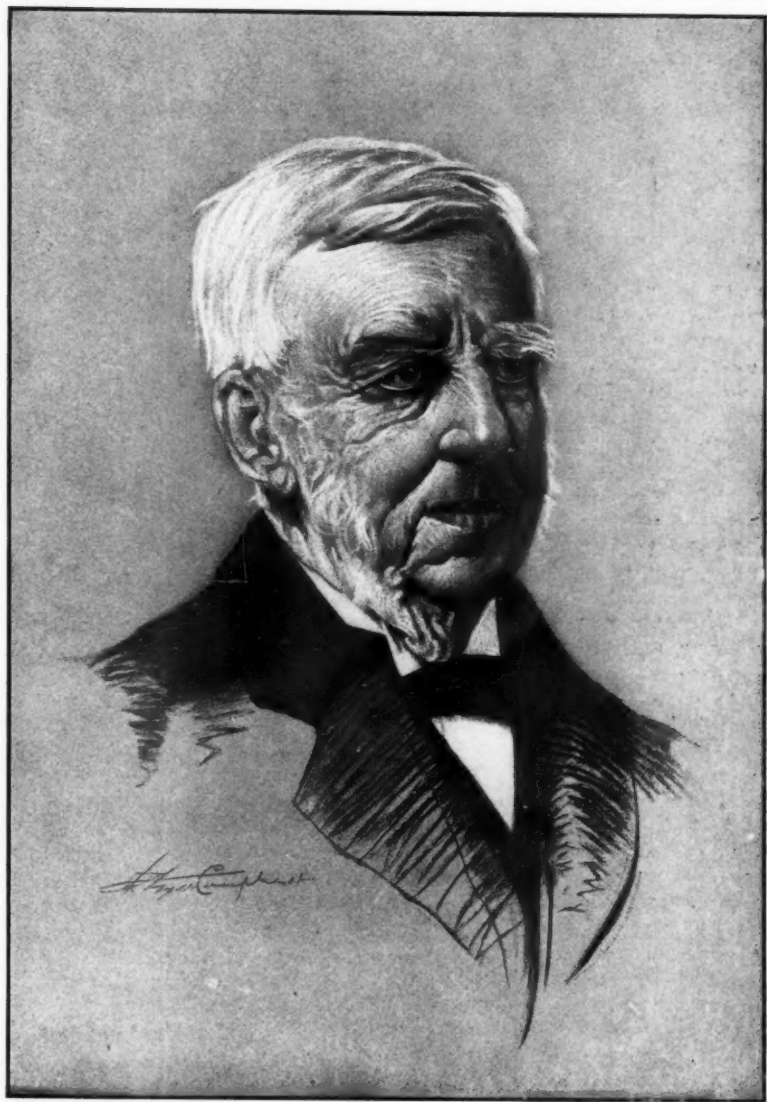
In being a dissenting patriot Colonel Higginson never becomes a ranting boor, as revolvers from the way of the majority not infrequently become. His attitude toward expansion has not been opposition

to it *per se*. He has no antagonism toward the enlargement of national territory, provided it be done with free consent of the inhabitants of such territories. He would be glad to hear of the annexation of Canada under such conditions of consent, and of Cuba also. His objection to the annexation of the Philippines was that it was against the will of the inhabitants of the islands. Early in the controversy over expansion, when many of Colonel Higginson's class were denouncing the movement in unmeasured terms and predicting the downfall of the Republic, he called to mind Fisher Ames' comparison of a republic to a raft, the passengers on which constantly had their feet in the water, but which never foundered. Thus he let it be seen that he was not as despairing in his outlook on the future of democracy as some of his associates were.

As a man of letters looking out upon the enormous increase of material wealth in the nation now, he does not tremble. Wealth, he sees, may be the friend and promoter of literature. So far from thinking that the best was in the past, he believes that we have not yet arrived in our literature. We are not yet producing; we are digesting emigrants, laying up capital, and getting ready for that leisure and refinement out of which literature comes. He foresees a turning back from the dominant scientific mood to the intuitional or inspirational, and with that a marked new birth of creative and imaginative literature.

When the history of liberal Christianity, as set forth by New Englanders during the last third of the nineteenth century, comes to be written, a very important place will be given to the Rev. T. T. Munger, author of *On the Threshold*, *The Freedom of Faith*, *The Appeal to Life*, and the writer of fine estimates of Horace Bushnell and Jonathan Edwards. Others of the liberal teachers have had greater prominence as publicists, journalists, and popular preachers, but none of them have surpassed Dr. Munger in depth of thought, exquisiteness of expression, and an atmosphere of mingled piety and culture. In Great

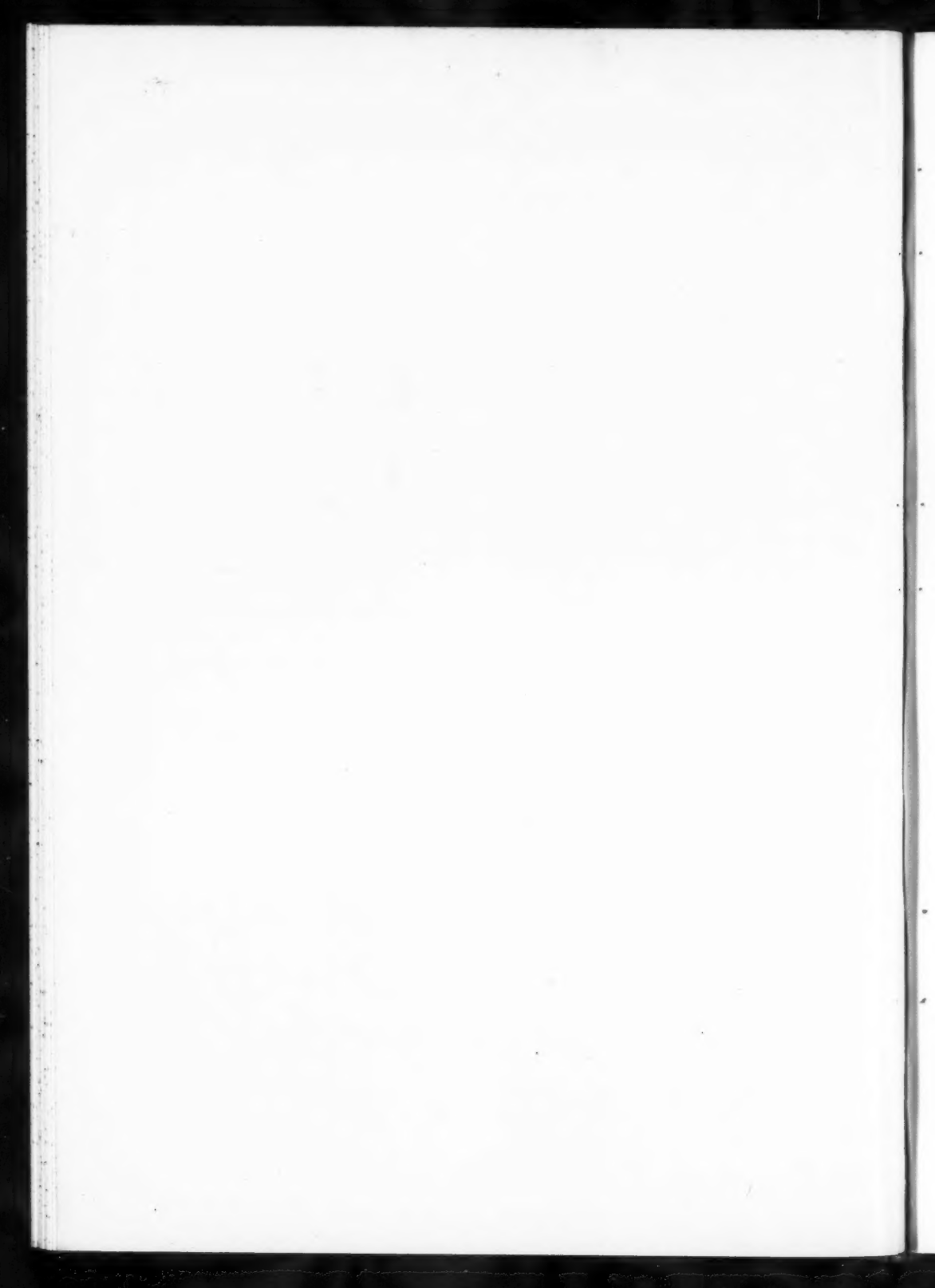




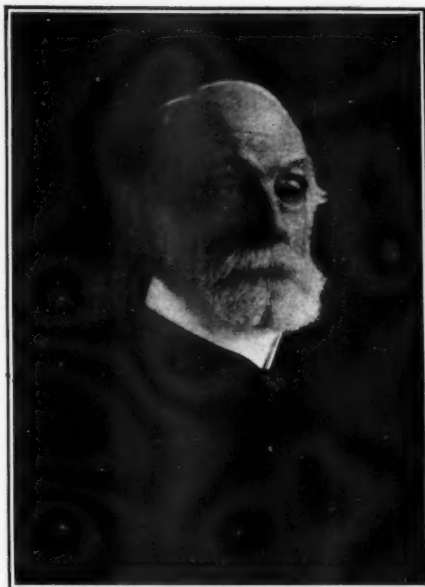
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894



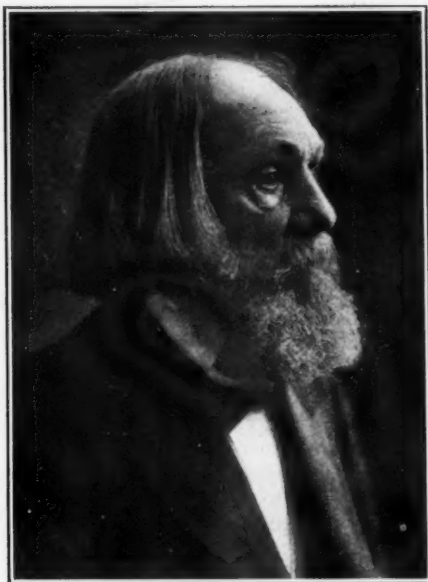






*Photograph by Phelps*

THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER



*Photograph copyright by Davis & Sanford*

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Britain quite as much as in this country he has done a pioneer work in the libraries and pulpits of thoughtful men, interpreting the old spiritual truths in the light of the new world-knowledge of geology, biology, psychology, and Biblical criticism.

Dr. Munger's place among American authors was won decades ago, and it is most appropriate now to turn to him, both as a man of letters and as a teacher of ethics, for an opinion on the course of national history. Dr. Munger justly deems himself a fairly sound idealist, but he tries to keep in mind that he lives in a real world, and that idealism and reality are to be so related that they shall not destroy one another. He believes that the greater part of the people of this country regarded the acquisition of territory in the Philippines as an incident in the war, a moral necessity, the only possible thing to be done. His memory goes back to the opposition to the acquisition of Texas, now seen to be uncalled for and most futile.

10

Dr. Munger believes that already the philosophy of optimism and the newly discovered method of evolution as a philosophy of history have profoundly affected the popular mind; so that these, rather than any national policy or ambition, shape the people's attitude toward events as they come to pass. He sees an evolutionary process in the instincts and movements of Americans out from the continent toward new possessions. As to whether we are more or less materialistic than we used to be, he dares not say that we are, in the light of what he knows of the ethics of the past. Much depends upon what is meant by "spirituality" and by "materialism." Much of the spirituality of today that takes the form of charity, love of neighbor, good-will, he deems far better than the introspective spirituality of the past. The most that we can say he thinks is that we are different from our fathers, better in some respects and worse in others.



Last but not least comes the grand old man of New England, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, retired from the active pastorate and from all journalistic labors save writing a column or two in the *Christian Register* each week, is now free to go and come, preaching and teaching. He has had the good fortune to see all of his many books, issued by different publishers, brought together in a uniform edition; to write his *Memories of a Hundred Years*; and to receive the homage of his fellow-citizens in a public meeting of unprecedented dignity and beauty, on his eightieth birthday. His last years are devoted to preaching the old gospel of human brotherhood and divine fatherhood, the gospel of "All together" and "Lend a hand"; and he still visits his down-town office regularly to act as almoner of the gifts of the well-to-do for the needy, perchance the suffering Boers in Bermuda today, tomorrow the isolated, friendless soldiers in the Philippines. His especial hobbies, as he faces the future, are the establishment of international arbitration on a firmer basis, the construction of an intercontinental American railway, the reconciliation of races within our borders, and old-age pensions. They all have their root in his love of men as brothers, in his hatred of war, and in his long-held belief in socialism fused with American individualism.

While Dr. Hale is a man of peace and a champion of arbitration, or rather of a permanent international tribunal for the adjudication of all international disputes, he is enough of a realist to know that pending some such international agreement there must come times when force must be used; hence he has always defended the war with Spain over Cuba as a justifiable use of force—as much so as our use of force in subduing the Indians, in overawing the Barbary Powers, or in putting an end to slavery in this country.

Very near the heart of the common people and disposed to trust their instincts rather than *a priori* reasoning based on doctrinaire principles, Dr. Hale has not worried about the extension of our author-

ity over outlying islands, being confident that our power has been, and will be, used for beneficent ends. On this, as on many other matters involving national policy, Dr. Hale has differed from intimate friends like Senator Hoar, and other graduates of Harvard and liberal Christians, with whom he sees eye to eye on most other matters. His ingrained, constitutional optimism and his faith in the common people, in their instinct to do right and be right, keeps him from being pessimistic or destructive in criticism of men and measures when other men lose faith and heart. Senator Hoar, summing up Dr. Hale's life on his eightieth birthday, referred to him as one who "comprehended as scarcely any other man the true spirit of the American people." And it was a true estimate.

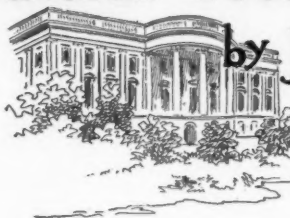
Reviewing the opinions uttered by these honored men and women, one finds dissonance rather than harmony of thought, with the bass of pessimism rather more pronounced than the treble of faith and joy. How much of this is due to the age of those who speak, and how much to a certain aloofness and distrust of the movements of the masses of men which it is quite natural for men of letters to assume, it is not for the writer to say. Precisely the same difference of opinion among men of letters existed in England during the recent South African war, and an even deeper note of distrust is struck now in Great Britain when British men and women of letters are interviewed as to the future of the British empire; and it by no means is confined to the veteran literators.

Meanwhile the Republic goes sturdily on its way along new paths, with a leader at the head of it who has faith and courage; and to those who look about and see no idealism, there come voices like those of President Tucker of Dartmouth College, saying: "Seek it not in old forms or places, but in the new; and thou shalt not be unrewarded for thy search."

*Joseph Perry Morris*



# Fateful Presidential Conventions



by Joseph M. Rogers

*The Division of the Democratic Party-  
1860*

*2 The Disintegration of Republican Power-  
1880*

The most original invention of American practical politics is the nominating convention. We are so used to this agency that we are apt to consider it an inheritance from the remote past; while, as a matter of fact, there are plenty of vigorous men living who remember the first real national political convention, and a few survive who actually attended the Whig gathering at Harrisburg in December, 1839, which met to nominate Henry Clay for the presidency—and didn't.

We have only to remember that popular government first reached any adequate expression in our own country, to see that the convention must be a modern development. And it took half of our political existence to get it adjusted as a means of representing the popular will.

A remarkable result of the convention system has been to eliminate nearly every one of the great political leaders from the presidency. Almost without exception they have failed of the honor, while men of secondary importance in the public eye have won. Of course some of these have turned out to be admirable men of first abilities—like Lincoln, or Cleveland—but none of them was the prime leader of his party. Of those who have wanted the presidency, and failed, it is only necessary to mention Clay, Webster, Cass, Douglas, Seward, Breckinridge, Pendleton, Thurman, Hendricks, Hancock, Blaine, Randall, Sherman, Reed, and Hill. This roll is sufficiently long to impress the point.

Another astonishing result of conventions has been that many of the great leaders have been nominated in the very years when there was no hope of their success. Clay, Cass, Scott, Seymour, Blaine, and Bryan have seen the waters rise to their lips and then recede. In fact, nothing is sadder in our history than the gruesome procession of disappointed statesmen who have fought, not always gloriously, for the prize, and have sunk consecutively into the grave of defeated ambitions. It may be that this has been best for the country; that in a republic it is better to have men of secondary abilities, who "keep their ears close to the ground," than to promote those who have shone most conspicuously in the forum.

Of the many conventions that have been held, four have been selected to illustrate the uncertainties of this sort of exposition of the popular will, and to exemplify especially those dramatic features which have entered into politics with such drastic results. These are the Democratic conventions of 1860 and 1896, and the Republican conventions of 1880 and 1892. A peculiar feature of these great contests is that, with a single exception, the convention fight was followed by party defeat; and in the exception noted—that of 1880—victory was won by a hair, only to be followed by defeat at the next election, the defeat being a direct result of the 1880 convention. The dramatics have in each case presaged disaster. In each of those



conventions the struggle was long and bitter over candidates and platforms, and in two of them great numbers of the delegates openly seceded. It is possible to write the whole political history of the last sixty years around the national conventions. No such effort will be attempted here, but rather an insight into the conditions which brought about those scenes so memorable, and of such great pith and moment.

## I

Few in these days know or care anything about the Democratic convention of 1860; and yet that was the most momentous in history, as it was the longest. Then and there the question of civil war was decided, and openly; though few expected the terrible years of blood which ensued.

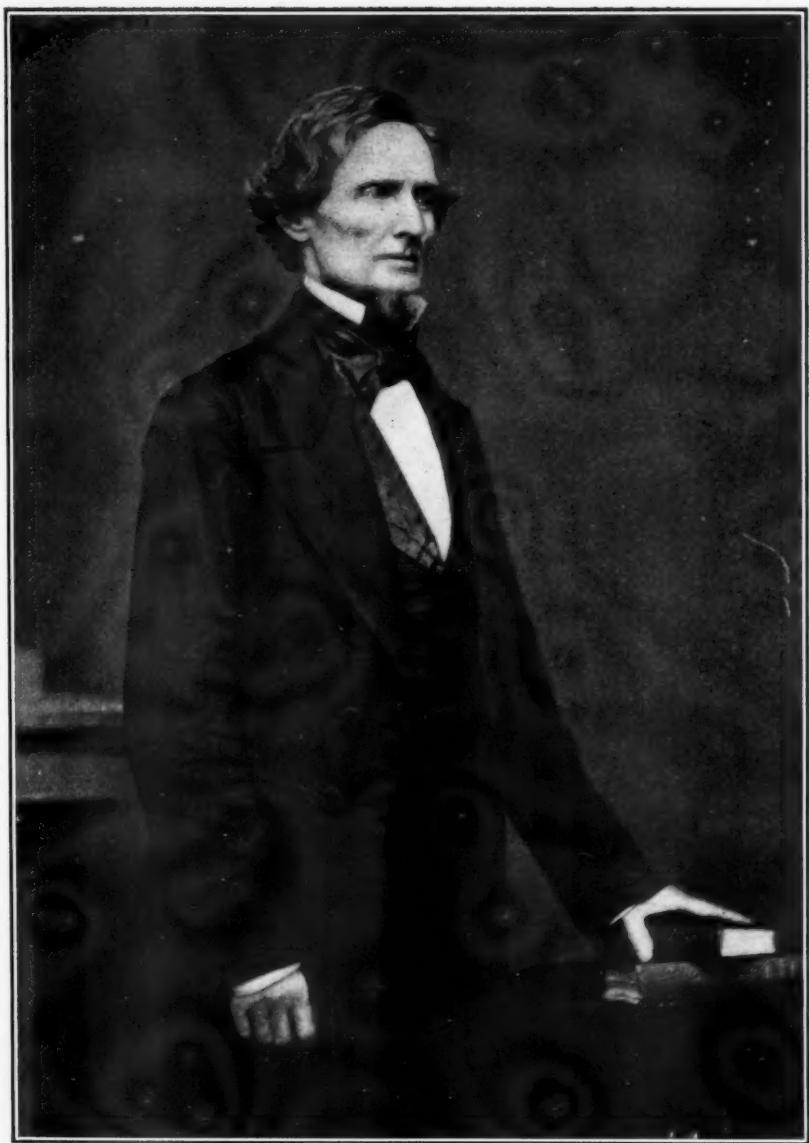
The place had been chosen four years previously, or it would never have been held in Charleston. Since the Cincinnati convention of 1856 had fought out the status of slavery, things had occurred which would have made a Northern city desirable. The Dred Scott decision had settled the national status of slavery, the Kansas-Nebraska bill had settled temporarily the question as to the Territories, and the rising tide of moral opposition to slavery had reached such flood that angry debates took place in the House of Representatives; members came to blows, and went constantly armed. The time had come when the question must be threshed out; and it was strategically unfortunate that the battleground for the nomination of the dominant party should be in Charleston, whence so much secession talk had emanated in the past, and which was later to take the lead in deeds.

Long before the convention met it was apparent that the issue was to be clean-cut. Douglas was the candidate of the North, and his ground was that of the Cincinnati convention, the Dred Scott decision, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Slavery was not to be forced unwillingly on any Territory where it was not wanted. The Freeport Doctrine was the last stand.

It was this doctrine which Douglas had uttered in reply to Lincoln's searching question as to whether slavery could be introduced into any Territory against the will of its people. This created the dilemma which killed Douglas as a national candidate of the united Democracy, though it did re-elect him senator. His reply was that the question was of no importance because slavery was controlled by local police regulations, and that any Territorial legislature could, by "unfriendly legislation," make slavery impossible even for an hour. The Southern Democracy did not want unfriendly legislation possible for a moment. They demanded that slavery be maintained as a national institution all over the federal territory, protected to the last ditch. This doctrine Jefferson Davis announced in the Senate; on this line of cleavage Democracy split.

The convention met April 23, with Caleb Cushing in the chair, and never ended in a legal manner. The delegates were composed of the strongest men in the party from all sections. It was to be a battle of the giants. It was known in advance that Douglas had a majority of the delegates, but not the necessary two-thirds. The platform, however, was to be adopted by a majority vote. Of the thirty-three States, seventeen were controlled by the Southern men, including Oregon and California, which were dominated by Federal office-holders—of whom over five hundred in all were present to aid the Southern cause. The fight began in the Committee on Resolutions, which was composed of one member from each State. Five days they struggled for a compromise, but without avail. The scenes in committee were at times exciting, but on the whole there was an earnest endeavor, in face of secession threats, to reach some common ground on which all could stand. No one pretended to underestimate the gravity of the situation; and it is probable that all were equally honest, for there was not a single voice raised in favor of secession, nor was there the slightest desire to see it come, inevitable as it seemed if

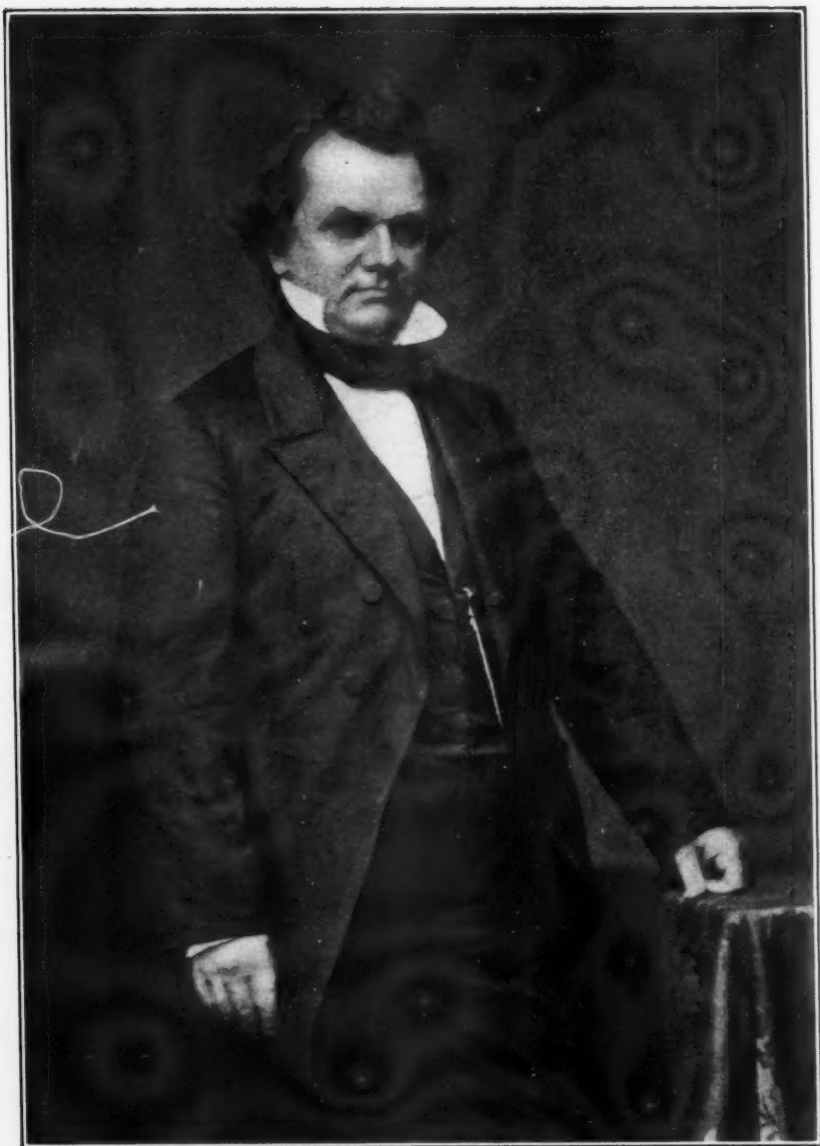




JEFFERSON DAVIS

FROM AN UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH MADE ABOUT 1860, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED





STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

FROM AN UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH MADE ABOUT 1860, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED



harmony was not secured. The vote of Oregon carried the platform of the Southern extremists, and was reported to the convention Friday evening. Then the flood-gates of oratory were let loose.

The convention had gathered in silence. There was none of the hurrah so common in such gatherings. Old-line Whigs who had followed Clay so constantly to defeat, but who were now allied with slavery, loved the Union, and hoped in desperation that it might be preserved. Men from the North—fresh from the atmosphere where slavery had been condemned as contrary to good morals and good statesmanship, as against the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and only to be protected where it existed—were determined to stand firm though the national fabric were rocked to its centre. Southern statesmen of the new school, which had

grown up under Davis, were no less determined. They were forceful, brainy men, who were willing to risk all on the hazard of a single plank in the platform. When the convention met to hear the platform report, all knew that compromise had been unavailing, that little less than a miracle could carry the majority report, and that disintegration might result; yet there were few who faltered then or afterwards. The issue was before them. It must be met, even if it meant a clash of worlds.

On that night was secession born. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, reported the minority platform, which took the Douglas ground. In favor of it he made a most earnest speech, in which he admitted that the fate of the party, and probably of the nation, hung on the decision of the convention. In vain he pleaded with his Southern brethren not to force the issue.

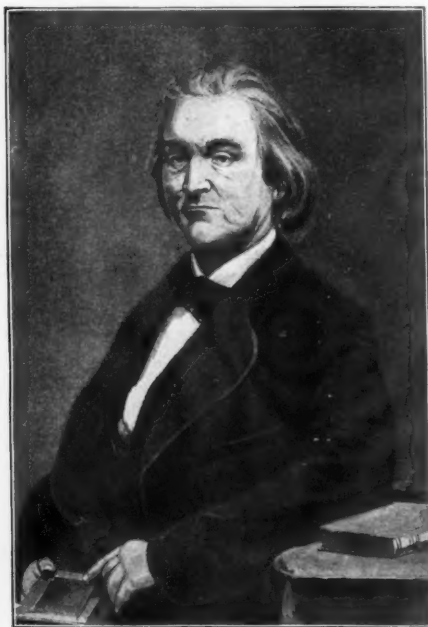


DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES LEAVING CHARLESTON HOTEL



In vain he protested that the minority wished only the execution of the laws as they then stood, leaving squatter sovereignty to the Territories. In closing he said: "I repeat that upon this question of Congressional non-intervention we are committed by the acts of Congress, we are committed by the acts of national Democratic conventions; we cannot recede without personal dishonor, and, so help us God, we never will recede."

The convention waited breathlessly for the answer of the Southerners. The reply came from Yancey, a tall, lean, eloquent delegate from Alabama, who had high standing in the party, and was noted as a fire-eater. Yet there was nothing in his speech he did not mean to be taken literally. The gauntlet boldly thrown down was accepted. He took exactly the ground that Lincoln had already taken with so much force—that the whole question hung on whether or not slavery was an immoral institution. As Yancey boldly charged,



WILLIAM L. YANCEY

the position taken in the North was that, although slavery was against the laws of nature and God, it was legal according to the laws of man, and should have such protection only as the statutes gave it. Turning to the Northern delegates Yancey said:

"You were wrong in not acknowledging that slavery existed both by nature and the law of God."

That was the issue, and as such it was fought out. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, rose and thanked God that at last there was an end of pretense and that the issue was clear. As to the appeal made to the North to admit the morality of slavery, he said, most impressively:

"Gentlemen of the South, you mistake us—you mistake us. We will not do it."

Every person present knew that the hour had come. The situation was too tense for vociferous expression. The assemblage dissolved with every heart beating fiercely. The fate of the nation was being weighed in the balance.

The irrepressible Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, tried to pour oil on the troubled waters solely by reaffirming the meaningless and absurd platform adopted at Cincinnati to throw dust in people's eyes. It was too late for this. The issue was to be met. Butler appealed to the Bible as a document that was open to all sorts of interpretation and misinterpretation, and thought the Democratic party ought not to try to improve on the Scriptures; but he was overwhelmingly voted down.

One interesting speech followed which did not help matters any. A Georgia delegate wanted a plank in favor of reopening the slave trade "in the interests of Christianity." He complained that he had to pay from \$1,000 to \$2,000 for "niggers raised in Virginia," when he could buy better ones in Africa for \$100, and bring them up in the Christian faith. This, and more to the same effect, made the Northern men more determined than ever to hold out. Later, at Baltimore, Butler, who had all along voted for Jefferson Davis as the nominee, bolted the



convention because of this slave-trade speech, as he alleged. It took several weeks for its enormity to filter through his brain.

On Saturday the convention reconvened with the matter unsettled. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, as a last hope secured the recommitment of both platforms to the committee, but these were reported back in the afternoon with only verbal changes.

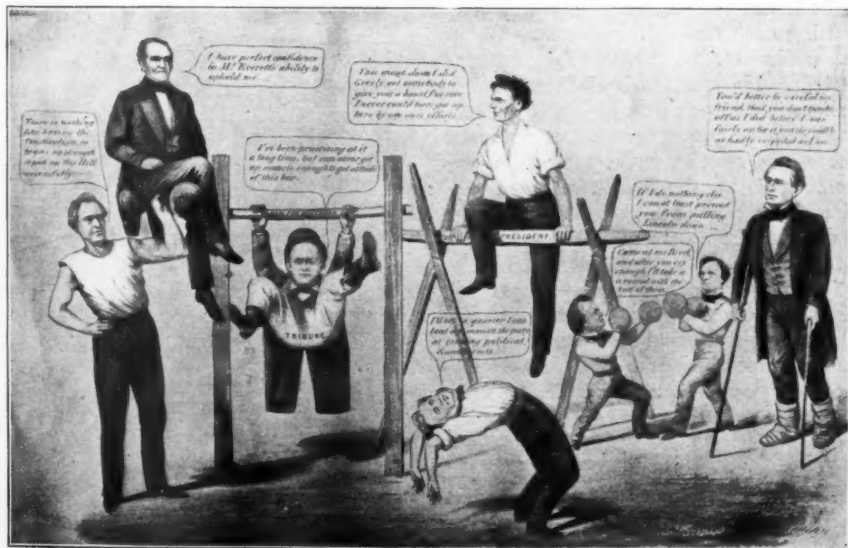
All day Sunday there were further efforts at a compromise, which were earnest on both sides. Many of the delegates attended church, where fervent prayers were offered for success. St. Michael's Church was open every day of the session, and the religious atmosphere was greater than at any convention in our history. Monday brought no light on the situation. The fervent prayers to heaven and the per-fervid appeals to man had not moved the delegates, who stood by their convictions. The Douglas platform was adopted.

Then followed a scene whose only parallel since was that at St. Louis in 1896, when the silver men seceded after the

adoption of the gold-standard platform. The Southern radicals—who called themselves conservatives—had fought to the last, and true to their convictions determined to leave the convention. With few individual exceptions, the delegations from Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas, withdrew, and later that of Georgia. There were tears in the eyes of many delegates, both of those who withdrew and of those who remained, as the delegations one after another filed out, severing political associations which had lasted for years. With great impressiveness Glenn of Mississippi announced:

"Go your way and we go ours; but the South leaves not like Hagar, driven into the wilderness, friendless and alone; for in sixty days you will find a united South, standing shoulder to shoulder"—a prediction that was tolerably correct.

The balloting began after deciding that a two-thirds vote of the whole convention was essential to a nomination. The first showed as follows:



From a campaign lithograph published by Currier and Ives in 1860

#### THE POLITICAL GYMNASIUM



Douglas	- - - -	145½
Hunter	- - - -	42
Guthrie	- - - -	35½
Scattering	- - - -	30

It was evidently Douglas against the field. For two days there was no particular change except that Douglas finally rose to 152½, which was a majority of the convention, though not the necessary two-thirds. On the third of May, the tenth day of the convention, it became apparent that nothing could be accomplished until further thought on the subject, and the convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore June 18, while the seceders had organized and decided to meet in Richmond a little earlier.

Before the convention reassembled Abraham Lincoln, Douglas' rival, was nominated at Chicago. The Democratic battle was continued on the floor of the Senate. Douglas and Davis, representing the two wings, fought it out with hammer blows. Davis finally admitted that the platform was of less importance than the man, but refused to let the convention fight it out on that line. "We shall be cutting each other's throats soon," wrote Alexander H. Stephens, with prophetic insight. He and Davis alone seemed to believe in a bloody war.

When the convention met at Baltimore there was another split. Douglas was nominated by the Northern wing and Breckinridge by both parties of the seceders, and the result was—President Lincoln and civil war.

There never was a time—from April, 1860, to election day—when Jefferson Davis, by his personal influence, could not have secured the nomination of a Democrat who would have been elected. He refused to take that step.

## II

From the fateful convention of 1860 there was comparative quiet for just twenty years. Seymour was nominated by the Democrats in 1868, against his wishes, and was defeated. Blaine lost the nomination

in 1876 by a hair, and the woes of the Republicans followed fast. The extra-constitutional means of settling the dispute by an electoral commission was unpopular with all Democrats, and there were many Republicans who thought the decision unjust. Hayes' attitude as president had alienated from him the support of the old stalwarts who were prominent in the Grant régime; and it was evident that the party must make a hard struggle for success.

The situation inside the Republican party, in the early weeks of 1880, was not unlike that of the Democracy twenty years previous. This time it was not the "peculiar institution" of a section that was at stake, but that of patronage and party control. Roscoe Conkling, John A. Logan, and Don Cameron, all senators, and the latter chairman of the Republican national committee, felt that the time had come for them to make a fight for party control. In casting around for a candidate they of course passed by Blaine, to whom Conkling had never spoken since the "turkey-gobbler" speech of the former in the House some years before. Nor would they consider Sherman, the astute secretary of the treasury who had electrified the world by his financial achievements in restoring specie payments without a tremor of excitement in the commercial world. Senator Edmunds, who was a candidate of an intellectual coterie small in numbers and without much influence in politics, was ignored. The man of the hour, to their notion, was Grant.

To ignore all precedent, by choosing a candidate for a third term, was a bold stroke. It was of less compliment to their knowledge of human nature and practical politics than the occasion warranted. Grant in this day stands resplendent; every hour raises him in the estimation of the world as a soldier and a statesman. But his frailties were more apparent in 1880 than now. His greatest weakness was that he was a poor judge of men and that he stuck to his friends through good and evil report. In giving Butler so large a control of the patronage of Massachusetts



he dug his political grave. If Butler was a scalawag, he was a man of intense mental activity. He claimed openly that he had some secret hold on Grant which the latter could not ignore. It is certain that most of the scandals of his second administration were due to his appointments of Butler men, and Massachusetts resented it. That State loved Grant, but at the time did not trust him.

Grant had just completed that spectacular tour of the world in which he had met the greatest men of the time and had learned much. There is no doubt that his mental equipment in 1880 was far superior to that at any previous time, but, the third-term idea was still odious to many of the people, and that feeling was artfully increased by all those political leaders who were seeking the presidency either for themselves or for their friends. The truth seems to be that Grant did not want a third term, and that he did not believe his nomination judicious from a party point of view; but he was "in the hands of his friends," who insisted that he alone could save the country from Democratic rule, and he gave at least a negative consent to his candidacy.



JAMES DONALD CAMERON



ROSCOE CONKLING

When the convention met, June 2, at Chicago, the Grant men were exuberant. They had on the face of the returns the largest number of delegates. In a number of States they had secured the passage in convention of the "unit rule," requiring the entire vote of the State, including that of delegates elected by districts, to be cast according to the wishes of the majority. That issue had been raised at Cincinnati four years before, but the decision was not binding on the present convention nor the precedent clearly established. If the unit rule was maintained and Grant delegations seated where there were contests, there were almost four hundred votes for Grant—enough to nominate him. Cameron's plan was to select a temporary chairman who would be pliable, and then make him permanent officer and carry the program through to enforce the unit rule. He was balked at the last moment by threats which he could not ignore. With ill grace he agreed to Senator Hoar of Massachusetts as temporary chairman, and the situation became so strained that he was finally made the permanent presiding officer. In this the Grant forces lost much. Massachusetts would have been for Grant except





From Puck, 1880

Courtesy of Keppler and Schwartzmann

### THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF



for the Butler régime, but now all but four delegates were bitterly opposed. "Anything to beat Grant" was their slogan.

The personnel of the convention was one of the most imposing ever gathered for such a purpose. Largest in numbers and influence was that from New York, headed by Roscoe Conkling, Governor Cornell, and Chester A. Arthur. William H. Robertson headed the seventeen "half-breeds" who would not bow the knee to Conkling. It was Robertson's nomination to be collector of the port of New York which enraged Conkling and Platt, and led to their resignation from the Senate, the assassination of Garfield, and finally the accession of Arthur to the Presidency.

Next in numbers came Pennsylvania, headed by Don Cameron, M. S. Quay, James McManes, J. Hay Brown, and Christopher L. Magee. But with all the mastery of these in politics, and in spite of State convention resolutions, there were twenty-five who refused to vote for Grant—a worse defection than in New York.

Illinois had contesting delegations, but the leaders were John A. Logan—old "Black Jack," who was making the fight of his life for his former chief; the brilliant lawyer, Emory A. Storrs, Green B. Raum, and David T. Littler.

The Ohio delegation was particularly distinguished, as it was headed by former Governor William Dennison, James A. Garfield, Charles Foster, and Benjamin Butterworth. Indiana's men were for Blaine, and were marshalled by Benjamin Harrison—himself to be nominated eight years later, to choose Blaine for his premier, and to fight with him for the nomination in 1892.

Among the stalwarts, men from the



GRANT  
in 1880

*Photograph by Bell*

South were conspicuous: Stephen W. Dorsey and Powell Clayton of Arkansas—veterans of campaigns past and to come—and William H. C. Warmoth, of Louisiana. James S. Clarkson and D. B. Henderson (recently speaker of the House of Representatives) of Iowa; Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; Preston B. Plumb, of Kansas; W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky; Eugene Hale and William P. Frye, with the veteran Joe Manley, from Maine; James A. Gary, of Maryland; President Julius H. Seelye, from Massachusetts, accompanied by Henry Cabot Lodge and George S. Boutwell (who had been Grant's sec-

retary of the treasury); Blanche K. Bruce, the negro senator from Mississippi; Leonidas Houk, of Tennessee; William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; and Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin—these are but a few of the more important names on the list.

The Blaine men were in many respects at an advantage. Of all the anti-Grant men he was the favorite, and according to Senator Sherman, might have been nominated but for the unfortunate division in the party in Ohio, which, instead of being unanimous for Sherman, gave a considerable minority of votes for Blaine. The bitterness was such that the time never came when the Sherman men could go to Blaine, though otherwise this would have been the case. So says Sherman, who is the first authority on the subject. It is not much credit to human nature that personal animosities should have such far-reaching results.

The Grant men played a losing game from the start. They were arrogant, domineering, and implacable. They staked their all on the reports of the committees



on credentials and rules. All sorts of angry debates took place in the hall as the convention labored from Wednesday to Saturday night with the preliminaries. The Grant men lost at every turn. Nearly every contest was decided against them, and the rules as finally adopted allowed any delegate to vote as he chose. This reduced the Grant ranks from about four hundred to a little over three hundred. On top of this Conkling must needs make a bad situation worse by offering an iron-clad resolution committing every delegate to support the nominees. Three West Virginia delegates, who objected to this dragooning process, voted in the negative, and then Conkling offered a resolution expelling them from the convention. Immediately the convention was aflame once more and an angry debate followed, after which Conkling withdrew his motion, but not until more bad blood was aroused.

By Saturday night, the convention was seething with excitement. The delegates were tired out, the galleries were filled with eager spectators daily. Few of the leaders had slept. All were alert, suspicious, aggressive. It had been a bad week. The Grant men had lost steadily, but were still confident. Their following was the largest; their chances of accretion best—so they thought. Before a crowded, anxious, and expectant audience came the spectacular bursts of oratory in presenting the candidates. The flood-gates of eloquence were opened. Joy, of Michigan, spoke for the "Plumed Knight" whom Colonel Ingersoll had named at Cincinnati; Garfield placed Sherman before the convention in an adroit speech well calculated to take off the fine edge of enthusiasm which followed Conkling's presentation of



BLAINE  
in 1880

Photograph by Bell

Grant in a speech that has never been equalled on such an occasion. Even in spite of the opposition, Grant's was the name to conjure with. Starting with the famous quatrain about Grant hailing from Appomattox and its apple tree, Conkling had carried the audience resistlessly along with his eloquence as he portrayed the services of his candidate in peace and war. If eloquence could have secured the nomination Grant would have been victor.

The opponents of Grant, however, were not carried away with enthusiasm. Their opposition was two-fold. They did not think Grant was the man

at the time, and that even if elected he would place his administration in the hands of the Conkling faction of stalwarts, while the man who did not crook the pregnant hinges of the knee to the oligarchy would have no standing in the party and little chance at the public crib.

The first ballot taken on Monday was a disappointment to all candidates. None got as many votes as expected. It stood :

Grant	-	-	-	-	304
Blaine	-	-	-	-	284
Sherman	-	-	-	-	93
Edmunds	-	-	-	-	34
Washburn	-	-	-	-	30
Windom	-	-	-	-	10
Garfield	-	-	-	-	1

Succeeding ballots that day and up to Tuesday afternoon brought few changes. The fight was on to the bitter end. For several ballots one vote had been cast for Garfield, and when on the thirty-fourth others joined, he rose in his seat and protested against this. He announced that no man had a right to vote for anyone nominated without his consent, that





Harper's Weekly, 1880

Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

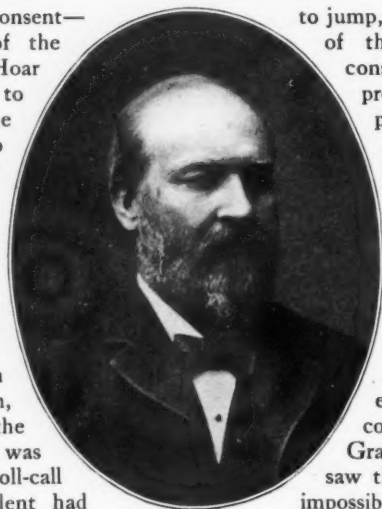
### THE PLUMED KNIGHT

MR. BLAINE, PLEASE "KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON"—(IT'S THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE)



he had never given his consent—and then the gavel of the chairman fell. Senator Hoar had nervously listened to Garfield for fear that he would say something to take him out of the list of possibles. He was one of those who believed that Garfield was a possibility; and just at the moment that Garfield seemed certain to say that he was there for Sherman and would stick to him, Hoar cut him off on the ground that his matter was not privileged, and the roll-call proceeded. The incident had not passed unnoticed by the convention. Spectators saw more clearly than the interested leaders that there must needs be a compromise, and Garfield had been under the lime-light from the first. Wherever he went he was received with applause, and it is asserted that his inevitable arrival late at the convention was intended to get the demonstration which never failed. Sherman considered Foster a traitor, but that is not necessarily true. Under the circumstances Garfield had a right to any popularity he could get; for probably no one knew better than Garfield that he was supporting an impossible candidate.

The monotonous ballots had gone on without particular change. The Old Guard stood its ground 306 strong, with few variations. There were frequent conferences. It is charged that several delegations had told either the Blaine men or the Sherman men that they were on call whenever the situation should reach the right psychological moment. Could Blaine have broken through the Sherman ranks he might have won, but the Sherman men were waiting for Blaine to come to them, and the leaders of both factions were waiting to see which way the cat was going



GARFIELD  
in 1881

*Photograph by Bell*

to jump, so as to take advantage of the situation. Personal considerations were quite as prominent as those of the public good.

Every night there had been meetings of the followers of the leaders, and all sorts of plans were proposed; but without avail. The Grant men maintained their front. They had the best organization, and they believed in the end the convention must come to them. Not so Grant himself. He early saw that his nomination was impossible, and wanted his name withdrawn. He sent a letter by John Russell Young to his leaders, the exact wording of which is not known. It has been

asserted and denied that it was a peremptory demand for his withdrawal, a request that his name be withdrawn, or a willingness to have it so. In truth Grant found that he had been deceived by his friends, and that there was no popular demand for him. But they would not allow him to retreat with honor. They kept the banner waving to the last, and went to defeat like the other Old Guard at Waterloo.

After all the fruitless ballots it was seen by the saner delegates that something must be done to break the deadlock. The delegates were tired, the people at large were restive over the situation, which boded ill for party success. The strain must be ended. Every possible candidate was considered, but at no time was there a consensus of opinion. The party leaders were not willing to start a movement unless it promised success, and unless they were certain of getting into good strategic position with the new candidate. At one time Edmunds seemed to have many outside supporters, but they had no votes. Washburn loomed up, only to fade. Then the Gordian knot was cut by Wisconsin. That



delegation was small but compact. It is asserted that to Congressman Pound of that State is due the influence which at the end of the thirty-fourth ballot, without any previous intention on the part of that delegation, swung the solid vote of the State to Garfield.

A mighty shout arose. There were cries and counter-cries of all factions, in a vain effort to stop the stampede. The Grant men were pale with anger, and rushed back and forth in an agony of fruitless endeavor. The clock had struck; the man had come. Garfield was nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot, but the Grant men stood firm to the last, and the survivors may be seen today proudly wearing the medals struck to commemorate their loyalty.

Conkling moved to make the nomination unanimous, and the agony was over. In the reaction from the terrible suspense of the preceding week the convention let itself loose in a pandemonium of applause. Garfield's selection was popular. He was in the correct position to heal all wounds

except those in the ranks of the Old Guard, which were not to be assuaged by sentiment but by official plasters.

Never has the unexpected result of a convention been so joyously received by the lay members of a party. Nothing but the fact that Garfield had served in the army, in Congress, at the bar and in the pulpit, in the schoolroom and in the forum, nothing but his extraordinary combination of qualities which appeal to the imagination and sentiment of the people, made his campaign a victory. The campaign following the factional fight in the convention was won by a narrow margin, to be succeeded by President Garfield's tragic death. Arthur, whom Conkling had nominated for second place, became president, only to quarrel with his chief, and to see his party go down in defeat for the first time in a generation.

*Joseph M. Rogers*

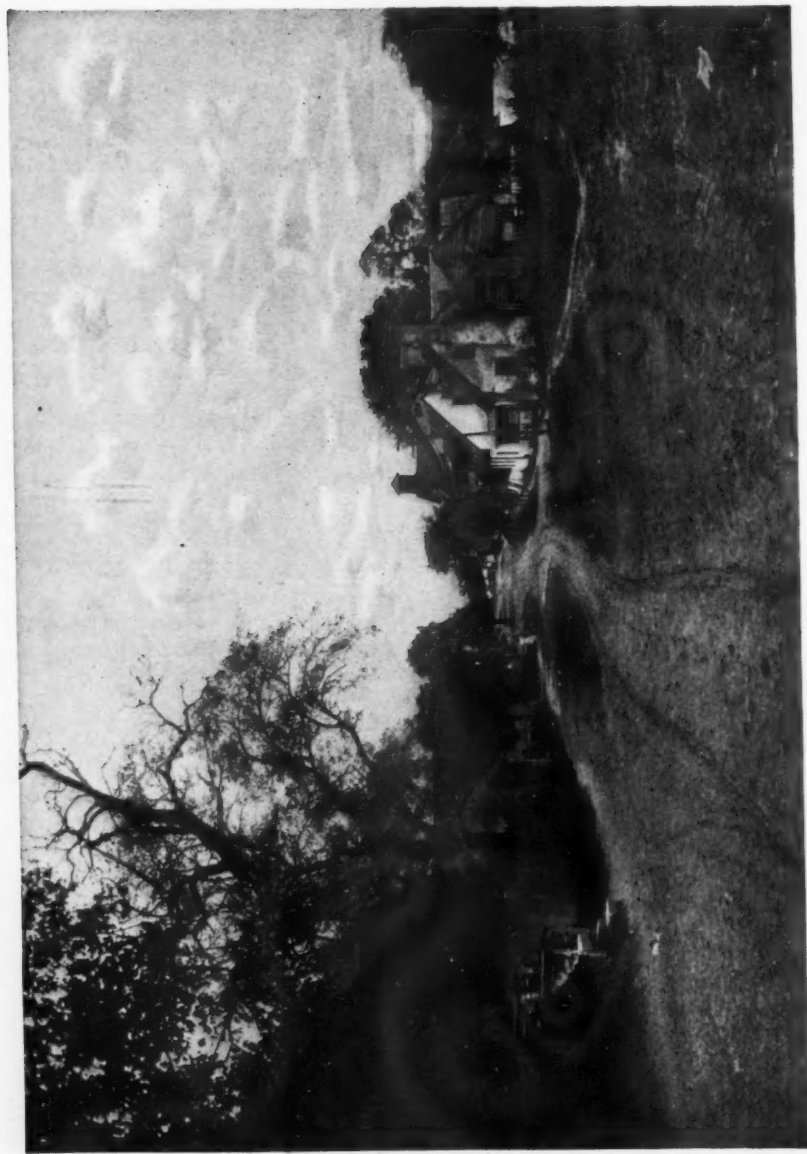


From Puck, 1880

Courtesy of Keppler and Schwartzmann

THE APPOMATTOX OF THE THIRD TERMS—UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER





YORKTOWN VILLAGE STREET





# Round about Old Jamestown

by  
*Clifton Johnson*

The entire region in Jamestown's vicinity is rich in historic charm. Here occurred many stirring events in colonial days; here, less than twenty miles apart, were three of the most notable towns of the period, Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown, and the district was a scene of conflict in two great wars. When I debated what place I should see first I decided it should be Yorktown; and one October morning I walked thither from the nearest railway station, a distance of six miles. The way led across a monotonous, half-wooded country that did not presage much attraction for my journey's goal; but I was very happily disappointed.

Yorktown is a village to fall in love with—such a quaint, gentle old place, such venerable houses and great gnarled trees, and such a picturesque upheaval of grass-grown earthworks girding it about. Moreover it stands on a bluff gashed with frequent narrow ravines leading down to the shores of a broad inlet of the sea, and the views from these wild little glens, whether you look off across the water or back toward the village, are unfailingly piquant and pleasing.

Before the Revolution Yorktown was the chief port of Virginia, and several vessels loaded with tobacco were every year dispatched thence across the Atlantic. But for more than a century the population has been gradually dwindling, until now it

aggregates only two hundred and thirty-eight, and three-fourths of this small number are negroes.

On the farther edge of the village, fenced in by rude wooden palings, stands an imposing national monument commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis. The monument was finished comparatively recently, for while its erection was in pursuance of a resolution of Congress adopted October 29, 1781, ten days after the surrender, actual work was not begun on it until about one hundred years later. Not far away is a fragment of an embankment belonging to the time of the siege, and this is all that is left of the British fortifications. The other earthworks upheaving in great grassy ridges around the village belong to the Civil War. They are very peaceful now, and are much overgrown with a low, aromatic herb from which one's footfalls set free pungent and agreeable odors.

The siege of Yorktown was not of long duration. The British were cooped up there scarcely two months, and the bonds were not at all tightly drawn until toward the end. The bombardment lasted only eight days, but it was at close quarters and wrought great havoc. All the town buildings were more or less damaged, and the house which was at first Cornwallis's headquarters was battered to pieces. He removed to the handsome brick Nelson mansion, still standing and still bearing the marks of the besiegers' cannon balls. Tradition relates that as the perils of the



bombardment increased, this house too was abandoned, and the commander sought a cave under the bluff. He had the cave lined with green baize, conveyed to it a few necessities, and there he lived and held his councils with the other army officers.

The surrender took place among the fields about a mile distant, and the locality is marked by a curious symbolic shaft erected by a patriotic private citizen. The shaft is of English brick, united with German mortar, the former signifying the British and the latter the Hessian components of the captured army; and the whole is made emblematic of war by a coat of red paint. It stands beside a little byway a few rods off the main road. Close by is a national cemetery, where sleep some hundreds of Union soldiers who died on the battlefields or in the camps of the vicinity. They have a park-like inclosure to them-

selves, with a massive wall of brick about it. Within the inclosure the turf is like a lawn, the trees are kept trimmed, and the care is constant. The man in charge took great pride in the appearance of the cemetery, and he waxed very wroth in telling me of the depredations of certain beetles that clipped off twigs of his trees. "Dose bugs dey haf pinchers and saws on deir heads," he explained, "and dey cut off limbs big as my finger, and I haf all der time every day to keep pickin' dose branches up."

We were standing just inside the gate near a pump that adjoined the caretaker's tidy stone cottage. The man stepped to the pump and filled a cup with water, but paused before conveying it to his mouth to say: "Some beoples not like to drink dis water. Dey fill der cup and dey look mit deir eyes at der graves so many here, and dey drow der water away. But dose old fellows not drouble der water none. Dey been bury too long, and dis water not come from der ground nohow. It come out of a cistern dat fill from der roof. Der taste would be better from der ground. One man near here has an artesian well—ah! dot is der water! It is more light as cork, and you can drink of it two or dree gallons at der same time and it will not hurt you."

That night I stayed at the ancient town of Williamsburg, a most interesting place built around a large grassy square. Here and there a sedate colonial home has survived; and best of all is the old brick parish church, with the graves of the early inhabitants clustering under the fine trees in the churchyard. At the head of the Duke of Gloucester Street—the town's broad, chief thoroughfare—is the historic William and Mary College, and at



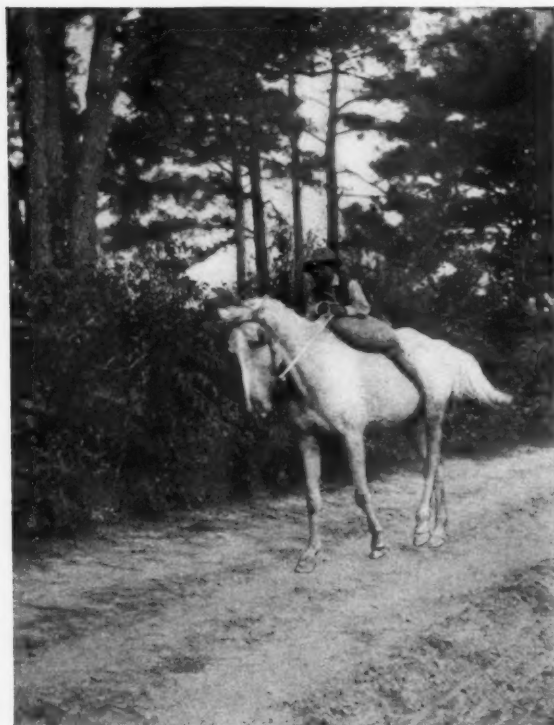
ON THE SHORE OF YORK RIVER





THE OLD PARISH CHURCH OF WILLIAMSBURG





GOING TO MARKET

the other end of the street formerly stood the House of Burgesses.

Jamestown is eight miles distant. I was advised that the only way to get there was to "hire a rig," but I preferred to walk. It proved to be a very toilsome expedition. The weather of the previous evening had been threatening, and from my hotel piazza I had watched a thunderstorm that wandered along the horizon and flashed and rumbled and lifted a gloomy cloud-mass well up toward the zenith. Later the wind rose and thrashed the trees, and rain fell in frequent showers all night. In the morning the sun gradually vanquished the clouds, but the mud and shallow pools of the roadway made walking far from easy. However, there were long sandy stretches which were fairly firm. I followed the "main traveled road"; for the route to Jamestown is kept well worn

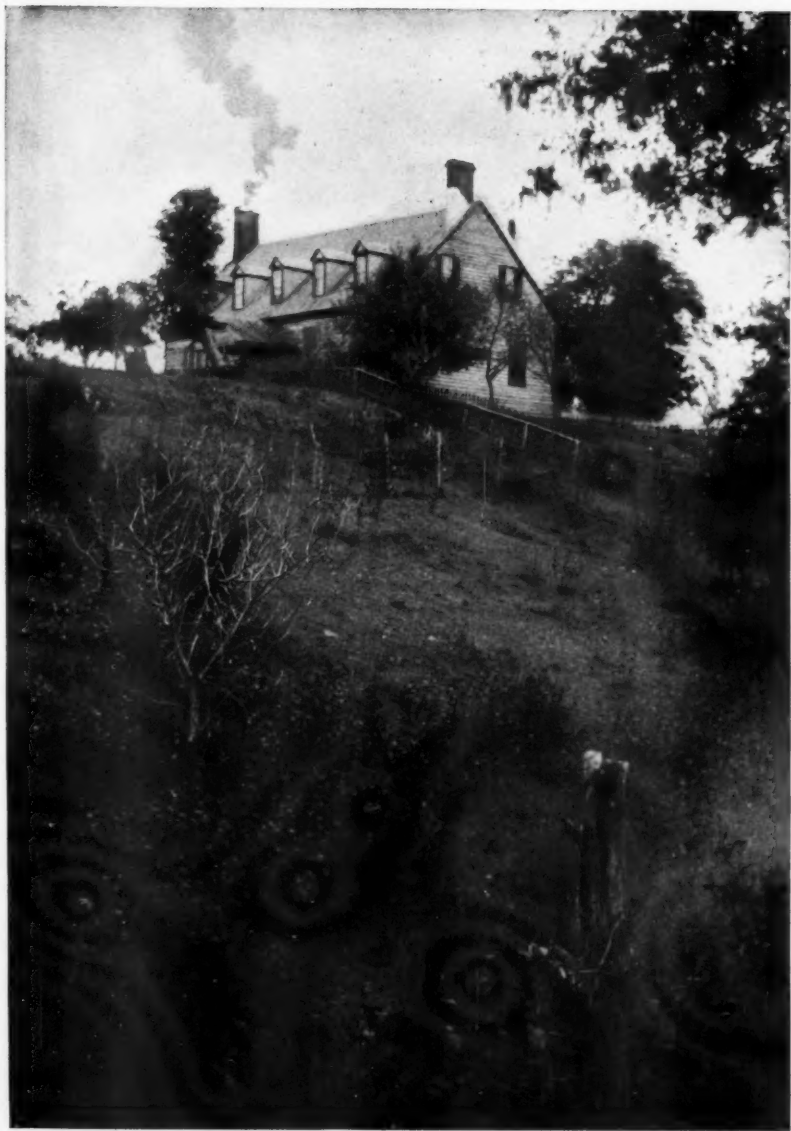
by the constant coming and going of visitors, and the other roads were mere trails by comparison. It was a lonely road, wending much of the way through dense woods, and it was full of wild and primitive suggestions. Now and then there were houses and poor little clearings. In several instances the houses were deserted.

Jamestown is on an island of about sixteen hundred acres, three-fourths of which are arable. It is separated from the mainland by a creek, a few rods across, that is spanned by a rude bridge. Along the shores of the creek are broad salt marshes overgrown with rank grasses and reeds, and beyond the marshes are pleasant open fields variegated with oak and pine woodland. In a little grove at the west of the island is what is left of old Jamestown—a few graves and a ruined church tower close by the shores of

the broad river James. Not far from the church are the heavy earthworks of a fort. The fort, however, was not erected by the pioneers, but was one of the outlying defenses of Richmond thrown up during the Civil War.

The founders of Jamestown arrived in their three ships on the Virginia shores in the month of May, after a rough voyage that began December 19, 1606; and their sentiments, as expressed by Captain John Smith, were that "heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." There were only a hundred and forty-four persons in the entire company, thirty-nine of whom were the sailors who manned the vessels. About half the others were classed as "gentlemen," and the rest as tradesmen and mechanics. It is supposed that they landed at the lower end of Jamestown island—or peninsula, as





A RELIC OF YORKTOWN'S COLONIAL DAYS

BUILT IN 1720





THE RUINS OF JAMESTOWN CHURCH



it was then—and there they built the first houses; but within a few years they moved to where the ruins of the town now are. The land as they found it was no doubt grown up to a great pine forest. Just why they chose to settle here is uncertain, unless because the narrow peninsula afforded some protection from savage foes. As a matter of fact the new-comers were less intent on making homes in the wilderness than they were on finding gold. Presently their food gave out, the Indians harassed them, and they fell ill with fever. In four months over fifty of them had died; and but for Captain John Smith they would have all gone back to England. Captain Smith found his fellows a very troublesome responsibility. Few of them were industrious or energetic. Some were pardoned criminals. But Smith was a leader with ability to rule. He punished idleness with starvation. To cure profane swearing he had a daily account kept of a man's oaths; and at night, as a penalty for each oath, he poured a can of cold water down the offender's sleeve. Captain Smith wrote to the corporation in England which had fitted out the colony: "When you send again, I entreat you rather send thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fish-

men, blacksmiths, and diggers-up of the roots, well furnished, than a thousand such as we have."

With regard to their early hardships Smith says: "We did hang an awning (which is an old sail) to three or four trees, to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rails of wood; our seats unhewed trees, till we cut planks; our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. In foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better. This was our church till we built a homely thing like a barn set upon crochets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth, as were also the walls. The best of our houses were of like curiosity, but, for the most part, far worse workmanship, that could neither well defend wind nor rain."

In 1638 a much more substantial church was built than the makeshift that had preceded it. The walls were made of brick brought across the Atlantic, and the tower of the church has endured even to the present. The edifice itself continued in use until Williamsburg, on account of its superior healthfulness, supplanted Jamestown as the capital of the colony in 1699. The removal of the capital was a fatal blow to Jamestown, and the place was



THE JAMES RIVER OPPOSITE THE OLD SETTLEMENT



soon almost abandoned. It never had been more than a village. We know that in 1625 there were twenty-two dwellings, a church, a merchant's store, three warehouses, and a guardhouse; and outside the town two blockhouses, one to guard the isthmus, the other to prevent the Indians from swimming across the back-water that separated the peninsula from the mainland. The population was then two hundred and twenty-one, and in the palmiest days of the village the inhabitants did not exceed three hundred.

The brick church tower is the only surviving remnant of the old settlement that is at all conspicuous. It is eighteen feet square, and its massive walls are a yard thick. The church was not only a house of worship but a fortress of defense, and the upper portion of the tower is pierced with loopholes—narrow slits without, but widening inward so that guns could be fired from them with the least possible exposure of the gunners. A rough, barn-like structure has been built to cover and protect the foundations of the body of the church, and a few relics are displayed inside. The floor of the church contains a number of graves; and other graves gather around outside, with massive tombstones a good deal broken by stress of time and weather, and by the vandal sightseers. But the sightseers will do their ghoulish work no more, for the place is now in the hands of an historical association, and has been surrounded by a high, wire-meshed fence, suggesting at first glance that here is some country henyard. A custodian is at hand to admit visitors, answer questions, and volunteer such information and opinions as occur to him.

The custodian pointed out various quaint epitaphs on the old stones, and called especial attention to this one:

Here lyeth  
WILLIAM SHERWOOD  
A Great Sinner  
Waiting for a Joyful Resurrection.

"That's the first sinner's grave I ever see," said my guide; "I've read a good many gravestones, I tell you, but I've never found

any but saints buried in other graves." When I finished looking at the church and its surroundings the guide took me out of the grove to a grassy level, which he affirmed was the "Courting Green" or "Kissing Meadow," where was sold, in the year 1619, the shipload of "respectable maidens for wives to the planters." He also pointed out the spot where were sold that same year twenty "negars" brought thither by a Dutch man-of-war—and this was the beginning of negro slavery in the United States.

The river opposite Jamestown is three miles wide, and from upstream its course is a straight sweep of seven miles. Thus the current and the waves have easy opportunity to eat into the alluvial banks of the island, and have already swallowed up a considerable portion of the village site. The water covers many remnants of the ancient home foundations and walls, and when the current runs clear the stone and brick can be seen on the river bottom. The danger to old Jamestown—this cradle of our nation—has long been realized, and in 1901 the government completed a masonry breakwater that, so far as it goes, affords a lasting protection from the stealthy erosion of the current and from the fierce waves that the winter storm-winds drive against the shores. But there is need of as much more work to assure the safety of the spot, and to preserve the historic church tower and the graves around it to the multitude who in years to come will wish to visit this first permanent English settlement in America.

Very unusual interest attaches to the spot just now because preparations have begun for celebrating its bicentennial; and there seems no doubt that the event will be made a most elaborate and important historical anniversary.

*Clifton Johnson*





# WHATSOEVER A WOMAN SOWETH

By Anna McClure Sholl



## I

Pauline Marlowe, walking in the garden at sunset, wondered if any woman's happiness had ever been as complete as hers. Her girlhood, soon to end, seemed to her to lead from an untroubled child-life to the man she loved with the directness of this garden-path, flower-bordered. No bewilderments, no uncertainties were in her perspective of the past. She had held her soul high like a torch, beaconing Robert to her.

In her pride of joy she believed that she and Robert Caldwell were not as other lovers. From the first they had been calmly confident of each other. They had never even quarreled. The inevitable outcome of such heavenly logic as their betrothal must be a marriage distinguished from other marriages by a closer union, a distincter ideal of life.

On this evening, awaiting him, she gave herself up to her memories as only they do whose joy or whose misery is superlative. Under the warm orange glow of the June sunset the old house, her birthplace, seemed the visible symbol of gracious years. As a child she had played with Robert in its garden. Its broad rooms had sheltered a girlhood of which she was always a little proud, because the neighborly verdict that she had borne her responsibilities well was true. Her mother dying when she was very young, a protective devotion to her father seemed to her in retrospect the keynote of her existence. She had denied herself the usual enthusiasms of youth, because enthusiasm puts out the eyes of duty. But, for her many willing sacrifices she was early and richly rewarded. Robert loved her.



Even the echoes of the Civil War just ended had not greatly disturbed her peace. Robert had passed through its bloody baptism as one bearing a charmed life, emerging purified of any less noble passion than the love of Pauline Marlowe. She dwelt lovingly on this martial service, as supplying the dramatic element in a pure, untroubled idyl.

Their happiness promised to stretch into the years. Even the usual severing of ties was not to result from their marriage, for she and Robert were to live in the Marlowe homestead. His own home was but a stone's throw away, also an ancestral house, having sheltered five generations of Robert Caldwells. Her essentially Puritan pride rejoiced that her lover was born of that kind of aristocracy which combines plain living with high thinking. Her children would have the dower of stainless ideals.

The rose-light deepened in the west. Warm scents of the garden mingled with the cooler air wandering from the distant purple hills. The voices of boys at play in the broad, elm-shaded street came to her pleasantly. At the opened window of his library her father sat, holding a book to the last glow.

She went up the garden-path, her full white skirts catching in the straggling branches of the rose-bushes. With her blonde hair drawn down over her little ears, her sloping shoulders, her graceful, gliding walk, she seemed the very embodiment of those miniatures of the period which present women as the flower-like work of the gods on porcelain. The perfume of the sheltered existence was about her as she went up the garden-path, bending once in glad caprice to kiss a rose. Under the library window she paused.

"Father, you should not read so late!"

Her voice was prettily authoritative, but for an instant the shadow of a cloud passed over his face. This young daughter, as soft-appearing as a fawn, sometimes made of her devotion a tyranny. She ordered his house as her mother—sweet soul—had failed to do. But such a comfortable failure! Over the long years his love opened for her quiet, twilight face, the home of a spirit so different from her daughter's bright assurance. He had never been at peace with death since death hid her.

Pauline was a faultless housekeeper, but by her decree—passed gaily as all her decrees were, yet nevertheless iron-clad—he must only smoke in his library; he must not eat hot bread for supper; he must not offer wine at his dinner parties. His daughter had mapped out their domestic life with exceeding justice and righteousness, but his masculine foot sometimes stumbled on these prim division lines.

He looked apologetically down at her, and shut his book.



"You expect Robert?"

"Yes, he should be here now. We are going to set the day."

"Wise children! Too long an engagement is not good. You ought to have married six months ago, when Robert took his position in the bank."

"Robert wished it. I was not ready."

"You are ready now?"

She smiled.

"I should be; I have been sewing for two years."

He smiled in his turn.

"These feminine mysteries are beyond me. I suppose all this sewing was necessary to your happiness?"

The rose-leaf color in her cheeks deepened.

"A young lady must marry properly," she answered with her curious dignity over trifles, which sometimes enamelled the porcelain with ice.

"Well, well," her father good-naturedly said, "I suppose all young girls like pretty things—did the gate click?"

She looked around, instantly alert, expectant; took a few steps forward, then turned back, drooping a little.

"It's only Charles Hendricks; I suppose he wants to see you again about that stupid law-suit. I wonder what keeps Robert."

"He'll be along presently," her father said in a soothing tone. "There's Hendricks at the bell."

He rose and left the room. She walked slowly away, back to the flower-garden, to the western light now silvered with a young moon, to her orderly dreams of a marriage which no rough wind of destiny seemed likely to disturb. She had prepared her soul for Robert with the same care that she had prepared her wardrobe.

Suddenly a light shone out over the garden. Her father had lit a lamp, but he and Hendricks were still standing, facing each other across the table. Even from a distance she could see a certain excitement in the visitor's manner. Her father's back was to the window, but his motionless attitude betrayed tension. She wondered what they could be talking about. The old law-suit, worn thread-bare, could not thus disturb them.

Her father began to pace the floor. As she watched him a vague fear chilled her. From childhood she had always dreaded the unusual. This fear took solid shape when suddenly he turned and drew down the shade.

She stood motionless, her eyes dark with her gazing, so absorbed in some not altogether comfortable thought that she did not hear a step on the path.



"Pauline!"

Her startled movement, her quick, anxious facing of him was due less to surprise than to the curious quality of pain in her lover's voice, like the expression of her own newborn fear. In an instant she divined that something was wrong. Though Robert was so near that she could touch his hand, he was looking at her across a gulf. The blitheness of strong young manhood, usually surrounding him with a grace almost feminine, had vanished. His face in the moonlight was haggard.

"Robert, what has happened?"

He was silent. His appearance mocked the peace of the June night, was an offense to the stillness of her heart, guarding thoughts like flowers prepared for him.

"Robert, speak to me!"

Then he spoke, the words half choked in his throat, as if under a suppressed sob.

"I've dreadful news. I'd give my life to spare you; but we'll have to suffer together as we've rejoiced together."

She had grown very white; was holding out her hands, the palms towards him, as if to push away some monstrous fact. The gesture opened wide the wound that seemed to be sapping his life. He took both her hands, held them against his breast, looked down appealingly into her eyes, the gray lines about his mouth twitching with the nervousness of misery. Used as she was to a certain nonchalant manly beauty in his bearing, as of one happy in mind and strong in body, he seemed at the moment almost ugly to her. She drew her hands away and put them before her face.

"Don't!" he said hoarsely. "You wouldn't if you knew."

"Tell me, then!" she cried, and her voice was shrill. "Tell me your news! I can bear it. But you frighten me with your looks. You don't seem like Robert——"

"I will tell you, poor little Pauline, my poor darling! You are so brave and sweet, and you love me. Say that you do before I——" Again something like a sob choked back his words.

"Of course I love you!" she said, with fierce impatience. "Don't keep me in suspense!"

"The First National Bank has closed its doors——" he began, with a certain labored preciseness. She interrupted him.

"What has that to do ——?"

"Wait!" he said harshly. "There has been—there has been wrong-dealing, perhaps embezzlement. My father——"

He could not go on. She came a step nearer, her head



forward, peering into his face, as one might watch a tragedy through a crack in the door.

"Your father what?" she said, in a cold, measured voice.

"Don't speak that way! Don't look that way!" he entreated. "Because he is cashier they suspect——" he broke off. "It may be that he became involved through—oh, I don't know—but I, his son, won't judge him; you, his daughter-to-be, won't judge him till all is known." He paused; then, as he brought his news to the climax, he seemed to bleed before her eyes, as if the words tore him. "There is—a warrant out for his arrest."

She stared at him. The door was wide open now upon the tragedy, but she did not enter.

They faced each other, his paroxysm of pain relaxing into a piteous appeal. As plainly as if he spoke his eyes, where youth lay dead, cried out to her:

"Come to his defense with me. You love me! He is my father!"

Her lips were set in a thin blue line. Her neck, stretched towards him, looked drawn like a plucked bird's.

"Where is he?" she asked sharply.

"Father?" he faltered.

"Yes! where is he? You say there is a warrant out for him—where is he?"

"He's gone."

The anguish in his voice made only an oblique impression upon her. Her mind was scenting crime.

"Gone where?"

"God help us! We don't know."

The lines of her face relaxed. She stood passive as one who has accepted a fact.

"Then it is true," she said slowly.

"Hush!" he cried. "Be merciful till you know."

From the harshness of his encounter with dark and giant facts came the almost childlike appeal to her, whom he had pictured during these last blind hours as his only light and guide out of the morass life had suddenly become. With her beside him he could face Dellford, the town where all his young days he had gone proudly, now grown into a world filled with hostile, suspicious, or derisive faces. Over the ruin of a name he and Pauline must raise the white banner of their youth and love, their hope and honor. Love would redeem disgrace, the toil of restitution restore confidence. In that hour he stood before shadowy tribunals, the ghosts of his rigid but unstained ancestors; the tender, appealing ghosts of the unborn.



"Pauline! say something to me. Let me know you live."

"What can I say!" she cried shrilly. "We are disgraced!"

"But you stand by me in this hour? Say that you do!"

She drew herself up, drew back from him as if already linked with remote destinies in which he had no part. A horrible sense of being left alone in the dark, like the old child-terror after an evening of strange, ghostly tales, suffocated him, blotted out the sweet, indifferent garden scene, the low-swinging bow of the moon, the unfamiliar face of his beloved.

"But you stand with me in this hour?" he repeated, the futility of his appeal making his words seem parrot-like.

"I hope I will do what is right, Robert. Until I know the facts I cannot say what I would do."

"Do!" he cried, "there's nothing to do but to keep on loving me, trusting me. You wouldn't fail me now, Sweet!"

She turned wearily away, drooping like an overburdened flower. A great pity for her filled him, this white rose of a girl caught suddenly, it seemed to him, on a black current. Loyalty to her sense of outrage struggled with loyalty to a father in whose ultimate honor he passionately believed, dark as were the charges against him.

"But you love me yet, Pauline!"

"Don't talk of love now. We're in a storm," she said.

"It has beaten on my head for hours. I could bear it better if you would give me your hand."

She turned to him.

"I can't feel. Don't ask me to."

Her small hands were rigidly clasped, her lips still compressed in the thin blue line. She had the appearance of a married woman weary of an unprofitable husband. At last she turned and went slowly up the walk, in her nervousness snapping off roses, throwing them down, treading on them. Robert followed timidly.

At the steps of the porch he paused.

"May I come in, Pauline?"

"I would rather you wouldn't. I want to see father alone."

A great anger suddenly surged in him, the bitter anger of wounded love. He caught her roughly by the wrists.

"And I want to see your father, too! He'll be more merciful than you. You are cruel—cruel! I could hate you if I did not love you so! What do you know of life? What do you know of a man's temptations, you pretty sheltered rose? What do you know of anything outside this garden? I thought you great-hearted, a true woman who'd face death with me—yes, worse than death. But you must know the facts—the facts," he repeated, mocking



her refined, "white" voice; then he paused, dazed by his own outburst. "Forgive me!—I'm not myself. Pauline, there's no fact but love."

He led the way up the steps, master for the time being by very force of his suffering. She followed, cowed.

Into the library direct he went. John Marlowe was still pacing the floor. His visitor had departed.

At sight of the young man's face his own, hard and sharp with strained thinking, melted into pity. He came forward, both hands extended.

"Robert, dear boy—" he began brokenly. Under this kindness Robert Caldwell struggled to keep his self-control. When he was master of his voice he said:

"You know, then."

"I've heard a report—I believe nothing through mere report—of an old neighbor, an old friend—" his voice trembled.

Robert turned away his head.

"I thank you, sir."

The silence which followed was broken only by the slow and solemn ticking of the clock in the hall. Unseen assistants at this drama thronged the place, casting over its familiar features that veil of the mysterious which at the approach of the great forces of life can transform the homeliest setting into a vast echoing chamber of destiny.

Robert spoke first.

"If it be true—if my father cannot—clear himself; then I am in honor bound to give you back the hand of your daughter."

John Marlowe expected to hear Pauline's eager protest, but silence followed Robert's words. Then the father turned to his daughter. She was standing by the fire-place, rigid, erect, her eyes strangely eclipsed, impenetrable, all softness gone from her outline, all response from the stiff lines of her mouth.

"Pauline," her father appealingly said, "speak to Robert. He is yours."

"Father, you do not understand."

He glanced toward the young man, whose unexpected face seemed to hold already a hopeless knowledge.

"You are not giving him up?" he said sharply.

"Father you do not understand," she repeated in a monotonous tone.

"Understand what?"

"O, don't urge her!"

"Understand what?"



From her clouded eyes fire leaped.

"Have I not the right to be true to myself?" she cried.

"No one questions it," her father said drily; "I only wish to know what your intentions are regarding Robert."

She stood at bay. "I can say nothing now. This has come suddenly upon me. I am overwhelmed. How can I say what I will do with our future, till I know—what has happened?"

Livid lines as if from the cut of a whip crossed the pallor of Robert's face. He set his teeth to keep back bitter words.

"You are waiting then," her father said, "to know the truth of this report."

"I wish to be just," she answered.

Her father spoke sternly.

"There is of course a generation of misunderstanding between us, but if you have the hard and sure ideals of youth, I have the experience of middle-age. My observations of the workings of justice, both in the court-room and in daily life, lead me to believe that it is the servant of mercy."

His old-fashioned sincerity of speech seemed to relieve the tension of the scene.

Robert spoke wearily.

"Don't be hard with her. She has had a great shock. In the morning all things may appear in a different light."

Pauline met her father's look of appeal with silence.

"I will say good-night," Robert added.

"You will come to see me in the morning, my boy?"

"Without fail."

They shook hands, then Robert crossed the room to Pauline, but before he could take her hand Hendricks appeared in the doorway, a human embodiment of head-lines.

"I've just heard," he began, then stopped short at sight of Robert, who wheeled about sharply.

"What have you heard? We're facing truth here. We want the truth."

"Well, it's pretty stiff news to tell a son of his father," Hendricks blundered.

"Good God! man, out with it!"

"Robert Caldwell's been arrested in New York; has made a confession."

Marlowe put a hand on Hendricks' shoulder, and pushed him almost roughly into the hall, closing the door on himself and his visitor. Pauline and Robert were left alone.

She had covered her eyes with her hands. As she stood there



trembling she seemed again all woman, her delicate frame made to shelter tender thoughts, not to case the steel blade of an inflexible will.

He yearned to her, forgetting her words, forgetting everything but their love. He whispered her name and, still keeping a hand over her eyes as one ashamed, she came to him, and hiding her face on his breast, wept bitterly.

His tenderness, his forgiveness broke into words.

"Dear, you did not mean it? Say you did not mean it. You'll stand by me?"

But the sword of her will was already dividing them. The relief of her tears seemed to give her courage. She raised her head from his breast.

"I can't marry you, Robert, if that is what you mean. It is too much to ask. If you were generous, you would not ask it!"

## II

Mrs. Arthur Parkes, once Pauline Marlowe, was returning to Dellford with her son Arthur, a young man of twenty-four, just graduated by some jugglery, inexplicable to his friends, from a leading Eastern university.

As he sat staring out of the window of the drawing-room car, his handsome, indolent face drawn into fixed lines of discontent, there were signs about him of acquaintance with a world which only in rare instances refines, and in the majority of cases vulgarizes—a world best visited by men with strong chins. Arthur's chin was still suggestive of an irresponsible childhood.

His mother, sitting opposite to him, saw in him, not without a repugnant chill of memory, the blonde, misleading features of his dead father, whose fair, weak beauty had caught her on the rebound from tragic issues, in that flight to Europe which seemed necessary after the fall of an honored house. She had seen him first in a church in Florence, copying an altar-piece, his head, with its abundant blonde hair, not unsuggestive of holy associations. Later he explained poetically his lily-city to her—his little talks on art soothing her wounded spirit like the twilights of those strange, echoing churches where they spent many hours together. Though he was an American, he represented everything that was not Dellford, and she married him.

She had reason later to wish for an element of Dellford's hard granite of principle in a nature wholly intenerated, it seemed, with the love of beauty divorced from morality. Her father leaving her without, as she thought, the full quota of paternal regret, went



back to Dellford, and she and her husband remained in Florence. At first she exulted in the unreality of her life within the cold, stately *palazzo*, under the high frescoed ceilings where pale saints were fading into dreary glory, as if a mere girl had become a princess. Later, when she was well acquainted with the pettiness of her Arthur's nature, she hated Florence and all its works, its beauty seeming to her so mingled with associations of her husband that the two became one deception.

When her son was born she tried to forgive the father everything, though her mental attitudes did not seem to interest him. He went away to Paris, presumably to dispose of some pictures there; but she was keen enough to perceive that he was restless, and because his absence was a relief to her she encouraged him to prolong it. He returned to her, at last, shattered by obscure calamities, and not long after died.

With her little boy she returned to America; but wrote her father that she could not come back to Dellford. The thought of meeting Robert Caldwell blanched her like the judgment.

During those years her father had not spared her news of her discarded lover, the record beginning with the announcement of the disgraced Robert Caldwell's death soon after he had served his term in prison. But while the defaulter was expiating in formal legal fashion an offense cut short from the events which had led to it—embalmed and labeled as a warning—his son was gallantly storming life for the most it would surrender. And the most had been so far a fortune, turned over as soon as made to the directors of the bank in Dellford. The particulars of this long fight for honorable restitution—a warfare, indeed, just ended—were communicated to Pauline by her father in dry, unadorned phrases, like a monk's chronicle of chivalrous deeds. Nevertheless, she felt the repressed admiration, the passionate defence back of them. Her father had never forgiven her treatment of Robert—her shrill, impulsive judgment, at twenty, of life and honor; but, for that matter, she had never forgiven herself. For years she had realized that, little as she deserved remembrance, the news which would hurt her most would be the news of his marriage.

He had been evidently too busy to marry, too absorbed heart and soul in the achievement of a great ambition. His devotion to his disgraced father appeared to be the only sentiment of his life—filial love, yes, by a strange paradox, filial reverence for the shattered creature, too tired and weak to seem a criminal.

Her own father's failing health had brought her back at last to Dellford, the period of her residence there coinciding with her son's



years at college. Separation from Arthur was painful, not only because he was her idol, but because the very intensity of her love was founded on mistrust of his shifty, lovable, elusive temperament. Long before he was out of childhood she knew that her passionate hope, of his justifying her marriage by a normal moral growth, was not to be realized. He had inherited his father's pleasure-loving disposition, his father's good looks and easy good manners, that counted for so little after all. By a trick of heredity he represented only a blank space in the Marlowe line, so little of her own ancestry did she see in him. For morals he seemed to substitute the imperious present need of his sensations.

In his vacations he had made the acquaintance of his grandfather, the only person of whom he had ever stood in awe. John Marlowe might have kept him in the straight and narrow path, the mother thought, but the old lawyer had died at the beginning of Arthur's senior year.

They were going back now to the homestead for a summer of readjustment, and deliberation as to Arthur's future career. She longed for this return to Dellford, yet dreaded it.

Since the breaking of her engagement she had never seen Robert Caldwell. While she was nursing her father he was absent in the West. But this year he had come back, finally, to his old home to take the position, won by both wealth and honor, of president of the First National Bank.

Visions of her youth blotted out the flying landscape. At last, in very weariness, she closed her eyes. Slow tears forced themselves through her lashes and rolled down her cheeks, still with their touch of rose color. Despite the fact that her once bright hair was streaked with gray, there was a faded, futile prettiness about her, linking her at forty-six to the girl she had been at twenty.

Her son saw the tears, frowned; then said with a kind of bantering affection—for in his absorbed, selfish way he was very fond of his mother:

"What's the matter, old lady? Headache?"

She opened her eyes, with a rewarding smile for his awkward solicitude, and said: "Just tired, I guess, Arthur."

"It's been a beastly long journey. But then ——" he added, "Dellford's a good place to rest in, dull as death. I hope the Walker girls will be there this summer."

The lines in her forehead, always at contradiction with the faded pink in her cheeks, deepened into a look of trouble, the kind of trouble which is not an incident in life but a part of life itself. Arthur's frivolity seemed congenial.



"But you are not going to Dellford for a good time, Arthur. Your grandfather's partners are only holding the position in their law-office open until the middle of July."

He frowned in his turn. The weak lines of his mouth drooped to his smooth, childish chin.

"I'm not so sure I want to study law. It's drier than dust."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

He had never answered a direct question directly in his life. Such questions seemed to hurt him like too much light in his eyes. He blinked now, shrugging his shoulders.

"The life you say my father led would have about suited me."

"But you've never shown any artistic talent."

"Oh, I didn't just mean that side of it. Painting'd be a bore like anything else, if a man were tied up to it."

He rose, yawning.

"I'm going into the smoker."

His mother's face stiffened, as it always did when she assumed her helpless authority.

"You remember what Dr. Werner said about your cigarette smoking."

"He wrote my epitaph, I remember," he good naturedly commented as he lounged off. "So long, mother, don't worry about your good-for-nothing."

He flashed her a smile which made her forget for an instant the care he was to her.

### III

They had been at Dellford a year—to Pauline a year of painful groping back to a great lost opportunity of girlhood and of anxiety for Arthur, who was wasting his time. The sere old men, of stern Puritan stock, who had been her father's law partners, had come to her with the word, delivered flatly and without ornament, that her son neglected both his studies and his office duties. They wished to assume no further responsibility in the matter of his legal education.

After their visit she went in tears to Arthur. This testimony only confirmed her restless, unhappy divinations.

He smiled, as one relieved infinitely, when she told him of the firm's decision in regard to him.

"The old codgers are right. But you would insist on my studying law just because grandfather was a lawyer. I could have told you from the beginning that it wouldn't work."

He smiled hopefully upon her, as one backed to an enormous



advantage over his elders by the deficiencies of his temperament. His mother gazed at him with the helpless look of the inadequate maternal, a type which has always been in the world, and much condemned by those who refuse to see that an element of the inadequacy may be the hopeless nature of the offspring; mothers, with all their wealth of affection, being unable to play the part of Providence. The factor of the other parent may confuse even the directest intentions of love. In Pauline's boy was Pauline's husband.

"You say you're not fitted for the law, Arthur. What are you fitted for? You're twenty-five years old. You ought to have a gleam by this time of your work in life."

He laughed.

"Not a glimmer, Mummie. I'd let you have it straight if I did." Then he added, with that curious frankness which fitted oddly to the other traits of his character: "At least, not a gleam in the respectable direction—the honored citizen of Dellford road, the Robert Caldwell type."

His mother turned to him, pitiful entreaty in the face, over which a faint blush spread.

"Don't use his name that way. He is a noble, honorable gentleman. He has won back everything."

"And much too evidently proud of it," her son interrupted. "You've been here a year, and he has never called on you. Yet I understand you are old friends!"

The flush, the painful purplish flush of middle age, deepened in his mother's cheeks.

"We were engaged to be married once," she said, revealing, on she knew not what impulse, the fact to which for many years her whole life had been set in a never-ending series of groping, imperfect adjustments. The wrong which she had done to Robert was the hour, so it seemed to her, at which her moral growth had stopped. Her marriage, her maternity, her widowhood—what had they been but the experiences of a lamed nature still only bethrothed to life, and awaiting an indefinite recovery to lend itself to life's full purpose.

Her son drew a long breath of astonishment.

"You never told me that!" he said, with a touch of resentment.

"There was no reason why I should tell you. It was a dead issue."

Arthur had one of his rare moments of thoughtfulness.

"Were you engaged when that crash came?" he slowly asked, a definite light of interest in his pale blue eyes.



She hesitated. That Arthur, the unstable, purposeless son, might perhaps sit in judgment on her was a strange reversion of their mutual positions. Yet her soul, aching through long years for confession and absolution, was compelled to speak.

"Yes, we were engaged at the time. It was within three weeks of our marriage."

Again Arthur became mysterious in another unaccustomed silence. Thoughts—unfamiliar visitants—were difficult for him to deal with.

"Did he break the engagement?"

"No."

"Then you did?" In his voice was a queer note of surprise.

The futility of confession swept over her. Only one person could absolve her.

"Yes, I broke it."

It was slowly dawning upon the young man that for the first time in his inadequate, drifting life he might have the moral advantage of his mother. For years she had represented to him an ethical superiority over himself, for which he could find no more positive ground than her feminine misunderstanding of masculine prerogatives. As far as he thought of it at all her virtues were founded on fear—fear of the world, fear of nature, fear of life. Dimly he felt that she had no real grasp on existence, or if she had it did not make her happy. On the other hand, horses, pretty girls, cigarettes, and hazy purposes did make him happy. He stood on sure ground there.

The look in her face was confirming this realization of his that he might now have the moral advantage of her, cleaning his own slate with her confession. In her eyes, on her lips, it was written: "I broke my engagement because I couldn't share disgrace."

He could have the word from her for the asking, but some dim chivalry in him sealed his lips.

The confession, now his as surely as if she had spoken, filled him with a strange wonder. Sharing disgrace with anyone didn't seem hard to Arthur, but his moral standards had been always vague.

Relief—positive, grateful—was in her eyes as it dawned upon her that he would make no comment on her last words. But the sharp facing of an intolerable memory left her pale, depleted. Arthur did not look at her for a few moments as he rose and slouched up and down the room. Through his silence they were nearer together than they had ever been; but sentiment, part of the general forfeit of the mother on the night she abdicated a throne, fitted awkwardly the son. He caught up his hat at last to relieve the tension.



"Well, I'm off for the evening."

"Where are you going, Arthur?"

The old question, uttered so often that it had become purely mechanical, incapable of producing an answer, restored to the young man the mother he knew best, a lonely figure in a desert of distrust.

"Oh, down the street."

The inevitable answer brought back the old, shifty, elusive Arthur, with his limp notions of pleasure. Resignedly she wound up her part of the formula: "Don't stay too late."

He wound up his: "Don't sit up for me."

When he was gone the old house, filled with the shadows of the summer evening, seemed ghostly to her, haunted with the chill of the dead years. Putting a shawl over her sloping shoulders—shoulders which had gone out with crinoline—she went into the garden. The July evening was still rosy in the west. An imperial twilight, more gold than gray, held the gold bow of the moon. Warm, heavy garden scents mingled with the fresher air from the hills. So far as the natural setting could take her back, she might be Pauline Marlowe waiting in the rose-walk for her lover, but between the girl and the woman were the moral blunders of meaningless years.

She longed for Robert's forgiveness, yet doubted if she could ever approach near enough to him to ask it. She was not within hailing distance of that noble and steadfast spirit; gray with the dust of the highway she slunk far behind.

In the earlier, more emotional, and therefore easier, stages of her remorse she had felt that she could not die without his forgiveness, could not rest in her grave unpardoned. Later, emotion had become a principle of despair. In conviction she joined those who died unpardoned by their fellows, though, perchance, received of God. She preferred the human forgiveness as nearer, more tangible, but did not hope for it. That she loved Robert Caldwell, had always loved him, only darkened her sin.

Tired of thoughts of herself she turned to Arthur, wondering if all mothers were as helpless or as clumsy in the molding of a child's character—character inevitably to become destiny, as the vine brings forth grapes. Step by step she went back over her maternal life, searching for the moment of the lost opportunity, which seized might have converted Arthur into the son of her dreams; but she could find no such moment. The child's life had been intangible as her own. Mother and son were merged in the commonplace, she suspended between the querulous and the adoring.



The gate clicked. She never heard the sound without memories of that fateful evening. Turning, she saw that a man was entering the garden, was coming up the walk towards her. The dimness hid his face, but the outlines of his tall, spare figure were at once strange and dreadfully familiar. Though the years had refined, strengthened, distinguished the figure with that kind of distinction which makes personality, like immortality, a greatness to be achieved, the continuity of character had not been broken.

Above the loud, drowning beating of her heart she asked herself in what words she should greet him, coming out of her grave to meet life; but he took the initiative, speaking her name quietly as one long accustomed to speak it.

"Good evening, Pauline. I saw you walking in the garden, and thought it a good opportunity to speak with you concerning a matter which has been in my mind for some weeks."

His voice was placid, almost paternal; but his deep-set eyes, under the worn but finely-modeled temples, gazed intently at her, noting hungrily, it seemed, every line of her face now raised to his with the look of the suppliant. It did not seem strange to her that he should begin to speak as if they had parted yesterday. This middle-aged gentleman was the Robert she had known. Only she, herself, had lost her identity. She feared to speak, lest her first words should betray her bankruptcy.

He waited for her an instant, then went on, a great gentleness in his voice.

"It is in regard to your son, Arthur." Then, as he saw sudden pallor of apprehension in her face he hastened to add:

"I believe that I can without much difficulty get him a position in the bank. I have learned—Dellford's a small place—that he has little love for the law, and—forgive me—I knew that as a mother, you must be anxious about his future; that you would perhaps permit an old friend to put a chance in the young man's way."

Tears filled her eyes.

"O, you are good, Robert!" she faltered, "good as always."

"No, I am only interested."

He walked by her side in silence for some moments, his head slightly drooped. Her glances at him revealed to her a man tempered and finely wrought by the long years of struggle following the hour when he took up the glove thrown down to him by life. In her humility she thought that had he married her in her girlhood the terrible faults of her nature might have cramped his moral growth.



The paradox under her reasoning escaped her. What she was sure of was the fact that his quiet, present-hour manner made speech concerning their past impossible.

She broke the silence.

"A mother cannot be too grateful for such interest; but, Robert, I feel that I owe it to you to tell you that Arthur, while a good boy in the main, seems to lack application. He is fond of pleasure, and he seems to have only the dimmest idea of what he wishes to make of himself."

A faint smile lit up Caldwell's face.

"Not extraordinary faults at his age, Pauline"—he lingered over the name a little. "In any case we can give him the chance at the bank—a clerical position. He may settle into it more easily than you think."

"I hope so," she sighed. "We can do everything but live their lives for them; but because we can't do that we feel helpless."

He nodded.

"You mustn't be too anxious about the results of this. I'll do everything in my power to be—not the *deus ex machina*, but what the older man should be to the younger."

"Oh, you are good!"

"He is your son."

It was the first sign he gave of striking the chord of their mutual memories. She wanted to cry out: "Why should that be a reason for kindness?" But the words died on her lips.

Instead, she said:

"Shall I send Arthur to you tomorrow?"

"Yes, at the noon-hour. I am home then."

She knew that his youngest sister kept his house for him, an unmarried woman who had been a very little girl at the time of the crash. She spoke of her now, timidly, tentatively, as if venturing on forbidden ground.

"I will bring her to see you some day, if I may," he said.

"If you may! O, Robert!"

She was trembling with ill-suppressed emotion. To cover it up she began to speak of some town affair of passing interest. He answered in monosyllables, and at last held out his hand abruptly.

"Good-night. Send Arthur over. I'll bring Laetitia to call soon."

"I can't thank you enough, Robert."

"Don't thank me," he said almost roughly; then he turned and left her.



## IV

The year which followed was the happiest she had known since her girlhood—because on certain rare occasions Robert came to see her, and because, as far as she could judge, Arthur was performing his duties not badly.

The young man, indiscriminately social, liked to be in a place where he could see people coming and going. He liked the short hours at the bank. He liked best the vision of his own well-groomed person, fitting in appropriately, as it seemed to him, with the fine, polished order of the bank furniture. His physical awkwardness only came out when he attempted sentiments beyond him.

Meanwhile Pauline's relation to Robert Caldwell had become one of a conscious learner to an unconscious teacher. Eagerly, greedily, she took from him, through her absorption in all that he said and did, the spiritual truths of which his matured character was explicit. Sometimes her wistful, humble look troubled him, knowing, as he did, how sharp yet was the cry of his heart to her. Pauline humble was in no category of his memory of her. She had been so proud—daintily, then tragically proud—drawing white skirts about her, and leaving him where he stood on mire. Her decision, though it had overthrown him at the moment, had in the end made keen his ardor of restitution to the point of ecstatic sacrifice. The news of her marriage had brought him fresh suffering, and for years he endured his miserable accusations of her, all the more miserable because he still loved her. Then all resentment faded; but he mourned for her as they mourn whose beloved have died young.

For months after her return he dared not see her, turned coward by memory, and softened irrevocably by the knowledge that her marriage had been unhappy, that her son was disappointing her. He read the son's present character with clear eyes; but he had lived too much himself to pronounce final judgment on anyone, old or young. Arthur should have his chance.

During this year he had watched the young man with a more than paternal concern, the fruit of a desire to shield Pauline. Her weakness dominated him, as in past days her proud young strength was wont to do. Feeble or strong, worthy of his love or unworthy, he loved her.

Arthur could, in the homely phrase, "bear watching," the young man's nature perpetually shifting to pleasure as the needle trembles to the pole. Dellford, set generations ago to the minor



key of Puritanism, offered little excitement of the forbidden order. A race-track some twenty miles away was Arthur's outlet for his inherent restlessness of spirit; but his fondness for horses might even make of the races an innocent pleasure. So Robert reassured Pauline, always straining her eyes after her roaming son in the manner of the caged maternal.

Two years did little to convince her that Arthur was settled in his position. For a dull life, he often told his mother, he was never made. The race-track, he discovered, was on the way to New York, and in the city he spent every available bank holiday. He was dressing far too well, spending far too much money, Pauline thought, for the salary he received; but back of her clear vision was a certain fear of him, of what he would do should she question him or chide him too far. This fear had been born of his baby tantrums. The power of negation was strong in him.

But after a time she perceived a change in him, prolonged enough to be more than a passing mood. He seemed to her to be losing his bright assurance, becoming at the same time more thoughtful or, rather, more preoccupied. She wondered if this seriousness were the beginning of a radical change in his character.

She was thinking of him, planning for him as usual one evening, when he came downstairs from his room dressed in immaculate summer costume. His white clothes heightening his fair boyish beauty, he looked to her, as he stood there in the twilight, singularly untouched, almost justifying the involuntary thrill of pride which went through her. An expression in his face—the seriousness new to her—vivified this novel impression. It was as if the long-desired Arthur shone out for an instant, giving her new hope. And to increase the wonder, he lingered as if wishing to talk to her a little, finally seating himself not ungracefully on the porch steps at her feet.

She was afraid to speak lest she should break the spell. They had never in all their lives conversed leisurely. Her snatches of talk with her son had always given her the sensation of being out of breath.

He looked up at her now, a certain shyness in his blue eyes.

"Mother, what do you think of Anita Livingstone?"

She did not answer his question for a moment. She dropped her knitting in her endeavor to fix her mind wholly upon the gypsy-like girl, with dark, decided beauty, evoked by the name he had uttered. The Livingstones were an old Dellford family, but Anita's mother had been Spanish. The girl herself had never seemed quite a part of the innocuous Dellford society, being too impulsive, too sure



in her likes and dislikes, too emotional. Pauline had seen little of her, but on the rare occasions when Anita had flashed before her vision a thrill of foreign memories was awakened in her. The dark, young face strangely recalled aspects of Florence; the high frescoed rooms; lofty balconies swung above narrow streets; a towered city lying enchanted under a gold moon like a king's platter from an Etruscan tomb; strange summer midnights when rich voices, as out of some opera, broke in upon her first sleep.

"What do I think of Anita Livingstone? Why, she seems like a very nice girl."

He smiled, his perceptions already sharpened by the first serious emotion of his life.

"She's a good deal more than that," he said thoughtfully. "She makes the others seem—seem like Longfellow after you've been reading Calderon."

His mother looked at him in astonishment.

"Wherever did you hear of Calderon?"

He laughed, a little awkwardly.

"We've been reading him together."

"Isn't this recent, Arthur?"

"The last six weeks. Up to that time I had been blind. I simply didn't see her."

"Had she seen you?"

"She sees everybody. She knows her Dellford almost as well as her Spain."

"Her Spain! She has never been there, has she?"

"In spirit all her life, I should think. She adores everything Spanish. She wants to go back to her mother's people some day. She doesn't fit in Dellford."

The mother was silent, wondering if this handsome, forcible girl could really care for Arthur. That he cared for her was written in the odd expression of his face annulling his purposeless years. What had Anita and Calderon said to him—this boy whose ears were keenest for the language of the race-course? Was his new-born interest a passing emotion, or the beginning of a nobler continuity of life?

She leaned forward and put her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"Does she care for you, Arthur?"

"I've never dared ask her," he hesitated. "I don't want to ask her till I've cleared up the past."

The old apprehension awoke at his words.

"Is there much to clear up?"



"Debts," he answered, a certain stolidity obliterating the light that had shone in his face.

She grew gray at the sound of the word.

"What debts?"

He rose, something of the old awkwardness in his movements.

"Oh, I can't explain. Nothing you need worry over."

"Where are you going?"

The formula had at last changed. He answered promptly.

"To Anita's."

Despite the weight which his confession of debt had put upon her, she had never seen him depart with less apprehension in her soul. For the first time in their Dellford life she knew just where he was going.

## V

The weeks that followed, being unusually empty of concern for Arthur—who seemed more serious, more reasonable than she had ever known him—the old haunting misery of her love for Robert came back to her, sharpened by his very kindness, his friendship of service. Though they met in a kind of sunless atmosphere, it seemed to her sometimes as if a shaft of intense light were about to break through the mist of her long bewilderment, bringing her out into clear, sure day. But she feared that she would always have his kindness, never his forgiveness.

Meanwhile Arthur was living in more seriousness of spirit than his rôle of successful wooer justified. Something appeared to have crushed out his old buoyancy, annulled his old carelessness. There were days when he looked middle-aged. Lines of worry marked his clear, childish brow. He had long fits of silence, was occasionally irritable; but it seemed to the mother more the irritability of the overworked business man than the old boyish querulousness. There were signs that Arthur was growing up.

She was sitting alone one evening when the door of the library opened and he entered, transfigured as at that other time with a light which was like a high light on his strongest features, leaving in shadow all signs of weakness. As he stood before her in the pause before speaking, he seemed almost pathetically fine and happy, as if in possession for an instant of what by the laws of his character he inevitably must surrender.

"Mother, I've brought Anita! She has promised to marry me."

There, from the dark background of the hall, emerged a young woman, who seemed in every line of her dark, clear-cut face to possess permanently what was only loaned to her lover for a glorified moment: strength, confidence, sureness of purpose.



These qualities she embodied, but her temporary manner was shy, almost appealing, as she held out a strong, lean, brown hand to Pauline.

"Will you give Arthur to me?" she said, and there was in her voice to Pauline a strange echo of her own maternal care, as if the rôles of protector and protected were in these two to be reversed.

Yet of the girl's love for him, unworthy as he might be of it, there was no doubt. Her dark olive face was all alight with romance, awakening in Pauline a strange, sad envy.

She drew the girl to her and kissed her.

"I am so glad it has come out as Arthur and I desired it."

She took her son's hand as she spoke, and the three stood together a moment, feeling the inspiration of the hour in their quickened pulses. Then the pallor in Anita's face changed to rose.

"We think we ought to be very happy, Arthur and I; and we're going to a real castle in Spain some day," she added gaily.

"Tell me of your mother. I never saw her."

"O, may I?"

"Anita's mother was of noble birth," Arthur proudly said.

"I've heard she was very beautiful. You inherit her beauty."

The girl blushed, unfeigned pleasure in her clear, direct look.

"I will bring a miniature of her to show you. I want Arthur to care for my people over seas. I am teaching him Spanish."

She sat down beside Pauline, clasping the matron's pink, soft hand in her dark, nervous one. Arthur watching them with full contentment, listened to their conversation which, unconscious though he was of it, held its note of mutual comprehension, as if these two women who loved him knew that each knew his faults and weaknesses. The difference was in Anita's deeper confidence, profounder hope. Young as she was, she seemed to Pauline to have mastered the art of living, yet she was glad and sure like those who have not lived.

In this warm atmosphere of youthful love Pauline herself seemed to take on a little of the sparkle of girlhood. Arthur thought he had never seen her so roused, so entertained.

But in the midst of their happy talk a visitor was announced. Mr. Caldwell wished to speak with Mrs. Parkes. He was waiting in the drawing room.

"Don't go, Anita," Pauline said, "we have so much to say." In her light-heartedness she spoke as a girl to a girl.

Anita nodded brightly, and Arthur looked his gay thanks for an interruption which would give her back to him these few moments.



Already, as Pauline turned to close the door behind her, they were back in their exclusive happiness.

She crossed the dimly-lighted hall to the drawing-room, where a single gas jet in the high, ponderous, old-fashioned chandelier made faint light through the oval ground-glass globe, revealing the heavy mahogany pieces of furniture whose shining surfaces were strangely suggestive of encoffined things. Over the mantel Pauline's father, in a righteous stiffness never his in his kindly lifetime, looked down from his painted velvet armchair. Facing this portrait Robert Marlowe stood, with a strangely troubled look which drew her thoughts for an instant back to a crisis of the past.

He did not smile as she greeted him, but he took her hand in a firm grasp. She read pity and concern in his eyes, and knew instinctively that he had come to speak of her son.

"Is it Arthur?" she whispered in faint, frightened tones.

He knit his brows; was silent.

"You've come to tell me something about Arthur. O! I see it in your face."

"I'd give much to spare you."

The words echoed back to another scene. The chill of a horrible logic stiffened her poor plaintive features even in their nervous working. Then it had been Robert's father. Was it now to be her son?

"Don't spare me! I don't deserve to be spared. I never spared you."

The cry of anguish in her voice summed up for him the secret misery of her years. He knew then that her deadness was the deadness of remorse.

"Pauline," he said gently, "let me say first that what you speak of was long ago forgiven."

She forgot Arthur, rising on that word as on wings.

"You forgive me."

"I forgave you, dear."

"Would God I could forgive myself!"

"You will have to forgive both yourself and Arthur."

"Arthur! Yes. What has he done? Has he, too, repaid your kindness in the coin of the mother's treachery?"

"Pauline," his voice was stern, "cease from this. Not treachery—the boy is kindly, but he has drifted into trouble. He needed money for the races, I suppose, and —"

"He took it from the bank," she finished, a strange calm suddenly possessing her, giving her the proud look of the girl he had first loved.



"Yes, he took it from the bank."

She drew herself up. Her weakness had fallen from her like an old tattered garment. Invested with a new tragic dignity she faced him.

"How much did he take?"

"About five thousand dollars in all, of which to our knowledge he has replaced about six hundred. To his mind I suppose it was—a loan."

"No, he is a thief."

"Hush! It's a hard word."

"I will say it. Did I spare your father? I will not spare my son."

"But I wish to spare the mother," he said with quiet authority. "And to spare you I have made your boy my debtor, and not the bank's—criminal. I have seen the directors. I have repaid to the bank the forty-five hundred. They have—we have agreed to dismiss him quietly because he is your son, and John Marlowe's grandson."

"You may spare him"—her voice was low, deep, authoritative—"but I will not. Did I spare you? Did my judgment spare your father? I have slunk through life. I will pay now—pay to the uttermost farthing." She turned towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To Arthur."

"Where is he?"

"In the room across the hall with Anita Livingstone. She must know."

She waited for no further word, crossing the hall with a quick, sure step. He followed, wondering at the sudden, sharp play of steel, the gleam of it flashing back over the years to the night when it had cut her life from his. Now the sword was turned against herself and her own.

She threw open the door, stood on the threshold a pale, dis-senting figure in the rose-light with which the room seemed almost literally filled. Caldwell, with a curious neutrality in his face, was just behind her.

The vivid look, transforming Arthur into a strong, new creature—the look which throughout the evening had suggested that a higher curiosity concerning life than ever before had penetrated his vague consciousness—was instantly changed as his mother's eyes met his; changed, however, without loss of intensity. He became as grave as he had been gay.

Anita glanced from mother to son with brilliant, searching



eyes. It was she who broke the strange, echoing silence which Pauline's reappearance had created.

"You wish to speak with Arthur?"

"I particularly wish to speak with Arthur."

Again the swift look from mother to son, then to Robert Caldwell, the negativity of his face now broken through with positive reluctance, with protest.

"Shall I go?"

"No, remain please," Pauline's measured voice brought out.

"What I have to say you, above all others, should hear."

Then Arthur spoke, his voice hard and husky, but with a quality of firmness in it which seemed to express further, and to emphasize, the odd vivid look in his face.

"I know what you are going to say. I know what Mr. Caldwell has told you—that I have used the bank's money."

For an instant Pauline's face lighted, as if with gratitude that he had taken the words from her lips pronouncing a judgment over which the maternal voice might well have broken. Then the stern mood, born of her desire to atone to the man at her side, rendered her again impersonal, unwavering.

"You have, it seems, stolen nearly five thousand dollars from the bank. You know the penalty of the crime?"

He was silent. He moved a little nearer to Anita.

"You know the penalty of the crime?"

"You are cruel!" Anita's bell-like voice rang out of an astonishment of which this news was less the cause than the mother's inexplicable attitude. Pauline seemed to the girl a show-woman exhibiting a deformity with callous indifference.

"Arthur, is this true?"

The soul of the young man seemed to die before them, but the rigid body still retained that unaccustomed dignity which had seemed prophetic of an ampler life.

He turned pleading eyes to Anita.

"Yes, it's true, dear. I took it—before I knew you."

It was the strongest plea, they felt instinctively, that he would ever make, so thoroughly identified with this young girl were all his newborn gropings toward better things.

Anita knit her brows, but Pauline could see that she was preparing no hard judgment; rather seeking, in her clear, practical way, for the right road out. The mother saw this with a certain bitterness of resentment, as if she alone of all the world of women had been untrue to a lover in his hour of need. Anita was showing to Robert Caldwell, showing in the tremulous sweetness of her



mouth, in her pleading eyes, in the whole light of prophetic atonement flooding her face, what a miserable, cowardly spirit a girl called Pauline Marlowe had once betrayed.

The mother again sought to fortify herself in the midst of this ruin, which seemed all hers and not her son's, by magnificent judgment upon him.

"Robert Caldwell wishes to shield you, to make you his debtor. He has paid back the money into the bank. I desire, above everything else in the world, Arthur, that you should suffer the full penalty."

Anita looked searchingly at Pauline, then took Arthur's hand. The young man raised his face to Robert's, meeting his eyes squarely and hopefully.

"Is this true, sir?—that you have taken on yourself my——"

"Debt," Robert added quickly. "Yes, Arthur."

"It is ——" Arthur looked at his mother, "a theft—but, sir, it was not so in intention. I meant to pay back—but I lost race after race—kept taking a little more, hoping to wipe all out in one great stroke. I'm willing"—his grasp on Anita's hand tightened—"I'm willing to go to jail, to pay my penalty."

The girl's voice rang out in sweet, importunate pleading.

"Ah, no, Mr. Caldwell, not that! You say you've paid in the money. We'll sign a note for it. We'll go somewhere—we'll go out West, work and toil together to pay back every penny, and with interest. Will we not, Arthur?"

The old light of transfiguration shone through the gaunt lines of care in the young man's face.

"Sir, I am ready to pay any penalty, but if you will let me do this it will seem like heaven's own mercy to me."

"I will let you do it."

Arthur turned to Anita.

"And you are willing, knowing what you do, to stand by me?"

"I love you," she said simply.

Anger, as inexplicable to the youthful pair as it was clear to Robert Caldwell, filled Pauline's face—anger that she was thus robbed of her atonement.

Robert had followed her anguished moods throughout this interview, waiting, it seemed to him, as one might wait at the summit of the purgatorial hill for the last purification of the upward laboring soul. The light of the purifying, transforming fire was in her face now.

"Your way is made easy," she cried, "your burdens are carried by others. What of the great, innocent souls who bear the sins of



many! You take money that is not your own, yet you suffer nothing!"

"But I did suffer," he said, in a low voice.

"What did you intend to do about it?" she questioned harshly. "Would you have told Anita?"

He knit his brows.

"I'll tell the truth. I did not intend to tell her. I have been negotiating with a New York broker for the loan of the sum. I was trying to transform a—theft into a debt."

"You get off easily."

"Why are you so horrible to him," Anita cried. "Can't you see he suffers!"

Her dark, intense face looked her belief in the unnaturalness of Pauline's maternity. Robert Caldwell raised his hand.

"Hush, Anita! where you don't understand, don't judge."

The ice about the mother's heart melted at the words. A white light crept up her face as if she stood in that dawn, under that sky, which is aloof from all human justification.

"She shall understand. I will tell her," she said gently.

"Years ago, Anita, I was engaged to Robert Caldwell; I broke the engagement because of his father's misfortune. I could not share disgrace, even vicarious disgrace. I had not your brave and true spirit. Can you not see now why I would not spare Arthur?"

The girl was silent for a moment. As she gazed at Pauline the brightness of her eyes was dimmed.

"Forgive me," she said.

"It is I who need forgiveness."

She turned wearily away, signing to the lovers to go back to their own world, closing the door upon them before she faced Robert in the dimly-lighted hall. In his eyes she read a cry to her, but she steeled herself against it.

"I am judged—judged by my son, by my daughter, by life itself; judged, yet incapable of atoning. Robert, if I could only atone!"

"Pauline, do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"I love you—have always loved you. Is there more to be said? Let us live out our lives together!"

As two who might meet in the fairest country, purged from the dishonors of the earthly warfare, they gazed into each other's eyes, while the years receded and an eternal vista opened. Then hand in hand they crossed the hall together, going quietly into the path of their recovered destiny.





A HOLD-UP

*Courtesy of Leslie's Monthly*





### The Eternal Feminine

It is no longer unfashionable for a woman to earn her own living. The columns of the press have over and over again contained stories of how women of title are carrying on businesses, usually, I am glad to say, with complete success.

In France they have less nonsense than we have in the affairs of daily life, and especially where women are concerned. Indeed, woman holds in France a position which is utterly unlike her place in any other country in the world. That nation, so absurdly dubbed frivolous by those who do not know her, is really one of the most industrious nations in the world, and idleness is held to be a vice with women as with men. Even the tripper to Paris knows that in every shop the till is, and the account books are, in the hands of women; and those who know social life intimately there are aware that the wife and mother practically rules the household.

In America women have not the same recognized place as workers as they have in France. The typical American husband still feels that it is his duty to make, and his wife's duty to spend, the money. But, nevertheless, American women are, as a rule, very energetic. That terrible question of servants, which vexes the housekeeper in all lands, is an even more difficult problem in America, and this has had the result of making the American housekeeper much more self-helpful than the housekeeper of England. Many a time one is greeted in country districts by a

housekeeper who has evidently been brushing her own floor, and who in a few moments is transformed into the smart and graceful hostess ready to receive with ease and dignity any visitor. A little table which I find in the *World's Work* for January gives me a startling idea of how much women have entered into the occupations of men. For instance, take two of these items. Under the heading "Hunters, trappers, guides, and scouts"—all occupations that would appear to be the proper pursuit for men exclusively—the number of women employed is very large. The numbers stand: Male, 10,020; female, 1,320. When it comes to more intellectual pursuits, the numbers approach each other still more closely, as thus: "Authors and scientists": Male, 3,442; female, 2,616.—*M. A. P.*

### Doing His Best

Diana has taught the twins that thunder is the voice of God. The three were strolling far from home one afternoon when the heavens began to utter their deep note of warning.

"Quick, quick, children," called Diana; "don't you hear the thunder? It says: 'Go home, go home! It's going to rain!'" Then she took little twin sister's hand and scurried along, while Nathaniel brought up a panting rear. Again and again the thunder rumbled and muttered. Each time Nathaniel looked impatiently over his shoulder and stumped on a little faster. Finally an especially threatening roar burst



forth from the sky. In exasperation Nathaniel called out:

"I hear you, good Lord; I hear you. Can't you see I'm going as fast as I can? You must 'member that I'm only four 'ears old!"—*M. P. B. in Harper's Magazine.*

### The Apostle of Pessimism

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is impatient of the low plane of the modern stage. He declares that "the existing popular drama of the day is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains"; and he believes that no regeneration can come so long as the drama of the day is written "for the theatres instead of from its own inner necessity." But although he has the poet's knack of seeing true, his method is not poetic, and poetry is not commonly the result of his intellectual labor. He spends no time on faint, nervous rhythms and wintry images. In his plays he is chiefly concerned with lifting the veil from popular morality and holding up the glass to its distorted face. It cannot be said that he does not greatly enjoy this somewhat gruesome occupation. His

work is full of the humors discovered by him in the pursuit of his critical duty. In his drama, as in that of the Japanese playwright, the comic runs by the side of the grave and sober; the spiritual and the ludicrous have no repulsion for each other. His characters are set in a sharp, strong noonday, dazzling to the unaccustomed eye. Nor is he rebellious against the conventional arrangements of the stage. "I have always cast my plays in the ordinary practical comedy form in use at all the theatres," he says, "and far from taking an unsympathetic view of the popular demand for fun, for fashionable dresses, for a pretty scene or two, a little music, and even for a great ordering of drinks by people with an expensive air from an if-possible-comic waiter, I was more than willing to show that the drama can humanize these things as easily as they, in undramatic hands, can dehumanize the drama."—*Elizabeth Luther Cary in The Lamp.*

### The Democratic Policy

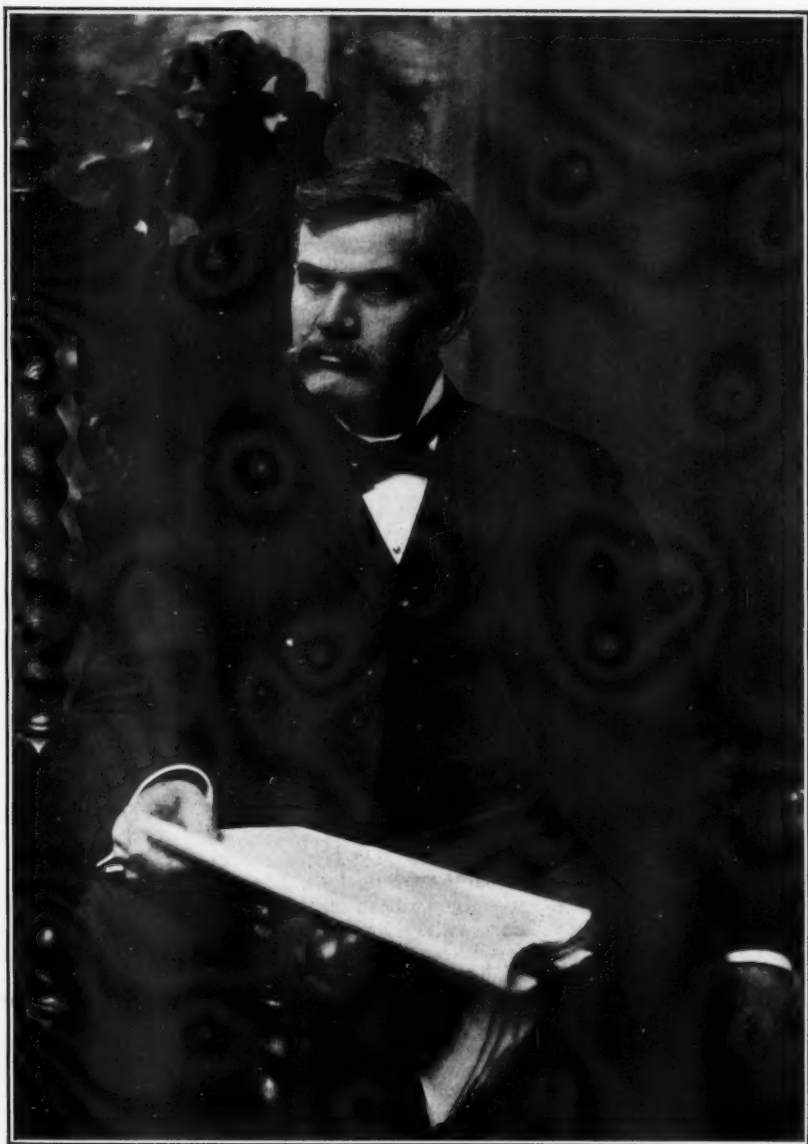
The two great parties are fundamentally divided as to the tariff. The Democratic party stands for the principle that protectionism is a system of taxation, whereby



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN HIS STUDY  
*Drawn by Max Beerbohm*

*The Sphere*





*Photograph, copyright 1903, by Clinchinst*

**JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS**  
DEMOCRATIC LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



many are robbed in order that a few may be hot-housed by legislation into artificial prosperity. The method whereby "protection" does this is by deflecting capital and labor from naturally profitable pursuits into pursuits made by legislation profitable, pursuits which without legislation would have been less profitable, or perhaps not profitable at all.

The ultimate goal of Democratic striving is "tariff for revenue only," but in the striving toward this goal common sense, good judgment, and conservatism will prevail, and time will enter as a factor. Perhaps it might be said that an "ideal Democratic tariff for revenue only" would consist in levying import duties upon all, or nearly all, imports, dividing them, however, into three classes: first, necessities of life and necessities of industries; secondly, comforts; and third, luxuries.

The same great Democratic principle of equality applied to the Philippine Islands will give as a result of its application the Democratic policy there. The Philippine Islands ought not to be retained as a part of the American body politic, because, from the very nature of the population—alien and inimical—they cannot, with safety to our rule, be given "equal opportunities" and subjected only to "equal burdens." A country which has been afflicted, as this has been, from the landing of the first slave-ship at Jamestown down to now, with an apparently insoluble race problem ought never to have annexed another, and, having annexed it, ought to "un-annex" it just as soon as may be practicable.

On the other hand, if, in spite of all the lessons of history, they are to be retained anyhow, then in their trade relations with the people of the balance of the United States, and with regard to their natural rights, they should have "equal opportunities and equal burdens" under the flag and under the Constitution. They should be permitted to grow rich as we have grown rich by sharing the magnificent benefits of free trade between all parts of the Union.

As to the isthmian canal question, the Democracy wants a canal. It wanted it, by an overwhelming majority within its ranks, at Nicaragua, because of the natural advantages of that route regardless of the first cost.

The question of first cost is a mere bagatelle in contrast with the attainment of these two great ends.

The Democracy, however, is for a canal, and is willing to take a canal at Panama, if at all, because it cannot get the other and because it will do the American navy, American commerce, and American industry a vast deal of good even if constructed there. On the other hand, we are not responsible for what the Administration has already done; we do not endorse it; we do not condone it.—*John Sharp Williams in Everybody's Magazine.*

### Prescience

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:

'Twill not be always thine to woo,  
And lifeless fingers have no care  
If laid therein be rose or rue.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:

Give me today to hear thee vow  
How dear my eyes, my lips, my hair,  
Nor wait for Death to teach thee how.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:

Lock me today in thy embrace!  
Too late when striving candles flare  
To rain thy kisses on my face!

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:

Walk with me gently down the days,  
Lest Death come on us, unaware,  
And point the parting of the ways.  
—*Rose Mills Powers in Good Housekeeping.*

### Sailing Made Safe and Seasickless

At last the umbrella, or cyclone sail, is a reality. Time and again attempts have been made to construct a sail of this kind, but not until the past summer have the efforts been satisfactory. The umbrella sail, which is an English invention, is attracting attention of yachtsmen in all parts of the world. With this type of sail a small boat, which could not safely carry to exceed 200 square feet of canvas with an ordinary rig, can carry 360 square feet without danger.

In fact, the risk of being capsized is therefore practically removed, while the increased speed of the boat is nearly in proportion to the increase in her canvas. . . . The original boat put in service this year at Cowes, England, is only 17 feet on the water-line, but carries an umbrella sail





*Courtesy of Popular Mechanics*

THE UMBRELLA OR CYCLONE SAIL IN ACTION

which measures 30 feet horizontally, and 16 feet up and down. The sail also serves as an immense awning. *The American Shipbuilder* says the chief feature of the cyclone sail, which is practically a large umbrella, is that the wind pressure on it has no effect whatever to incline the boat. Roughly speaking, the pull of the sail is at right angles to its mean surface—that is to say, in the direction of the mast.

In other words, it may be described as a kite held by a rigid string. If the mast were stepped quite on the lee side of the boat, it is evident that the sail would lift the lee side and so list the boat to windward; and if the mast were stepped on the weather side, lifting the weather side of the boat, it would necessarily list the boat to leeward. It follows, then, that there is some certain point—which happens to be slightly on the lee side of the centre line—at which, if the mast is stepped, there will be no tendency for the wind to careen the boat at all. When actually sailing in the boat, the only way in which one is aware

of a puff of wind is by noticing that the boat travels faster, and experiencing a slight sensation similar to that coming from the acceleration of the engines in a steamer. For sailing with the wind in different directions to the boat, the whole mast and sail are rotated by means of a turn-table, to which the mast is attached, and the mast is elevated and lowered by means of two tackles. There is also a balance-weight, which helps to elevate the mast and balance its dead weight.

The Thornycrofts, the great English boat-builders, are experimenting in the expectation that the umbrella sail can be adapted to rowboats, canoes, and other small craft.—*Popular Mechanics*.

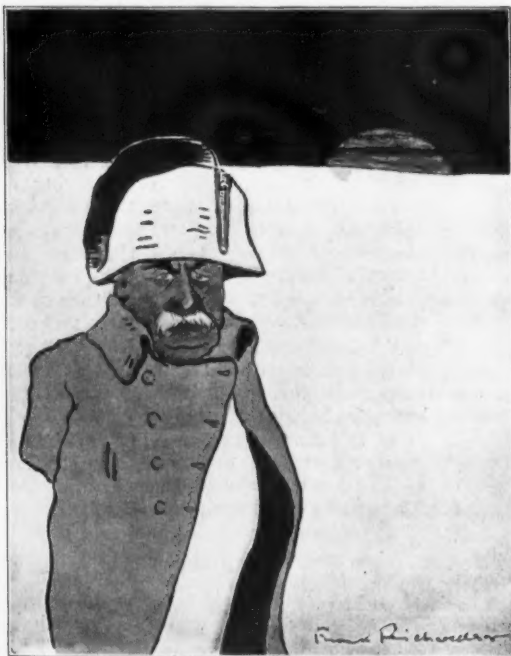
### "Business is Business"

I have sold goods over a quarter century. During that time I have traveled at least fifteen thousand miles a year, and in one year it was over forty thousand miles.



I go only to the large cities, and see only the large trade. There are railroads and large companies to which I cannot sell because I will not buy the purchasing agents. How do I know? By many little things which make me morally sure of it, so sure that there are large users whom I never call on. This has culminated in one or two rare instances by buyers asking me for a commission. I have seen purchasing agents on salaries of \$2,000 and \$3,000 grow very rich. This is all I can vouch for on personal knowledge, as I have never bribed a man to buy, and our company does not allow it.

My friend Jones had an understanding with his house that he could draw up to \$30,000 a year without explanation as to how it was spent. The head of the concern was worth millions, and, of course, they did a large business. The goods they dealt in do not sell to municipal governments or to the railroads, but to the large jobbing trade.



THE NAPOLEON OF FINANCE  
*An English Prophecy of Morgan's Waterloo*

The Tailor

It has been a common remark in the West that the purchasing agent of a railroad would become rich on a salary of \$2,000 or \$3,000. They have been known to build \$25,000 houses out of the surplusage of one year's income. The vice-president of a car manufacturing company told me a few years ago that he did the bulk of the selling for his company, and that nine-tenths of his orders were got by bribing the purchasing agents and occasionally the president or vice-president. Sealskin sacks to the wives were a not uncommon method. In one case it was a fine horse and carriage; in another a yacht. The treasurer of another company dealing in railroad supplies told me how, before he went to a neighboring city, he invariably sent his own personal check (not his company's, because that would not look well) to the purchasing agent of one of the largest systems on this continent. This man, now dead, was a fine-looking, white-haired Scotchman, elder in the Presbyterian Church, and universally respected. When the salesman got there he went through the railroad's supply stock, made up the order, and fixed the prices. He remarked, with a wink, that his company did not lose any money even if they had paid a thousand dollars before each trip. These checks were never acknowledged and nothing was said. They ranged from \$500 to \$1,000 each time, and my friend shrewdly remarked that once or twice when the checks had been small the order had been cut short before finished, and the benevolent, white-haired old purchasing agent had remarked that he had to give so and so, mentioning a rival firm, a little of his business, you know. After these gentle hints larger checks were sent, and the rival did not get a smell of the business, no matter how low his prices were.

This corruption extends down to the smallest details of buying and selling, where the buyer is not buying for his own use but for some one else. Thus the milk dealers in New York complain that it is impossible to serve the



people in flats without bribing the janitor. If he is not bribed, something always happens to cause complaints.

And it runs all the way up the gamut to what Judge Grosscup calls the "incorporated dishonesty" of the shipbuilding trust, engineered by a Schwab and a Morgan.—*The President of a Large Corporation in The World To-Day.*

### For the Over-Inquisitive

Beside a clock in a grocery appears the following gentle hint:

THIS IS A CLOCK!

IT IS RUNNING.

IT IS STANDARD TIME.

IT IS RIGHT.

IT IS SET EVERY DAY.

NOW KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

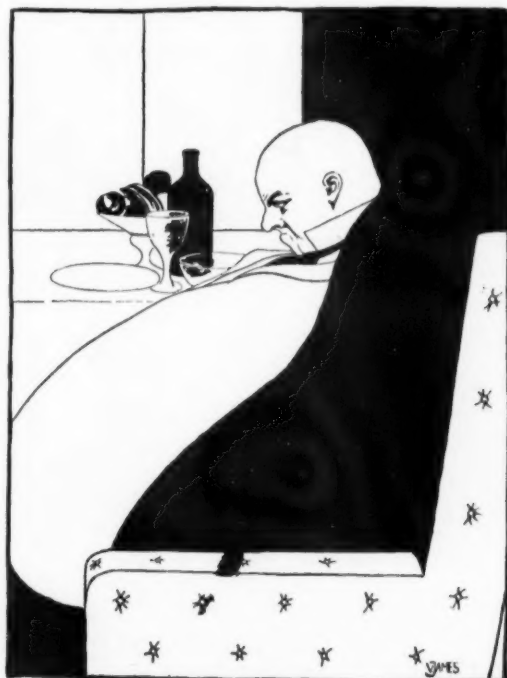
This is not the best advice possible for the proprietor of a grocery.—*Mahin's Magazine.*

### "Automatic Drawings"

"Automatisms" have recently been made a frequent topic of investigation by psychologists; and although the exact reason why some persons have them and others do not remains as little explained as does the precise character and content which they may affect in a given individual, yet we are now so well acquainted with their variety that we can class them under familiar types.

The rudiment of all the motor-automatisms seems to be the tendency of our muscles to act out any performance of which we may think. They do so without deliberate intention, and often without awareness on our part—as where one swings a ring by a thread in a glass and finds that it strikes the number of times of which we think; or as when we play the willing game, and, laying our hands on the blindfolded "percipient," involuntarily guide him by our checking or encouraging pressure until he lays his hands upon the object which is hid.

A certain man, C. H. P., married, fifty years old, made his living as a bookkeeper until the autumn of 1901, when he fractured his spine in an elevator accident. Since the accident he has been incapable of carrying on his former occupation. For several years previous to the accident automatic hand-movements, twitchings, etc., had occurred, but having no familiarity with automatic phenomena Mr. P. thought they were mere "nervousness," and discouraged them. He thinks the "drawing" would have come earlier had he understood the premonitory symptoms and taken a pencil into his hand. The hand-movements grew more marked a few months after the elevator accident, but Mr. P. can see no definite reason for ascribing to the accident any part in their production. They were converted into definite movements of drawing by an exhibition which he witnessed. The account which follows is in Mr. P.'s own words:



"A FELLOW OF INFINITE CHEST"

Drawn by V. James

The Teller





*Courtesy of The Popular Science Monthly*

## AUTOMATIC DRAWINGS



"The style of design which my hand draws is strange to me. I have never observed anything like it anywhere. Neither do I know of any influence, suggestive or otherwise, that could have given me this power, with the exception (as I have stated) of having seen a man make a slight exhibition of automatic drawing, but this exhibition was long after I had noticed movements of my own hand. However, that exhibition gave me the idea of taking a pencil into my hand to try for results. One point I might state clearly. While drawing, my eyes are fastened intently on the point of the pencil in contact with the paper, following the course of the pencil as if they were fascinated by it. Of automatic writing I have done little. Occasionally the name of a near relative will appear, sometimes with figures attached. Sometimes an incoherent sentence will be commenced, but not finished. The name and figures usually appear either on a face or under or over it. Occasionally a word or line is written in (as I suppose) some ancient language, under or close to a drawing. I have never been able to discover what language this is. Perhaps it is, like the drawings, imperfect."

I saw Mr. P. make one drawing. His hand on that occasion moved very slowly in small circles, not leaving the paper till the drawing had, as it were, thickened itself up. He seemed to grow very abstracted before the close of the performance, but on testing his hand with a needle, it showed no anesthesia.—*Professor William James in The Popular Science Monthly.*

### Song of the Box Office

Shove 'em in, crowd 'em in;  
 Cord 'em in the aisles,  
 Jam 'em in the orchestra,  
 Heap 'em up in piles.  
 Pack 'em in the galleries,  
 Crowd 'em high and low,  
 All must pay, and money makes  
 Ev'ry show a "Go."  
 Never mind the ordinance,  
 We are up to tricks;  
 Commonly officials are  
 Easy men to "fix."  
 Fire? Maybe. Let it come,  
 We are well secured;  
 Everything inside of the  
 Theatre's insured.  
 Ram 'em in, jam 'em in,  
 Till the seats are sold,

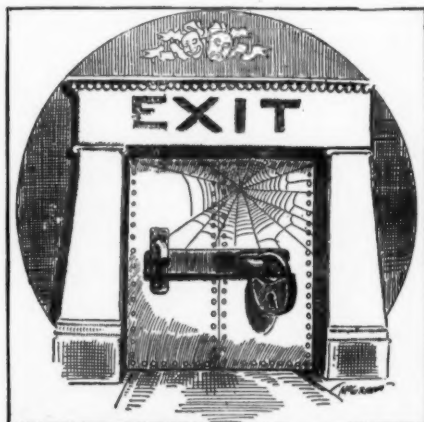
Let the rest buy standing room—  
 All the house will hold.  
 Leave the exit doors alone;  
 Swinging them about,  
 Just to see if they will work,  
 Wears the hinges out.  
 Suppose the lights get working hard,  
 Wires will all get hot;  
 Insulating each of them  
 Costs an awful lot.  
 Keep the crowd all streaming in,  
 Chase 'em in by guess,  
 All must pay to get inside—  
 That's what makes success.  
 —*James Montague in The New York Journal.*

### School

The Cranbray School for Boys.  
 All the Distractions.  
 Healthy. In seventy-five years not a single pupil has died from overstudy.  
 Democratic. Out of thirty-seven boys killed at football last year, only fifteen were sons of fathers worth more than fifty millions. Other distinctions bestowed with equal disregard for family connections.  
 Military Drill. There is nothing like our military drill to impart the precision and cruelty necessary to success in modern life.—*Life.*

### The French Industrial System

At times the French workman exerts an almost superhuman amount of energy. But at other times he relapses into a state of sloth and carelessness which it is diffi-



SAVE THE HINGES!

Cartoon by McCutcheon

Chicago Tribune



cult to imagine. He is very restless and continually changing his employment; the French law as to the giving of characters, which is very severe on the employer, enables him to do this with ease. A character means nothing in France, and it is equally easy for a bad "hand" to obtain work as for a good one. Moreover, as a natural consequence of this continual shifting, there are usually plenty of vacancies; things are kept on the move, so to speak; manufacturers are in constant need of hands, and are often obliged to recruit from a body of men who have had no previous experience in their particular branch. The effect of this on the output of wares is disastrous. Goods are often delivered in a shameful condition, the carelessness of employees about to leave and the inexperience of new hands are evidenced by some glaring defect. What is true of the simple workman is true also of all in the industrial scale. Warehousemen and packers, clerks, foremen, and managers are all tainted with unbusinesslike habits, and a purchaser's order has to run the gauntlet of all this incapacity. We do not for a moment suggest that the French are not industrious; that would be entirely untrue; but it may be safely said that in the field of manufacture they have but small capabilities. Agriculture in one form or another is their principal occupation, and a love of this pursuit is characteristic of the whole nation. Many commercial men at the point at which they might develop their businesses into great undertakings abandon them; they are satisfied with a small fortune, and retire into the country, where, on some small holding, they indulge in the passion of their lives—the culture of the soil. This change of direction adds another impediment to the progress of industrial efficiency.—*The World's Work* (English edition).

### Why the Sky is Blue

The blue color of the sky on a clear day is familiar to all. And yet how many have considered the source of this delicate mantle of azure which nature spreads over the dome of the heavens? Newton's study of the color of the sky was a part of the brilliant optical experiments which

he finished about the year 1675. While absorbed in these labors, during the year 1666, the young philosopher admitted a beam of sunlight into his chamber through a small aperture in the window shutter. On passing it through a triangular prism of glass he produced the famous experiment of colors, leading at once to the solar spectrum; and when this spectrum was again passed through a reversed prism he produced white light. He used soap bubbles as the most practical means of getting films of water of the requisite thinness, and studied the colors which they exhibit.

It is well known that under the action of gravity the water composing such a thin shell tends to run down on all sides, so that the walls of the bubble grow thin at the top and thicken toward the bottom. After a time the bubble becomes so thin at the top that further flow of water from this point can hardly take place, and finally the bubble bursts. But before this last stage is reached a degree of thinness in the walls of the bubble is attained which causes it to glow with brilliant iridescent colors. Newton noticed that on top of the thin bubble illuminated by white sky light a black spot is formed; with increase of thickness downward from this point on all sides, a red band next appears, then a blue one; then again, red and blue, red and blue, and so on; the colors showing more extremes of red and purple in the higher orders. This blue band, which first expands outward from the black spot at the top, and descends slowly with the subsidence of the water, Newton called the "blue of the first order"; and although somewhat dingy, he judged it to be of the same tint as the blue of the sky. According to the laws of polarization of light by reflection, this proved that the light of the sky is sunlight reflected from solid particles in the air. Moreover, the maximum polarization occurs in a great circle of the heavens, ninety degrees from the sun. In 1853 the German physicist, Brücke, showed that the light scattered by fine particles in a turbid medium is blue, and that the blue of the sky is in reality much deeper than Newton had supposed, being of at least the second or third order.

In 1869 Tyndall showed by some beautiful experiments, which have since become famous, that when the particles causing



the turbidity are so exceedingly fine as to be invisible with a powerful microscope, the scattered light is not only a magnificent blue, but it is polarized in the plane of scattering, the amount of the polarization being a maximum at an angle of ninety degrees with the incident light. The definition of objects seen through this fine-grained medium was found to be unimpaired by the turbidity.

Having thus penetrated the cause of the blue color of the sky, it is not a very great leap to infer that a similar explanation

holds for the color of the ocean, which next to the sky offers to our senses the most attractive tints of the great objects in nature. The saline and other mineral substances dissolved in the waters of the sea may be looked upon as infinitely small particles in a turbid medium; and these should reflect the sunlight and give a bluish-green appearance to the ocean, just such as we observe. For the salts are not in chemical combination with the water, but merely dissolved in the medium, and thus constitute an infinitely fine mixture



Low Browne

The Sketch

#### AFTER THE CELEBRATION

"I CANNA REMEMBER—HIC—WHAT THE BRIDE WAS LIKE, DONALD!"  
 "WHIST, MON, IT WISNA A MERRIAGE! IT WIS A FUN'RAL!"



of molecules and particles suspended in a colorless fluid. The light of the sun penetrates the ocean to a considerable depth before all the reflections are produced, and the depth of this layer is such that some of the shorter waves of blue are absorbed, while the slightly longer waves of green are transmitted. This accounts for the appearance of the well-known greenish tinge in the color of the ocean.—*T. J. F. See in The Atlantic Monthly.*

### "The Better Part of Valor"

Mr. Nolan had received a long tongue-lashing from Mr. Quigley, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor by a prompt use of his fists.

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Nolan, dubiously, "and look at the size of him."

"Sure and you don't want folks to be saying Terry Nolan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend.

"Well, I dunno," and Mr. Nolan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that than to have them saying day after tomorrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"—*The Youth's Companion.*

### A Lucky Man

In the good old times lived a lucky man  
Who boarded himself on a simple plan—  
At least in his salad-days.

His meals were ready, foul weather or fine;  
And when he was hungry he went to dine,  
Untroubled by means or ways.

He'd never been told of the microbes small  
That wriggle and wiggle and creep and crawl  
In all things consumed by man.  
He never had learned that bacilli bold  
Are pining to fasten with bull-dog hold  
On our vitals when they can.

No doctor had warned him of ptomaines, or  
The bacteria vile that swarm galore  
In the cup that merely cheers.  
Nobody had told him what drinks to shun,  
That coffee's a snare of the evil one,  
And that bugs infest all beers.

No rumor had reached him that meat's a fad,  
That fish is a danger and fowl's as bad,  
That pie should be draped with crape.  
No hint had he that the juice of the cow  
Is alive with beasties that don't allow  
A guilty man to escape.

He never had dreamed of the grewsome things  
With teeth, beaks, claws, and most poisonons  
stings

That dwell in the deadly ham;  
Nor had he surmised that the typhoid germ  
In the oyster's innards delights to squirm,  
Or that death lurks in the clam.

No journals of health and no "pure food" ads.  
Ever scared him silly and took his scads,

Or told him, "Unedea bite  
Of our shredded thistles and flaked baled hay,"  
"Stop the grazing-habit," "Take Anti-Bray,"  
"Try Balaam's bran mash—it's light."

Poor, ignorant, unhygienic lad!  
You didn't know what an escape you'd had  
When you dined with ox and ass.  
And Nebuchadnezzar, be glad *inside*  
That sterilized health-foods you never tried  
Nor ate predigested grass.

—*W. E. P. French in Life.*

### Etiquette for Flat Dwellers

People who must live in flats will be glad to hear that Mr. W. E. D. Stokes, proprietor of the Ansonia, one of New York's best apartment houses, has formulated a code of rules for his tenants that may become the standard of etiquette in flat-life generally. The need of some sort of law governing this matter has long been felt. Many a lady whose apartments are on the top floor has been wondering whether she ought or ought not to consider herself the equal of the lady who has the first flat on the second floor. Their maids may sit together on the rear stairway and gossip through the dumb-waiter shaft, but these facts cannot be regarded as sufficient in themselves for the obliteration of social barriers between our ladies of the flats. Therefore the rules promulgated by Mr. Stokes will remove a great strain and be hailed with deep gratitude. Here are the principal laws of apartment-house etiquette as Mr. Stokes has interpreted them:

1. Don't feel that you are forced to receive other tenants in your apartment house as social equals just because they pay the same rent you do.

2. Don't feel obliged to call on Mrs. A. because your children and hers play together. That doesn't make the parents acquainted.

3. Gentlemen residing in the same apartment house with a lady will bow to her





HENRY HARLAND, THE NOVELIST  
IN HIS LONDON HOME



when they meet, on the elevator or in the hallway. This shall not apply to meeting on the street, however, unless there is some further claim to acquaintance than being tenants of the same landlord.

4. If you are calling on one tenant in an apartment house and wish to call on another in the same house, go downstairs and send your card up to the second tenant. Do not go direct from the first apartment to the second.

5. A quarrel between you and the other children's parents should not prevent your children from playing with the others, but must keep them from visiting.

We might add, not for the purpose of discrediting Mr. Stokes, but merely because we fear that he has in his haste overlooked a few important points, these supplementary rules:

1. Don't suppose because Mrs. B. takes ice from the same iceman whom you patronize that you must regard her as your social equal. Give her the cold stare just

the same as if she got her icebox filled by somebody else.

2. Never permit your husband to run across the hall at night when the J. woman yells for help. The burglars who are disturbing her may be the ones who entered your flat the week before, but that does not necessarily raise her to your social level.

3. Remember that because Mrs. F. gets milk out of the same can from which your milk is dipped she is not necessarily a member of your set. Don't invite her to call merely on that account.

4. Don't imagine that you are obliged to receive Mrs. N. simply because she came downstairs to jaw the janitor while you were giving him gowdy.

5. If you have quarrelled with the people in the flat below you because they don't like your pianola, and they have also fallen out with the people below them on account of their talking machine, you are not to suppose that you and the other offenders are social equals.

Through a strict observance of these simple rules people who live in flats may avoid many heartaches, and the stability of our democratic institutions will be assured.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

## A Latter-Day Dickens

The picture of the late Mr. Gissing, on page 421, is the work of Mrs. Clarence Rook. It was made on his last visit to England at the house of Mr. H. G. Wells, who for a joke had signed Mrs. Rook's sketch as well as Mr. Gissing. This picture gives a capital impression of the late novelist.

Mr. George Gissing, it seems to me, was a demonstration that it is not only of the poets it can be said that

They learn in suffering what  
they teach in song.

It was his experience, through some years of penury in London, of the life of what are called the "lower middle classes"—those illiterate classes whose favorite expressions may be summarised in "Isn't it?" and "Only fancy!"—that his greatest gifts came out.



THE RURAL ROCKEFELLER

WHAT! FIVE DOLLARS A GALLON FOR GASOLINE! THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS! WAL, THERE'S ANOTHER STORE TEN MILES FURTHER ON. MEBBE YE MIGHT GET IT A LITTLE CHEAPER THERE.



Here, I think, he had a grip on the realities of life that left him unequalled among recent English writers of fiction. Others have described the poor, the rich, and Mr. Matthew Arnold's great "middle class," with abundant talent; but that class which Dickens knew so well in the thirties, when, as I am inclined to believe, it had higher spirits and more of humor than it knows today—spirits and humor which were not all of the author's inven-

picture of a phase of English life that has not been painted by any other artist, will outlive the work of most of his contemporaries—of the men, that is to say, of the same age as himself. Yet it cannot be said that any success attended the presentation of these marvellous pictures. I know one editor who published one of Mr. Gissing's books serially in a newspaper, and for many years was constantly publishing his short stories, though I am confident



*The Sphere*

#### THE LATE GEORGE GISSING

*Drawn from life by Mrs. Clarence Rook*

tion—has only been described as it is today by Mr. Gissing.

Mr. Gissing knew that world, as it has existed in the eighties and nineties, thoroughly. He had seen it in all its monstrous sordidness and unloveliness, and he has painted it with the truthfulness of one of the Dutch masters. I am not sure but that some of those early books of Mr. Gissing's, containing as they do a

that there was practically no public appreciation of the work. It secured a few genuine admirers, and among them Mr. Gissing was naturally most gratified by the appreciation of such eminent contemporaries as Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Barrie.

I recall several pleasant Whitsuntide holidays in Mr. Gissing's company at Aldeburgh when the days were delightfully



passed on Mr. Edward Clodd's boat, the *Lotus*. Mr. Gissing contributed the following verses to our host's notebook on one of these occasions:

The *Lotus* on a sunny reach,  
And friends aboard her frankly human,  
Chatting o'er all that time can teach—  
Of heaven and earth, of man and woman.

An eddy in the silent flow  
Of days and years that bear us—whither?  
We know not; but 'tis well to know  
We spent this sunny day together.

—Clement K. Shorter in *The Sphere*.

### How Medicines "Go to the Right Spot"

Recent experiments in France show that the white-blood globules, also called "leucocytes," fulfil a very important function in distributing medicinal drugs to all parts of the body, and in carrying them to the spot where they will do the most good.

This is shown by various experiments. Here, for instance, is a rabbit under whose

skin is injected a little strychnin or atropin. At the end of, say, half an hour, some of the blood is drawn off and divided by centrifugal treatment into its three parts—leucocytes, red globules, and plasma. Equal quantities of each are injected into three animals, and it is seen that the one that receives the leucocytes is poisoned, while the others are not.

The leucocytes transfer these from one part of the body to another, and this is their greatest utility. It is the more so that the place where they transport these substances varies according to circumstances. In normal conditions—that is, in health—the leucocytes carry the drug to the liver and marrow. In illness they carry it to the affected points, to the centres of irritation, where the arrival of the leucocytes is most desirable. . . . Here there is a remarkable, but very natural and in no way mysterious, electricity by which the organism profits greatly. All we have to do is to discover the element that we should give to the leucocytes to act most effectively. But we



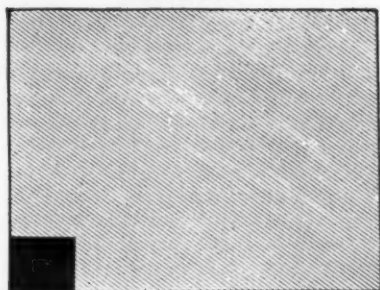
Courtesy of The National Magazine

#### THE CONGRESSIONAL "ROGUES' GALLERY"

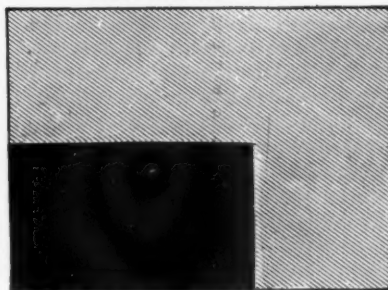
FOR PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION, AND TO GUARD AGAINST MISTAKES, THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALL MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ARE FILED ON THE WALLS OF THE OFFICE OF THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, WHERE MEMBERS DRAW THEIR PAY



AREA



POPULATION



REVENUE



NATIONAL DEBT



IMPORTS



MERCANTILE MARINE



MEN IN ARMY



MEN IN NAVY



GUNS IN NAVY



TONNAGE OF NAVY



A GRAPHIC COMPARISON OF RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE RESOURCES

RUSSIA—SHADED AREAS

JAPAN—SOLID BLACK AREAS

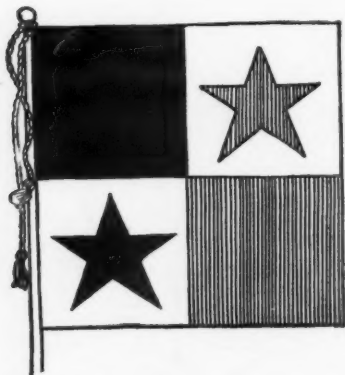


can depend on them to carry iron to the blood-making organs, iodoform to tuberculous lesions, salicylate of soda to affected joints, etc. . . . There is another fact that must be taken into account. The leucocytes, it is true, carry drugs to affected points, but they carry them also, with special insistence, to certain organs. Different organs attract different drugs: the liver, iron; the thyroid gland, arsenic and iodine; while the skin, the spleen, the lymphatic ganglia, and other organs seem to constitute regions of choice for several chemical substances. This specificity of localization is well known in the case of certain drugs—iodine, iron, arsenic—and we should be able to recognize it in all other medicaments. This knowledge would doubtless enable us to control useful action and, perhaps, also to avoid certain injurious forms of action. In fine, the rôle of the leucocytes in the transportation of medicines is of high importance, and it is to be hoped that investigation along this line may be followed out with great care.—*La Revue Scientifique*.

### Rules and Regulations

At the New International Woman's Club, which is now in process, the following rules will be enforced:

All members will be continually posted—about the affairs of the others.



THE LATEST THING IN FLAGS—PANAMA

THE FIRST UPPER SQUARE, TO THE LEFT, IS BLUE; THE FIRST LOWER SQUARE, TO THE LEFT, IS WHITE, WITH A BLUE STAR IN THE CENTER. THE SECOND UPPER SQUARE IS WHITE, WITH A RED STAR IN ITS CENTER, AND THE SECOND LOWER SQUARE IS RED.

Private gossip rooms, holding two comfortably, can be had at the desk.

The Whist Club will meet invariably in the music room.

Any waiter or employee who can succeed in getting any member to tip him will have his salary raised.

Members will please remove their diamond earrings while playing pool or billiards.

A special perfumery room will be provided for scent incurables.

One portion of food will not be served to more than half a dozen.

When the President and Board of Directors are transacting business, the Club-house will be closed.

Each member will be limited to one cozy corner.—*Life*.

### Hat

The hat of the average Panaman,  
In most social circles would ban a man,

But the sun, at the Isthmus,

Even on Christmas,

Would otherwise grievously tan a man.

—*Puck*.

### The Pope on Church Music

We have deemed it expedient to point out briefly the principles regulating sacred music in the functions of public worship, and to gather together in a general survey the principal prescriptions of the Church against the more common abuses in this subject. We do therefore publish, *motu proprio* and with certain knowledge, our present *Instruction*, to which, as to a *juridical code of sacred music*, we will, with the fulness of our Apostolic Authority, that the force of law be given, and we do by our present handwriting impose its scrupulous observance on all.

The Gregorian Chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music, so that it is quite proper to lay down the following rule: *the more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration, and savor to the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy is it of the temple.*

Since, however, modern music has arisen mainly to serve profane uses, greater care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern





EX CATHEDRA  
POPE PIUS ON THE PAPAL THRONE

*L'illustration*



style which are admitted in the Church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces.

Singers in church have a real liturgical office, and therefore women, as being incapable of exercising such office, cannot be admitted to form part of the choir, or the musical chapel. Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the high voices of sopranos and contraltos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Church.

The employment of the piano is forbidden in church, as is also that of loud-sounding or lighter instruments, such as drums, cymbals, bells, and the like.

It is strictly forbidden to have bands play in the church, and only in a special

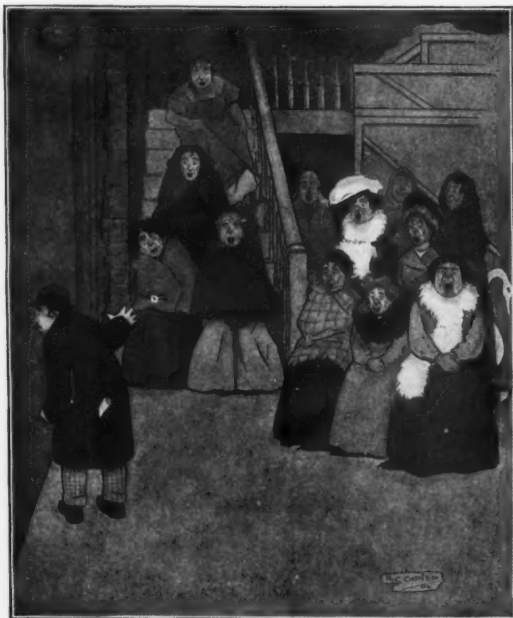
case and with the consent of the Ordinary will it be permissible to admit a number of wind instruments, limited, well selected, and proportioned to the size of the place—provided the composition and the accompaniment to be executed be written in a grave and suitable style, and similar in all respects to that proper to the organ.

It is not lawful to keep the priest at the altar waiting on account of the chant or the music for a length of time not allowed by the liturgy.

Given from our Apostolic Palace at the Vatican, on the day of the Virgin and Martyr, St. Cecilia, November 22, 1903, in the first year of our Pontificate.—*Encyclical of Pius X.*

## An Indestructible Race

One of the strangest phenomena of literary history, or indeed of history at large, is the project for a Hebrew encyclopædia—which is now half way to completion, written in English, and owing its inception to the enterprise of an American firm. But an encyclopædia in Hebrew is a work which even an American advertiser might shrink from proclaiming indispensable to every household. Yet such an encyclopædia is not really so surprising a phenomenon as it may appear to Christendom. While popular ignorance deems Hebrew literature closed with the Old Testament, or at latest with the Talmud, the scribes have never ceased writing for a moment. None keener than they to welcome the invention of Gutenberg, "the art of writing at once with many pens," as one of them phrased it. Myriads of volumes, pouring forth pauselessly through the ages, attest the genius and the pedantry, the spirituality and sterility of the race. If the belief that Hebrew literature ended with the Old Testament is a vulgar error, no less an error were it to imagine that it is still a holy literature, in the sense in which holiness is synonymous with piety and ecclesiasticism. So marvelous a



*The Sketch*

### THE INTERIOR OF THE VENUSBERG

(BEHIND THE SCENES, TEN DEGREES BELOW FREEZING-POINT)

CHORUS OF SIRENS: COME TO THESE BOW—ERS!  
RADIANT WITH FLOW—ERS!  
HERE LOVE SHALL BLESS YOU,  
HERE ENDETH LONG—ING;  
SOFT ARMS SHALL PRESS YOU,  
'MID BLISSES THROUG—ING.



survival of an ancient language, and so unequaled a flow of literature from Genesis to the last number of the *Hazeoi*, the Hebrew journal published in Jerusalem—produced by a race that lost its fatherland eighteen centuries ago, and has since lived on the edge of volcanoes—tempts one to consider the inter-relations between Israel's language and Israel's life.

Language is the chief index of life. As no man is dead so long as the mirror put to his lips reveals a breath, so no race is extinct so long as there comes from its lips the breath of speech. A people that speaks is not dead; a people that is not dead, speaks.

Let us apply this test of life to the so-called emancipated Jewries, to the Jewries of the post-Ghetto period. I will take England and America, which I know best. Among the richer and more educated Jews of London all words of a specifically Jewish character have been gradually dropped. Substract from the American Jewish dictionary all American terms, and what remains? Practically nothing. Roughly speaking, no specific Jewish language now exists in America, ergo no specific Jewish life. Very nearly the same statement is true of London. Unless, then, our test is false, we reach the undeniable conclusion that Jewish life disappears outside the Ghetto. It may have an apparent existence through Jews intermarrying, and this lingers on like an actor loth to quit the stage, but practically it is extinct.—*Israel Zangwill in The Lamp.*

### Jekyll and Hyde

Besides being a statesman Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, is also the president of a prominent life insurance company. The other day he received a letter like this:

"Dear Sir—I am desirous of taking out a life insurance policy, and as I am from your State, I thought I would write you directly, thinking I might get better terms, especially as I am in the best of health and would be an excellent risk. I have



ISRAEL ZANGWILL  
Drawn by Scotson Clark

*The Sphere*

never suffered a day's serious illness in my life. I would be glad if you would have one of your agents directed to give my matter personal attention. Very truly yours, JOHN SMITH."

The next letter the senator picked up had been forwarded to him from the insurance company's main office, and was along this line:

"Dear Sir—Can't you get me a pension? I served in the Spanish war, contracted a fever in Cuba, and have since suffered with weakness of the back and legs, shock to nervous system, diseases of the stomach and digestive organs, vertigo, and other ailments until I am a physical wreck. If anything is to be done for me it must come soon. Very respectfully, JOHN SMITH."

Mr. Smith had made the embarrassing mistake of addressing the application for pension to the insurance office and the letter about the policy to Washington.



Had he not done this his deception would probably never have been discovered.

As a result Mr. Smith will receive neither the pension nor the policy.—  
*Boston Post.*

### The Commuter

I could enjoy the mornings bright,  
The robin's greeting each new day,  
The hedges fringed with hawthorn white,  
The meadows where the new-mown hay  
Allures a lazy soul to stray;  
But if I pause in field or lane  
I hear the voice of conscience say:  
"You won't have time to catch the train."

I could enjoy my breakfast, quite  
In leisurely, old-fashioned way,  
And ponder with a wild delight  
O'er politics or foreign fray,  
Yet, be my coffee weak and gray,  
I've not a moment to complain—  
Cries Bridget: "Sure, if ye delay  
Ye'll not 'ave toime to catch the train!"

I could enjoy in town at night  
The latest music or the play,  
And afterwards, perchance, a bite  
At some great, laughter-filled café.



*Courtesy of The Theatre*

SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO

*Drawn by Himself*

Alas! the bill-boards but portray  
The pleasures from which I abstain—  
My tyrant holds them all at bay;  
I won't have time to catch the train.

### ENVOY

Ah, prince of medieval sway,  
Though naught was yours of modern gain,  
The price of time you did not pay—  
You never had to catch a train!

—Charlotte Becker in *Puck*.

### Enrico Caruso

One of the sensations of the present opera season, apart from the production of *Parsifal*, has been the American début of Signor Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor. The writer had a little chat with him the other day. As soon as one enters the house America is left outside. All is Italian, from the pretty black-eyed maid with her gold hoop ear-rings, who opened the door, to the artistic furnishings and bric-à-brac.

Caruso welcomed us in the affable Italian manner. He is very broad shouldered, with splendid chest development; and almost his first remark was to complain that the American newspapers have persistently described him as short.

"Am I short?" he exclaimed, drawing himself up. And standing beside a friend several inches shorter, he added indignantly: "I am five feet nine; is that short? I do not make use of devices for increasing my height either, no high heels or inner heels."

The singer has the black hair and eyes and the dark complexion usually associated in this country with Italians, nor is this strange, since he comes from Naples, the most musical part of that land of song.

"What are your favorite rôles?"

"I have none. I do not believe in favorite rôles. An artist, to be an artist, should sing all rôles—always provided they are well written and really good music—equally well. He should throw himself into them, become the character or else"—an expressive shrug—"he is not an artist."

"Do you sing any Wagnerian rôles?"

A characteristic shrug followed.

"I have sung Lohengrin in Italian, nothing else. The Wagnerian rôles are not for me. I do not wish to ruin my voice. My compass is so" (he measured a distance of two feet), "the Wagnerian



tenor rôles are all written here" (another gesture, indicating the upper third of his compass). "If I sing only up there, what happens? No, they are not for us Italians. When I am forty-five or fifty, perhaps then I will sing them. It will not matter then if I spoil my voice."

The tenor is very clever at caricatures, and was very willing to dash off the accompanying caricature of himself for *The Theatre* magazine.

Signor Caruso could not become enthusiastic over our climate. "It is not the

cold, no, nor is it dampness, but these terrible and continual changes, every day different. Nor do I like your heated houses. They are too warm. And New York is too noisy—an *inferno*."—*Elise Lathrop* in *The Theatre*.

### The Uses of a Crank

"People called me insane," said the late George Francis Train, "and I don't blame them. What would a village of peanuts say if some day a cocoanut rolled in among



A BIG GUN IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT

"Bart" in *The Minneapolis Tribune*





*Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.*

### THE LATE GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

DICTATING HIS MEMOIRS IN HIS ROOM IN THE MILLS HOTEL, NEW YORK



them?" His aid in founding the Union Pacific and introducing the tram-car system into England, some of his public speeches, and even his queer autobiography, show how lucid a crank can be, and how serviceable. For crank he certainly was—"champion crank," as he liked to call himself—and yet society could have better spared some saner people. Nature can often find no other way to drive a mind to useful work than by this same conviction that it is a cocoanut in a peanut world, and we all know men who accomplish little because they see too much. Many of us can only have the requisite absorption in the thing in hand in proportion as we are not philosophers, and it is astonishing how much of the world's business is performed by the most lop-sided of its citizens. In the mind of every crank there is apt to be one cultivated corner. To do one thing well we must temporarily forget everything else. The crank is a man who permanently forgets all other things or never knew them, and who has not genius enough to make us forgive his eccentricity. One of his main uses today is to show specialists what they may come to if they do not take care. "Young man, think of nothing but your job," was the solemn advice of a millionaire, and it points as clearly to a padded cell as to a fortune. Another blessing that we owe to him is the vivid way in which he reduces all extremes to their absurdity. Steadfastness with him becomes a fixity, stanch opinion a mere mental wart, and vanity, from taking no vacation, settles down into mania of greatness. Cranks win some followers, but they help all outsiders to be more sane. When she makes a crank, Nature is teaching the world by a practical joke to take more interest in her variety.—*Collier's Weekly*.

### "Mark" and "Edward"

Mark Twain observed once at a public dinner that he had written a friendly letter to Queen Victoria protesting against a tax being

levied in England on his head, on the ground that it was a gas-works. "I don't know you," he wrote, "but I've met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a 'bus.'" Years afterwards he met the King at Homburg, and they had a long talk. At parting the king said: "I am glad to have met you again." That last word troubled Mark, who asked whether the King had not mistaken him for someone else. The reply—"Why, don't you remember meeting me in the Strand when I was at the head of a procession and you were on a 'bus?'" revealed the strength of Royal memories.—*The Sketch*.

### The Peril of the Law's Delay

Of remedies for the lynching evil the most notable yet proposed is that advocated by Justice David J. Brewer. In



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MARK TWAIN RE-TRANSLATING "THE JUMPING FROG"  
FROM FRENCH INTO ENGLISH

Drawn by R. Strohmann



cases of capital crime he would have the nearest judge convene court as early as possible for the trial of the accused. He would abolish appeals in all criminal cases, but would allow the prisoner to submit at once to the Supreme Court a stenographic report of the evidence, a new trial to be granted should the court reach the conclusion that the wrong man had been convicted, but never for mere violation of legal technicalities. We may not wish to go so far, but the fact that a member of our highest court suggests such a remedy for the weakness of the judiciary and the spread of lawlessness is enough to convince all of the need of genuine reform. For example, it is stated on high authority that "not a single public official charged with wrongdoing in New York within the last fifteen years has actually received legal punishment. Many have been indicted; a number have been convicted and sentenced, but some higher court has interfered in every case, always on the ground of a flaw in the indictment or some other purely technical defect, and never on the relative merits of the question at issue." One inexcusable fault was pointed out by a Southern bar association some time ago in a resolution which declared that new trials should not be granted on account of error "unless it appear to the satisfaction of the appellate court that such error probably and reasonably affected the result adversely to the appealing party." The mere statement of such a condition is argument enough for a change. Let us not blame the criminal lawyer for using these opportunities for delay; let us blame ourselves for permitting them to exist.

It is not the criminal's rights, but the court's rights, that we need to emphasize. In his heart of hearts every man must say with the lynchers that the rapist is a brute who has forfeited all human rights. But the law that we have set up in God's name, and in the name of all the people—this has the highest and noblest of rights, and it is the law's right to try the criminal, not the criminal's right to a lawful trial, that is violated whenever and wherever an irresponsible minority usurps the powers which the whole people have vested in our courts of justice. We need to teach that if Satan himself should commit a crime we should try him in legal form—

not for Satan's sake, but for the sake of law and order and civilization; not that he would have the right to a court trial, but that our courts alone would have the right to try him; and that trial by any other body is, and will ever be, usurpation and minority rule — un-American, undemocratic, and unendurable.—*Clarence H. Poe*, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

### A Cheerful View

Two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of a railway car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three people out of every five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile.

"Keep them up just a minute. Now will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said. "Now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuable articles you may have. Lively now, Jim."—*Exchange*.

### Song for Sir Gawain

Love, hatched and fledged within my heart,  
Spread forth his wings to fly,  
So glad and eager to depart  
He never said good-by.  
Heigh-ho,  
Let him go!  
He is not worth a sigh.

He flitted here, he flitted there,  
With many a turn and tack,  
Till, weary grown of life elsewhere,  
He took the homeward track.  
Heigh-ho,  
Be it so!  
The wanderer's welcome back.

—*Henry Johnstone*, in *The Century*.









*R. I. Attkin, Sculptor*

**A SYMBOL OF AMERICAN MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC**

**THE FIGURE OF VICTORY ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN SAN FRANCISCO TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY**